THUS I'LL TAKE MY PILGRIMAGE

OLD WORLD MEMORIES

EDWARD · LOWE · TEMPLE

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The Winged Victory of Samothrace.

The Louvre, Paris.

(See Vol. I. page 185.)

Old World Memories

By

Edward Lowe Temple

As the Italians say: "Good company in a journey makes the way to seem the shorter." — Izaak Walton

IN TWO VOLUMES

Vol. II.

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Old World Memories

I

LONDON

IN Trafalgar Square we are at the very heart of the great city as a whole; and from a point on its southern side distances are measured on the maps in every direction. Two central postal districts of London — West Central and East Central — are surrounded by six others: North Western, Northern, and Eastern, to the north and east, and Western, South Western, and South Eastern, to the west and south, designated by their initial capital letters. On the eastern side of the Square rises the fine Greek portico of St. Martin's in-the-Fields, where once fields really were, when this was the royal parish and the largest in London; and in those fields lie buried the youthful and fascinating Nell Gwynne and a few others of note. At the north, on one of the finest sites in Europe, stands the National Gallery,—a building of little artistic merit, surmounted by a low dome, with the National Portrait Gallery behind and connected with it. Both have grown very rapidly, and both are free to all. Pictures are arranged by schools or periods; and the gallery excels in the number of artists represented, in the work of the older Italian masters, and in that of Englishmen above all. The Tuscan, Umbrian, Venetian, and Lombard schools have large and adequate representation; and the Dutch and Flemish schools manifest here, as everywhere, their wonted and astonishing fecundity. The landscapes of Claude Lorrain and Poussin maintain the dignity of France. Ruskin asserts that Titian's "Bacchus" and Correggio's "Mercury instructing Cupid" are the finest in the gallery, and that Paul Veronese's "Family of Darius" is the most precious work of this master.

Space does not permit more than mere mention of individual paintings, and even that only now and again. Raphael is not unrepresented, since here, among other paintings of his, is the Madonna degla Ansidei, the most important work of his in Britain. For this picture the highest price ever given is said to have been paid to the Duke of Marlborough. A large collection of Turner's water-colors, catalogued by Ruskin, occupies much space in the basement story; but one hastens on to his work in oil, which places him at the head of English landscape artists. His characterizations of Carthage and of Venice, and of other historical subjects, allegorically treated, make powerful appeal to the imaginative faculty; while his "Death of Nelson" and "The Fighting Temeraire" attract many copyists, and crowds view them and others of their class with the pride of true Britons. But to us, after all, the chief charm of the gallery lay in the crowded groups of the British schools, old and new, from Sir Peter Lely and Hogarth to Rossetti; scores of whose subjects are as household gods by familiar reproduction through engraving and lithograph wherever English is spoken. Landseer's "Dignity and Impudence," "High and Low Life," and "A Member of the Royal Humane Society;" Leslie's "Sancho Panza" and "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman;" Frith's "Derby Day;" Gainsborough's "Mrs. Siddons;" Romney's "Lady Hamilton;" Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode" series; Reynolds's "Heads of Angels" and "The Three Graces and Hymen;" Etty's "Youth and Pleasure;" Wilkie's "Village Festival" and "John Knox preaching;" Copley's "Siege of Gibraltar," and the "Earl of Chatham dying;" Eastlake's "Christ lamenting over Jerusalem;" Constable's "Hampstead Heath;" Blake's "Procession from Calvary" and "Pitt guiding Behemoth;" and Maclise's "Malvolio," "Hamlet," and "Charles Dickens,"—this illustrious catalogue denotes the character of prints that have stamped their image on the child-life of many a New World as well as English home. To find the originals here in all the freshness of their coloring was a satisfaction not unmixed with astonishment, and seemed like the handclasp of old friends. Even more keen was the delight which awaited us in the presence of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," whose splendid tints fairly glorify the superb anatomy and grouping which heretofore had alone filled the best reproductions with life for us. And I must not leave the great gallery without paying our earnest tribute to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the gifted English leader of the pre-Raphaelites, whose wonderful coloring makes his "Ecce Ancilla Domini" and "Beata Beatrix" to rank with the very chiefest of all its treasures.

But it is time to turn again to the famous square in front, every feature of which speaks of England's glory abroad. Havelock, the deliverer of Lucknow, Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, and Gordon, who perished at Khartoum, are fittingly commemorated here by statues; but the crowning object is the colossal statue of Lord Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, which surmounts the lofty Corinthian column at its centre. England's great naval savior from the invasion of Bonaparte, buried under the dome of St. Paul's, and again towering here in stone over all western London, might almost stand for London's patron saint. Bronze reliefs, made from captured French cannon, commemorate on the four sides his victories at Aboukir, St. Vincent, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. His last command, "England expects every man will do his duty," is (rather inconspicuously) inscribed on the south face, beneath the death-scene on board the "Victory;" and Landseer's four colossal bronze lions, couchant around the base, magnificently interpret the emblem of British nationality. Having erected such memorials, or emphasized in similar ways the scenes and characters of their noble history, Englishmen are then likely to leave the virtues or events of their past to the silent if keenly sensitive judgment of posterity. Even such merely outward remembrance is often strangely lacking, and is perhaps as apt to find expression in London through the names of streets, as in a more directly local form. And in no city in the world is there such endless repetition and combination of street-names, which, without suggesting poverty of resource, makes the pilgrim's progress through them at times a harassing struggle. Commemoration by anniversary celebrations here, if not quite a thing unknown, is certainly an unfamiliar practice. The contrast with their mercurial neighbors and hereditary foemen, the French, is most marked in this respect. What history has not been made and unmade on this little island, and how crowded it is with great names and deeds! Perhaps if each of England's dead sons who is worthy of public recognition had a day thus set apart, there would not be days enough in the calendar of the round year to suffice.

Two royal equestrian statues stand in either direction from the Nelson Column. George IV. is in bronze to the north; and just to the south Charles I. looks steadfastly down towards Whitehall. The latter statue is on the very spot where stood the last cross of Queen Eleanor, Edward's *chère reine*, who some fondly think gave the name to Charing, though more likely it was the name of an ancient village here. And further it is the site on which the regicides of Charles I. suffered death. As we go forward in the direction of his gaze, it is once more to leave modernity, and to approach the scenes of historic Westminster, coeval with the life of the Tower and of an earlier St. Paul's. Northumberland House, the great lion-surmounted mansion of the Percys, stood till lately between here and Charing Cross Bridge, where now great hotels and railways confuse the senses. The fine Water Gate of York House, built by James I. for "Steenie," Duke of Buckingham, and in which Sir Francis Bacon was born, still stands near the river; and our own Benjamin Franklin lived for some time just here in Craven Street. No reader of criminal annals or of contemporaneous history is ignorant of Scotland Yard, the famous headquarters of the London police, whose modest buildings also stand on the south side of Whitehall, on a bit of land owned centuries ago by Scottish kings. Opposite, just beyond the Admiralty, is a little, low building, with a clock-tower, once only a guard-house for the palace of Whitehall, but now the quaint office of the commander-in-chief, and known, under the modest name of the Horse Guards, as the headquarters of the British army. A splendid cavalry troop of Life Guards is always visibly on duty on this side of the building, and equally redoubtable infantry patrol the other, where the colors are trooped; and there we saw a detachment of the famous Coldstream Guards, as they set out across its parade ground to march on their nightly errand to stand guard over the treasures of the Bank of England. Just beyond, as we go south, rise the Treasury and the massive Renaissance public offices, where the Prime Minister and the governmental departments over which the British Cabinet is set are ensconced. In the ante-chamber to the office of the Premier in the unpretentious building close at hand (now historic, but I fear soon to be removed), Wellington and

Nelson had their only meeting, each waiting to see the Minister, and each personally unknown to the other. The buildings are on either side of Downing Street (which has given its name to the whole political quarter), and look out at the back on the waters of St. James's Park, by the side of the offices of the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to whose fostering care American Christianity owes so great a debt.

But step again across Whitehall (which formerly was spanned by Holbein's gateway), and you shall see all that is left of what was once York Place, the palace of Wolsey, Archbishop of the see of York, whose proud career here suffered disgrace. Later it was christened Whitehall, and was rebuilt by Henry VIII., and again by James I. At one time and another all but the Palladian Banqueting Hall has been swallowed up in flames; and this part was converted by George I. into the dismal Royal Chapel, which still it is. Henry VIII. first met Anne Boleyn at Whitehall, and here the royal monster died. Its grounds were then enormous in extent; and Henry commissioned Inigo Jones to build a palace which, had the plan been carried out, would have been as large as Versailles. Elizabeth went hence by water to the Tower, and came back here to reign as Queen of England. Through an opening between the central windows of the present street-front Charles I. stepped firmly to the neighboring scaffold, — a semi-obstructive, semi-pathetic, at the last a wholly heroic figure. It was not for much longer a palace, but long enough to shelter Oliver Cromwell and Milton, his secretary, and to witness the death of the Protector. Long enough, too, to witness the orgies of the Restoration and the death of the Merry Monarch, Charles II.; and then fire all but destroyed it, and St. James's took its place. Behind it, in Whitehall Gardens, Disraeli lived for a time; and Sir Robert Peel was carried to his town house there, to die. Whitehall is now for its whole length a broad avenue, and Parliament Street, to which it leads, has been much widened from its former estate. Still further demolition is anticipated to sweep away buildings which prevent a thoroughly dignified approach to Parliament Square, of which only glimpses are now vouchsafed at a distance. But how marked the advance over former days, — for, not down wide Parliament Street at all, but through narrow King Street next west, which also leads from Whitehall, and in which Spenser died, the great state pageants of England's bygone years have reached the Abbey. We are still on the hither side of Westminster proper; but how few single half-miles of street have witnessed events of such magnitude as Whitehall, where dynasties have risen and been dethroned, and the consecutive policies, domestic and foreign, of a great empire have been determined for centuries down to the present hour!

By Birdcage Walk and Great George Street, leading straight east from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Bridge, the demarcation is made between Whitehall and Westminster proper. The latter is, I think, of all localities in London, the one best known and loved by Americans. The Church of England is making it a still more familiar region by the erection, within its Deanery Yard, of the new Church House, as a homelike rendezvous and bureau of information. In the great hall of this building the business sessions of the Lambeth Conference of 1897 were held. To those who arrive in London at the Victoria Station, and drive through Victoria Street eastward, it is the district first seen, though I have reserved it till near the last. In this broad avenue lies the American Embassy, to which I made a pilgrimage to present our letters of introduction, and still more out of respect to the flag that makes it a sanctuary more inviolate than the Broad Sanctuary, once a refuge for criminals, now a street that bears that name, by the side of the Abbey. The entirely inadequate quarters are as dignified in their extremely simple appointments as is permitted by the hitherto niggardly policy of the "greatest nation on earth" to an ambassador of the first rank, who receives more visits here than do the representatives of all other governments of the earth put together. Upon the interior walls hang the portraits of former ambassadors and ministers, and of none in our generation whom one recalls with greater pride than the three distinguished New England names of Adams and Lowell and Phelps. Nothing in London so steadfastly and powerfully appealed to us as the whole district of Westminster. It was at once the spot in which we felt a personal share, and the spring of profoundly stimulating association with a glorious past. And such it has ever been to English monarchs; for, before Benedictine monks landed here on what was then Thorney Isle, and planted the seed whence grew the Abbey, kings' palaces have risen close beside it, though quite outside the confines of the City of London. And, when constitutional government superseded irresponsible monarchy, this also was here enthroned, and lives on still in unabated vigor under the arches of what is still well termed not only the Houses of Parliament but the Palace of Westminster, though no crowned head has a dwelling there. Let us then keep first to the river-side, and the great pile which to-day stands where once stood the ancient palace of Anglo-Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor kings, where Edward the Confessor and Edward IV. drew their last breath, and the great Edward I. was born.

Eight acres of stone, iron, and glass embody the beautifully impressive design of Sir Charles Barry in the very latest of Perpendicular Gothic of the present century. Doubtless it would have been yet more beautiful, had not he, like Wren, been hampered by bureaucratic influences. Its great wings sweep around and protectingly enclose old Westminster Hall, happily spared by the fire of 1834. The great Hall lies very low, and may have thus set for the newer pile its foundation level, which is one of its great defects, as it apparently rises directly out of the waters of the Thames. The river front is nevertheless exceedingly imposing, being of great length and profusely adorned with statues of the whole long line of English monarchs, from the Conqueror to Victoria. North of the Hall is New Palace Yard, and south of it is Old Palace Yard. In the latter, behind the Abbey and before the Peers' Entrance, stands a most spirited bronze equestrian statue of Richard of the Lion Heart. Over all rise three noble towers, in fine harmony and of nearly equal height, — that at the southwest, the Victoria, being for the entrance of the sovereign, while the Clock Tower at the northwest contains Big Ben, one of the largest bells known. In quiet weather its booming tones penetrate all London, as it hurls the deep accents of the fleeting hours across the mighty city to its brother

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, AND WESTMINSTER HALL.

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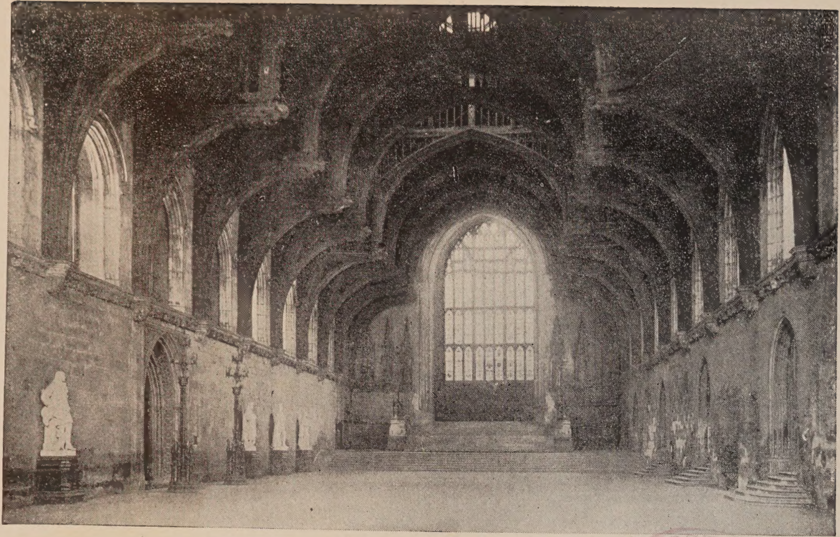
Great Paul in the campanile of St. Paul's, whose tongue is mute save at the death of royalty, or of the Lord Mayor, or of the Bishop or Dean of London. The great pile contains a score of official residences, as well as the noble halls of Parliament and their many adjuncts, and is adorned by some five hundred statues. Its beautiful and richly gilded crypt, containing the Chapel of St. Mary's Undercroft, originally erected by King Stephen, and still bearing his name, has just been thoroughly restored; and on the day we visited it was opened for the first time in many years. In a cellar under the former House of Lords, in Old Palace Yard, Guy Fawkes and his fellow-conspirators planned their abortive work.

All above is modern except Westminster Hall, and this was part of the original Anglo-Saxon palace, though built by William Rufus, and many times damaged and restored. Its present form, and its magnificent carved oaken roof, are the work of Richard II. On the apex of this long, sharp roof, over the great north door and window, the head of Oliver Cromwell was impaled after the Restoration, and there remained for thirty years, in such barbarous usage associating this building with London Bridge and Temple Bar. It is one vast room within, from end to end, and floor to ceiling, the latter unsupported by columns, and as such spanning perhaps the largest space in the world, with a triple flight of stone leading up before the great southern window. What nobler historic vestibule could there be for the Houses of Parliament than this, where early Parliaments were themselves held; where Edward II. forfeited his crown, and Richard II. was deposed to make room for Bolingbroke; where coronation festivals were given till the last century; where the Black Prince brought King John of France as a prisoner to his father, Edward III.; where William Wallace, the Duke of Buckingham, Sir Thomas More, Somerset the Protector, Guy Fawkes, the Earls of Essex and Strafford, and, most notable of all, King Charles I., were tried and condemned to death; where Cromwell was saluted Lord Protector; where the seven non-juring bishops were acquitted; where Warren Hastings, after a seven years' trial, was at last set free; and where Gladstone lay in simple state, in the moving presence of a quarter of a million of



THE INTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER HALL.

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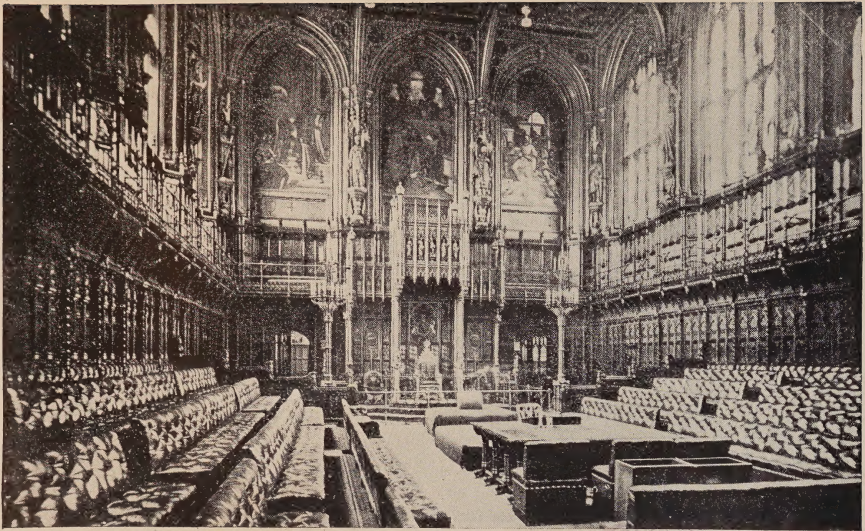
his mourning countrymen? Though other shrines be the repositories of their dust, yet here, more than in any other single chamber, must walk the spirits of those to whom England owes most of her history.

As has been said, the present Houses of Parliament are the work of the early years of Queen Victoria, to replace the ravages made by fire. Their walls have echoed to no eloquence earlier than that of Peel; and their associations have to do only with statesmen still living, or who have but lately passed away. The royal apartments are at the south, communicating directly with the throne of the sovereign in the House of Peers. Arthurian legends, tales of chivalry, and scenes of Anglo-Saxon history culminate in the allegorical figures of Clemency and Justice which support Queen Victoria in marbles, surrounded by the emblematic rose, thistle, and shamrock in stained glass, as one quits the Prince's Chamber for the House of Lords. Here the throne of the sovereign is flanked by that of the Consort and of the Prince of Wales, and below them is the famous cushioned ottoman known as the Woolsack of the Lord Chancellor. At the northern end is the Bar, where suits on appeal are pleaded, and whither the Commons hastily repair when summoned to listen to the queen's speech. The most sumptuous of Gothic decoration everywhere prevails, and the upholstery is in richest crimson leather, which makes the whole room to glow with warmth. The House of Commons is in a direct line to the north, and beyond the Central Hall, and its fittings are in oak, in a simple but massive style which suggests its greater nearness to the body of the English people. The Speaker sits at its northern end, facing the throne at the opposite extremity of the House of Lords, and visible from it, with the Government party at his right and the Opposition members at his left, their leaders occupying the front rows. As in the other chamber the seats face each other in ascending tiers against the side walls, and are seats only, without separations between or desks before them. The mace lies before the Speaker on the clerk's table; and at each side of the House are division lobbies, into which members must pass and be counted on a yea-and-nay vote.

St. Stephen's Hall extends to the west, at right angles to and from between the two chambers, on the site of old St. Stephen's



THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

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Chapel, where the Commons assembled from the time of Edward VI. and after, and which has given its name familiarly to the whole edifice. Each House is provided with galleries of various sorts, which require formalities of introduction for their use, best suggested by the resident minister of the stranger's country. Both are lighted at night, their time for legislation, through the stained-glass panels of their lofty ceilings. Each has a separate entrance; and the private entrance of the Commons skirts a court which still preserves the memory of the infamous Star Chamber built by Henry VIII., whose gilded ceiling has handed down its name as a term of political oppression and reproach. There seems in both chambers a great lack of breadth, compared with the ample spaces of our own national capitol. The Lords is, strangely enough, considerably larger than the Commons, which is relatively almost tiny, and actually has seats provided for only about two-thirds of its number, while neither chamber allows over ten square feet per member. Aside from this singular defect, each is all that can be desired in the loftiness, richness, and superb dignity befitting the great empire which they represent, and whose whole noble history may be profitably studied in the treasures of painting, mosaic, sculpture, and stained glass which confront one at every turn. But to do this, even during the vacation, when one must miss, as we did, the sight of great personalities and the hearing of debate, some way must be found to grease the palm of the police constables in attendance, who seem far more intent on what they withhold than on what they reveal of the splendor of their country's legislative halls.

As we leave Westminster Hall, we are behind little St. Margaret's Church, nestling close under the lee of the great Abbey; and its square, picturesque tower well relieves the long sky line of the latter's roof. It is not the child, but the little sister of the Abbey, and of much the same age, having been also founded by the Confessor. Until within half a century the English Prayer Book prescribed that the House of Commons should attend service here in state four times a year. The fine east window came originally from Gouda in Holland; and another commemorates (with Erasmus and the Venerable Bede) Caxton the printer, whose press was set up in the almonry once near at hand. The little church is a very mosaic of memorials; and nowhere do England and America more fraternally join in such contribution. Tennyson's lines underlie the Caxton window, and Whittier's do the same to that of Milton, whose banns are recorded here, — the window being given by our countryman Childs. Erskine and Admiral Blake are also here commemorated; and still another window, and with it the fitting words of Browning, memorializes the Victorian Jubilee of 1887. But even more touching is the great west window and its poetic inscription by Lowell, — the offering of Americans to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, the true and loyal knight whose judicial murder and burial were on this spot, and whose colonization of America is not by them forgotten. From St. Margaret's pulpit many a great American divine has spoken, — the loss of the greatest of whom was mourned by two continents when Phillips Brooks went to his reward, and England has fittingly hastened to record his virtues and greatness here. I have no doubt that many of our countrymen invite imposition at such places as Westminster, whither they come in swarms. Certain it is that, in a small way, and for the only time, I believe, we were swindled at St. Margaret's by an ancient time-server, whose voluble professions ought to have sufficed to put us on our guard.

The Earl of Derby, Palmerston, Peel, Canning, and Beaconsfield fittingly stand in bronze about Parliament Square, the scene of their life labors. Before the west front of the Abbey rises the lofty red granite Westminster Column, surmounted by Saint George and the Dragon, on the site of Caxton's house of the Red Pale, and to the memory of the boys of Westminster School who fell in India and the Crimea. Pass beneath the archway to the south, and you are in the Dean's Yard and before the school buildings over which Dr. Busby was once master; the tables of whose dining-halls are of timbers from the Spanish Armada. The school was founded by Elizabeth; and the holes in the stone pavement are still visible which were used in the marble-play of mediæval boys. Dryden, Ben Jonson, Locke, Cowper, Southey, Wren, Gibbon, and Froude are a random selection from the boys of Westminster, which, notwithstanding, is not one of the greatest in size of English schools. A dear quaint old nook amid the roar of London streets is the yard of the Deanery; and this side of the Abbey is quite hemmed in and buttressed by closely crowding ecclesiastical buildings, whose number indicates the importance of this once monastic community, or religious house. As usual, these buildings are placed at the south, for greater shelter, though *collegiate* chapter-houses are generally on the north side. They cannot all be named, or at least well identified in this cursory sketch. Turn sharply to the left as you pass the arch, and you are soon before a simple, unpretentious door in the low wall, which any might pass by. But pause and knock at the porter's lodge, and presently you shall be shown up a short flight into a long and narrow room, which, as we were told by the intelligent matron who has charge, tourists too rarely discover. It is on the second floor of a little stone building which clings to the west and south sides of the south-western tower, and out of which is a passage to a little balcony over a doorway into the nave at the south, known as the Abbot's pew. You are in the Jerusalem Chamber, before whose broad fireplace (now ceiled in beautiful cedar) King Henry IV. breathed his last when about to set out for the Holy Land, thus fulfilling prophecy, as we are told in the Second Part of the immortal play.

Tapestries depicting the history of Jerusalem once hung around it; and kings and queens have long been wont to come here to be robed for their coronation, and then directly to enter the great church below. But no richness of antique tapestry which still hangs on its walls, no death-scene of royalty, or splendor of living monarchs in the flush of new-born power, makes this little chamber so illustrious as the table which extends throughout its length, around which the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury meets. For at that board three of the greatest labors of consecrated human thought have been accomplished, — the Westminster Confession, the King James' Version, and the Revised (or Westminster) Version of the Holy Scriptures. The lovely and crumbling cloisters lie four-square between this and the chapter-house at the corner of the south transept. The graves which line and pave the interior of the Abbey, where, as in many cathedrals and other churches, one can scarce step without apparent profanation, overflow into these quiet and leafy precincts. Far more touching than most monuments to the great is a little slab here let into the wall near the grave of Mrs. Bracegirdle, inscribed only "Jane Lister — dear childe," dearer indeed to unknown and sorrowing parental hearts than many a triumphant winner of the great prizes of life. The octagonal chapter-house, most spacious in England except that at Lincoln, with its single central pillar (once used at times for a whipping-post) is six hundred and fifty years old. After Edward I., for more than a third of that time, it was occupied for the sessions of the House of Commons, whose members must have been close neighbors here; while adjoining it was the Pyx, or the Treasury of the English crown. The lovely modern stained glass in the eastern window is Victoria's tribute to Dean Stanley and his noble wife, who had her Majesty's confidential friendship; and all the windows are in the style of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. In the sculptured passage thither from the cloisters glows another window which stirs an American's love and pride, as it is England's sympathetic recognition of our great ambassador at her court, the author of Sir Launfal and of Democracy. Behind the chapter-house is the passage from the east, near the home of

Chaucer, through which came Caroline, the queen of George IV., and vainly rapped for admission to the coronation ceremonies of him who bore the grotesque cognomen of the "first gentleman of Europe."

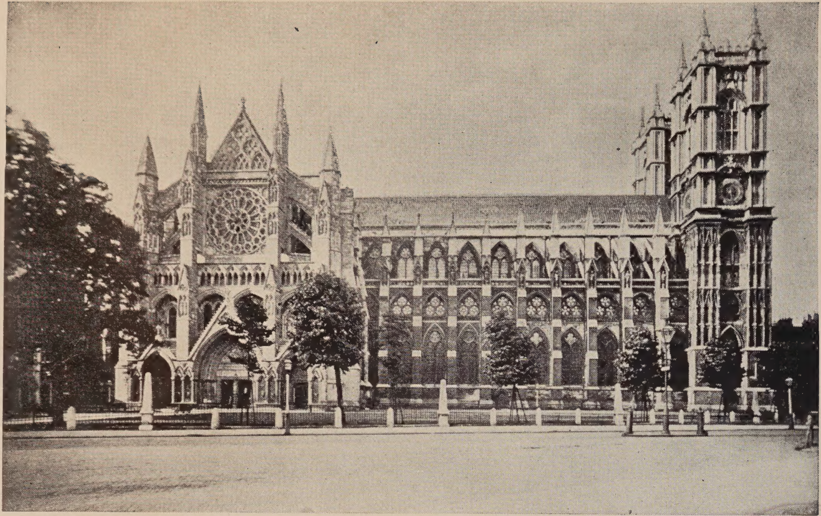
II

LONDON

4

AND now we come to the glorious Minster itself, the despair, alas! of the narrator, unless Addison or Irving guide the pen. It is of course not a cathedral, but built as the Abbey Church of Westminster, though architecturally as old as any cathedral, and the sixth in size among them all. From its abbot and monks, Henry VIII. stripped their dignities, though, being so important, and so near the palace, the monastery was not dissolved. There was a time when the Abbey's vast possessions comprised a third of modern London, and more than a hundred towns besides. After Queen Mary's brief relapse to Roman ways, these possessions were, under Elizabeth, given to the Dean and Chapter of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter at Westminster, and some of them so remain to-day. But it is now scarce able to sustain its staff of canons, and is the recipient of few bequests from the thousands who visit it. The Bishop of London's *cathedra* is at St. Paul's, and the Dean of Westminster is, and has always been, quite independent of diocesan authority in the disposition of the Abbey building, — a fact that Dean Stanley made but too painfully evident when he astonished the world by strangely refusing its use to the entire Lambeth Conference of Bishops in 1867. But one does not think of the Abbey as representing London alone, nor indeed chiefly as a temple of worship. It has always stood for all England, and the English dead who here sleep side by side in what has so often been called her "temple of reconciliation." Whatever else Westminster is or is not, it is the noblest of all Earth's Valhallas; and he who can enter the northern transept, beneath what is still known as Solomon's Porch, and press forward without a long and solemn pause, and a catching of the breath, remembering what these countless memorials signify, must be less sensitive than we. So alive are the best of us to the accidents of earthly fame, though in the constant presence of Him who condescends to dwell even in the humblest of the temples of earth!

Fourteen hundred years ago the Anglo-



SOLOMON'S PORCH, AND THE NORTH FRONT OF THE ABBEY.

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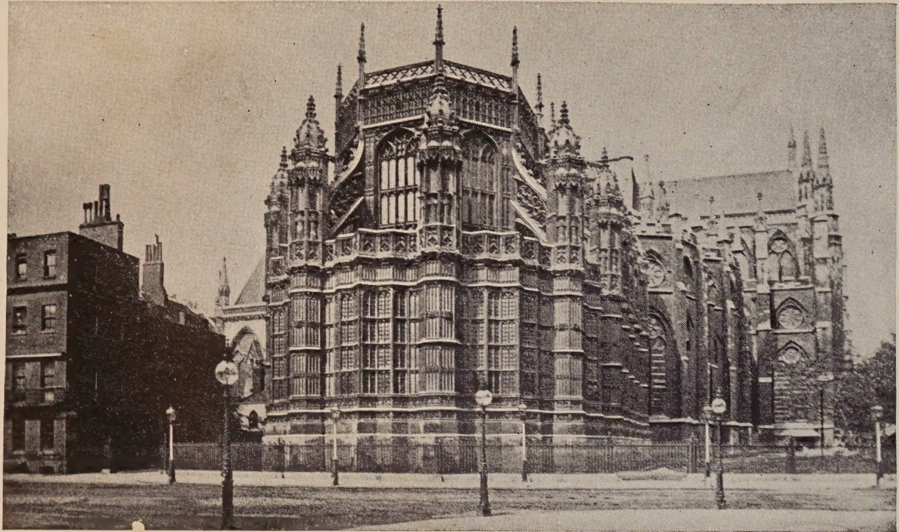

THE EASTERN EXTERIOR OF HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL.

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Saxon Sebert, contemporaneous with Ethelbert and Augustine of Canterbury, laid its foundations; but the Danes afterward demolished it; and the Confessor restored it to almost its present size, as a low Norman structure, and the first cruciform church in England. But many other monarchs have spent their wealth upon it, from Henry III., who rebuilt it and left the Early English choir and transepts much as we have them, to Henry V., who raised its nave, now the loftiest in the kingdom, and to Henry VII., who built the matchless Late Perpendicular chapel in its rear. Even then its outward appearance was very different from the present; and two hundred years more elapsed before Wren completed the western towers, that compare with the rest of the structure as ill as might have been anticipated from the work of a purely classical artist, confessedly out of sympathy with mediæval standards. But entrance from the west has been for the funerals of royalty alone, the latest being that of George II., a century and a half ago, with only two exceptions since, — at the burials of Palmerston, the Viscount, and of Gladstone, the Commoner. It is at the north transept that one lifts the veil and enters under the superb triple-pointed portico, originated by Richard II., but whose final completion in its present form has only lately been accomplished, under the plans of Sir Gilbert Scott. There is no great eastern window, nor rectangular chancel, as is usual in thirteenth-century work, but a lovely semicircular apse out of which blossom forth chapels of great size and beauty, testifying to the strength of continental influences on its construction, and well justifying itself by the grace and unity of its converging lines.

It will take time, however, for the novice to puzzle out all this from within, so bewildering is the complex environment; or to realize that the "ritual" choir to which he presently arrives has thrust itself forward of the transepts and down into the nave, after the manner of Spanish cathedrals, with the organ over its western screen, so that one's passage lies beneath the lantern, and straight across the choir, thus bisected, and now, like an island, practically separated from the sanctuary and altar. In this choir and sanctuary, essentially the core of the building, the monks anciently held the services of the Hours seven times a day. If one reaches the nave by turning to the right down the north choir aisle, he will marvel indeed at the reed-like grace of the slender columns which ascend to the vault so far above him, and will look with dismay on the poverty of stained glass which is everywhere so apparent after the wild iconoclasm of the Commonwealth. But much will be made up to him in the splendid beauty of the triforium, the richness of the clustered colored Purbeck marbles, and the impressive harmony of proportion everywhere. All this he will come to realize if the crowds of people will let him; his first impression will be, if it be like our own, that it too nearly resembles a great art-gallery (which, indeed, it is) in the density of the thronging thousands who constantly pass to and fro, not all, alas! realizing fully what they came to see. But this is a necessary incident of the Abbey as the one spot in England which no traveller passes by, and of the hurried season during which most tourists visit it. The storied aisles of other great fanes happily see no such surging array; and it was our own good fortune that during our visit here certain repairs necessitated holding the week-day services in the chapel of Henry VII., whither none repaired except those who, like ourselves, came to worship, and where we were so removed as to be unmolested by others who had less subjective occupation.

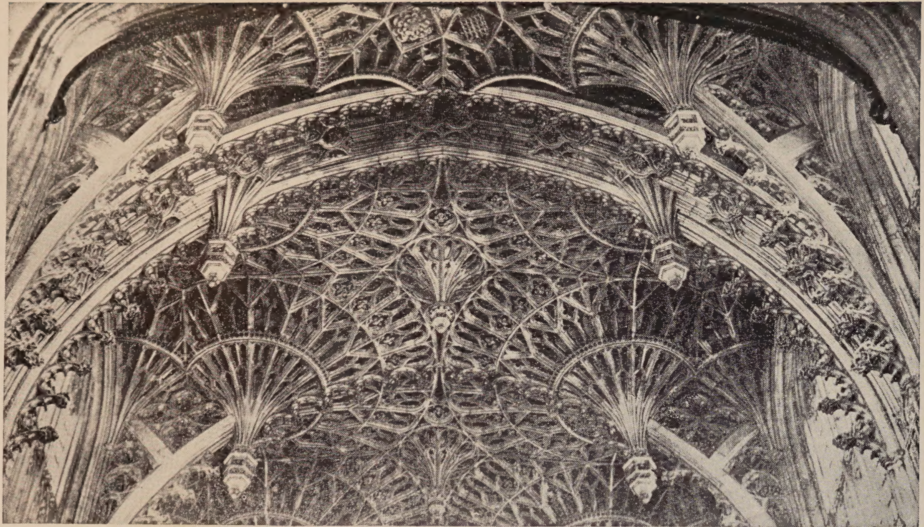
In 1065 A. D., only a few days before the death of the Confessor, the Abbey was consecrated, and the fame of the ascetic piety of the last Saxon king caused his successors, after two hundred years, to desire sepulture near his sacred dust deposited therein. Canonized in 1163 A. D., pilgrims flocked to his shrine, as to Becket's at Canterbury; and with William the Norman, whose conquest of England was but a year later than the Confessor's death, began the long line of coronations which have from that date never been intermitted here, except when the usurper Cromwell assumed his power in Westminster Hall. When Henry III. rebuilt the choir, he moved the Confessor's bones a little to the west, raised over them a lofty and imposing tomb whose remains we see to-day at the very heart of the sacred building, behind the high altar, and had himself buried beside them. Five kings and six queens lie closely round the shrine of the Saint: his own wife Editha, and Maud the wife of Henry I., whose marriage united the Saxon and Norman lines; Henry III., the second builder of the Abbey; Edward

I., the greatest of the Plantagenets, the founder of the House of Commons, and the "Hammer of the Scots," with his devoted wife Eleanor of Castile, whose joint coronations were the first in the present building; Henry V., Shakespeare's Prince Hal, and his wife Katharine of Valois, the ancestress of the Tudors, whose lofty chantry, crowned with shield, saddle, and helmet, spans the ambulatory between this chapel and that of Henry VII.; Edward III., the conqueror of France and father of the Black Prince, whose shield and sword of state stand against the great stone screen at the west of the chapel sculptured over with the history of the Confessor, and his wife Philippa; and hapless Richard II. and his wife Anne, the rebuilder of Westminster Hall, whose portrait hangs over the tombs of the Saxon King Sebert and of Queen Anne of Cleves at the south side of the sanctuary, as the earliest contemporaneous painting of an English sovereign, in whose reign pageantry reached its highest splendor at the court of Britain.

As with all monuments erected before the Reformation, the effigies here are recumbent; but many of them are sadly worn by time and spoliation, and some, like that of Edward I., are bald in their simplicity. Here too these earlier monarchs are all buried above the ground. It is only with Henry VII. and his glorious chapel, first occupied as the Reformation dawned, that they began to be interred below it. But neither position has preserved the last resting place of royalty from desecration. Roman as well as Anglican pilgrims frequent the Confessor's shrine (which is now only of wood, without inscription or effigy, and dates only from Queen Mary's time), and some came to kneel in prayer before it as we stood by. Its base is of marble and mosaic from Italy; and thence Henry III. also brought the very curious mosaic pavement of the sanctuary, which delineates the duration of the world according to the Ptolemaic system. Against the Confessor's screen, within his chapel, stand the two great oaken Coronation Chairs. They are alike in appearance, but not in age or dignity. The newer one was made for Mary, when crowned with William III. In the elder, sovereigns have sat since Edward I. imbedded beneath its seat the "stone of Scone," which he brought back from conquered Scotland as a part of the ancient seat of the Scottish kings in Scone, Iona, and Dunstaffnage; identified to the imaginative by tradition with Jacob's stone at Bethel, brought hither after age-long wanderings. It quits this spot only when removed to the front of the high altar at each of these solemn ceremonials; and it has never left the building except when Cromwell borrowed it for his own pageant. It is the prerogative of the Archbishop of Canterbury to crown all monarchs; and it was on these Deanery grounds that his precedency over the Archbishop of York was finally determined.

Straight east from here rises the most magnificent of Gothic chapels, reared by the first of the Tudors and the last mediæval king of England for his chantry as well as his tomb. It is in the usual place for a lady-chapel, the symbolism of its position beyond the sanctuary being that of the Virgin supporting the head of her Son, as he lies outstretched upon the Cross. Alas! for three centuries it was falling to decay, since it had the fortune to fall on evil days for the preservation of ecclesiastical art. But the beginning of the nineteenth century saw a complete restoration to its original glory, as the last triumph of Gothic art, ere it gave place to the classicism of St. Paul's.

Loftily hung with the rich banners of the Knights of the Order of the Bath, for whose installation it was completed, and having a broad central nave with a superbly carved stall beneath each banner, for each knight and for his esquire before him, with aisles and chapels around the whole, and, over all, the indescribably beautiful fan-traceried vault, which here attains its greatest profusion of loveliness, and which is not seen outside of England, it would be unique of its kind even without the associations of the royal dust that lies below. Here is interred all that is mortal of the monarchs in the Abbey who do not repose in the Confessor's Chapel. The conqueror of Richard III., and his queen, Elizabeth, lie at the centre of the apse, under a superb black marble and metal tomb by Torrigiano the Florentine; and by their side is James I., in whom England and Scotland became united. Beneath the altar in front of it, and close to Cranmer's pulpit, the young King Edward VI. is buried, who gave to the world the first English Prayer Book; while beneath the centre of the nave are literally mingled the dust of its sole Hanoverian King, George II. (more 's the pity that it should be he), and the Queen Caroline of



THE FAN-VAULTING OF THE CHAPEL ROOF.

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"The Heart of Midlothian." The southern aisle is over a veritable vault of the hapless Stuart dynasty and of its Protestant successor; for, aside from collateral branches, it contains the remains of Charles II. and of ten children of his brother James, as well as of William III. and Mary, and of Queen Anne and her consort, Prince George of Denmark, and no less than eighteen of their minor children, which may well be understood to include the entire number! I remember well that our very intelligent verger told us here, with an amused chuckle, how it had befallen him, when escorting the royal Danish mother of the Princess of Wales at the recent princely nuptials, to point out to her the final resting-place of such an unconscionable brood of little Danes!

But, more unhappy than them all, James I. brought here from Peterborough Cathedral, whither Elizabeth had consigned her remains with great solemnity, the body whose *beauté du diable* had bewitched the world, Mary Queen of Scots, — his mother. Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, lies beside her, the ancestor of later sovereigns. Mary's canopied white marble effigy, in the attitude of prayer, though very similar, is richer and more beautiful than that of Queen Elizabeth. The latter stands exactly opposite, in the north aisle on the other side of the chapel, the stalls between hiding a simultaneous view. James I. impartially erected them both; and no royal tomb has been raised since these. Underneath Elizabeth's tomb is that of Bloody Mary, without a monument, but sharing an inscription jointly with her sister and successor. Did ever Providence more inextricably entangle the threads of three women's lives, akin in blood, but in nothing else? This is all, and enough, of royalty here, save the inurned bones of Edward V. and the Duke of York, murdered in the Tower, who give their name to Innocents' Corner. It has been well commented that, while the dignified pomp of these royal memorials in architecture is often most admirable, the reticence and reserve of the earlier epitaphs is not less so. One more Henry (the Sixth) is still buried at Windsor, but the seventh of the name had intended to remove his remains here. In the extreme eastern bay, now vacant, Cromwell was interred till civil hatred, after the Restoration, consigned his body to a worse fate. Aside from the greatness that comes from the accident of royal birth, but two illustrious names are enshrined in this chapel. Addison, who lay in state in Jerusalem Chamber, is buried near Queen Elizabeth; and Stanley, greatest of all the great Abbey's deans and its historian, lies with his wife in an eastern bay which bears his name. Of the two ambulatories, and their nine outlying chapels (in each of which was once an altar), there is not room to speak. Like the whole Abbey, they fairly swarm with tombs; and the tenants of the soil beneath are a multitude whose very names may not be recited here. Perhaps I shall not err if from them I select for mere mention the memorials to Bulwer, Davy, Kemble, Sarah Siddons, and Sir John Franklin, — the latter bearing Tennyson's exquisite epitaph. By no means all commemorated are actually buried here. Addison said, "I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets;" and as of poets, so of other walks in life, or rather in death. The Islip Chapel is in memory of the abbot who laid the foundation of the Lady-chapel, and his oft-recurring rebus, a man's hand grasping a bough and slipping, is an example of what was once so frequent in art.

There remain the transepts and the nave. It is rare to find transepts with aisles at either side as here. From Solomon's Porch we directly enter the Statesmen's Aisle, as it has been known since the Earl of Chatham was buried here a century ago. And now through the rest of the Abbey we must give up the dignified simplicity of the earlier and royal tombs, for the ornate pretentiousness which characterizes so much of more modern sepulchral art, and which at times degenerates into vulgar monstrosities, as in the monuments to Wolfe, Watt, Nightingale, and Sir Cloudesley Shovel. There are but few memorials here that antedate the Reformation; and until after that date there were no burials in the nave, which now is paved with tombstones. Pagan emblems are almost grotesquely repeated in great apparent poverty of resource. The solemnity and significance of death, and the Christian symbolism which betokens it, are substituted by what is at times an insane endeavor to exalt the virtues of life. Recumbent effigies are seldom seen; but colossal statues and groups are everywhere, in a crowded profusion which defies description. No part of the Abbey is a graver offender in these respects than the Statesmen's Aisle, yet even thus it is profoundly impressive. Pitt and Fox, rivals in life, mingle their dust below the pavement, where that of Gladstone, mightier than either, has now been laid beside them. On either hand tower the proud memorials of Chatham, Castlereagh, Canning, Newcastle, Peel, Mansfield, Grattan, Hastings, and Cobden; while Palmerston and Beaconsfield in stone wear the rich costume of Knights of the Garter, and to the ambassador Redcliffe, Tennyson's fine lines are inscribed. Turn to the right, and you are in Musicians' Aisle to the north of the choir, where Balfe, Burney, Sterndale Bennet, and others are commemorated, and where Dryden's epitaph to Purcell, the greatest of English musicians and the organist of the Abbey, reads, "He is gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded." Forster's medallion and Wilberforce's undignified sitting figure represent philanthropy at either end; and, just where the aisle reaches the nave, Sir John Herschel and Charles Darwin, the great twin explorers of the heavens and the earth, lie side by side. Only a few feet away, beneath his own allegorical figure on the choir-screen, is buried Sir Isaac Newton, a greater than either, who lay in state in Jerusalem Chamber. Stephenson, Telford, Sir Charles Barry, and Sir Gilbert Scott continue in their memorials the triumphs of science as you pass down the centre of the nave, with their comrades Brunel and Lyell in window and bust above; and, beneath, the bodies of John Hunter the surgeon, and of "Rare Ben Jonson,"—the latter buried upright on his feet, since Charles I. allowed him no more room. Midway of the nave's length, and in its central section, are memorials to Archbishop Trench of Dublin, past master of the queen's English and once dean here, and of George Peabody, the American benefactor of London's poor. And near them, under a plain slab, quietly reposes the body once inhabited in the lonely solitude of an African wilderness by the soul of the saintly missionary explorer, David Livingstone.

The northwestern or belfry tower is known as the Whigs' Corner; and monuments to Charles James Fox, Mackintosh, Holland, Zachary Macaulay, and Earl Russell are grouped around the bell-ringer, while William Pitt declaims in stone with his back to the closed west door, and the whole Abbey for his auditory. The southwest tower is the Baptistery, once the Consistory Court; but Dean Stanley has better named the delightful spot Little Poets' Corner, since Wordsworth's statue and Fawcett's medallion are there surrounded by busts of Keble, Maurice, Charles Kingsley, Matthew Arnold, and of the latter's greater father, the headmaster of Rugby; while the little secluded alcove is lighted by a window which Childs of Philadelphia placed there to commemorate the genius of George Herbert and William Cowper. By the door from the Deanery is the grave of Anne Oldfield, the great actress, — buried here with pomp, — and Congreve's monument; while farther east is that of Lord Lawrence, and of the heroes of the Indian mutiny, who are interred in the central nave. Ere we have again reached the choir-screen, we shall have passed the memorials of Captain John Smith and of the statesman Sir William Temple (who is buried in the nave), and the grave of the unfortunate Major André (bearing faded flowers as we passed), whose body America gave back to England. And passing up the south choir aisle, we shall find tablets to the memory of Watts and the two Wesleys, and the bust of Sir Godfrey Kneller, the only painter remembered in the Abbey.

We have passed completely around the interior of the majestic building, and have now reached the southern transept, the Poets' Corner, in which the daily service is held. It has no west aisle like its opposite, as this was shorn off for the cloisters, and its western wall has long been known as the Aisle of History or Learning. Turning then south along this wall, we find, over his grave, Garrick's theatrical statue which the "Essays of Elia" so ridicules, and by its side the joint grave of the historians Grote and Thirlwall. Isaak Walton scratched his own monogram on Casaubon's tablet, near Barrow, the tutor of Newton. Next comes the statue of Addison, who is buried in the Lady-chapel; and Macaulay's bust attests his most appropriate interment at the foot of this memorial to the greatest of English essayists. Thackeray should be here rather than in distant Kensal Green; but his bust at this point overlooks the broad slab in the pavement inscribed with the beloved name of Charles Dickens, who lies beneath it. Near the end of this wall is the life-size, flamboyant statue of Handel; and beneath it most felicitously hangs the portrait of sweet Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale who so wonderfully interpreted the music of "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Just round the turn on the southern wall is the allegorical monument of that Duke of Argyll dear to the hearts of readers of the "Heart of Midlothian," whose author is commemorated by a bust close by. And beneath the pavement of this ancient Chapel of St. Blaise, not far from Dickens, are the remains of three most memorable Englishmen, — Samuel Johnson, Sheridan (in death a pauper, but buried with magnificence), and old Thomas Parr, who lived in the reigns of ten princes, from Edward IV. to Charles I., and died at the ripe age of one hundred and fifty-two.

The Poets' Corner proper is the southern and eastern walls of the transept and the bay from the south which partly divides it. Goldsmith was the first to give it the name. It was not till late that the monuments overflowed from the east, to which they were originally confined. The space above the south door that leads to the cloisters Reynolds chose as the place for Doctor Johnson's epitaph to Goldsmith. Pope wrote the one to Gay, whose medallion also bears his own irreverent lines. Rowe's monument comes next, laureate to George I., and then that of Thomson, poet of the "Seasons." The bust of gentle Robbie Burns in the corner was contributed in popular shilling subscriptions. Shakespeare's absurdly inadequate Greek mural tablet was also raised by public offerings; but immortality is not prejudiced even by an inaccurate quotation, of which a curious instance occurs in the lines from "The Tempest" which appear upon the stone. The west wall of the bay is completed by the busts of the laureate Southey and of Coleridge, and by the statue of Campbell, who is buried next the pillar. Gray's medallion, Milton's bust, and Butler's, the author of "Hudibras," with a repetition of the memorial to the laureate of James I., are at the south side of the eastern aisle. Near them is Spenser's monument, which tells us that the grave of Elizabeth's laureate, the author of the "Faerie Queene," into which his fellow-poets threw their pens (and perhaps Shakespeare among them), is close by, and at the side of Chaucer's. The gray recessed altar-tomb of the author of the "Canterbury Tales" against the eastern wall (the only ancient monument in the transept), no longer bears his portrait, and the modern window above it is likewise his memorial. Reduced to poverty in his old age, the father of English poetry served the realm at the last, and died in the monastery garden, and his tomb gave to Poets' Corner its initial glory. A little farther north is the monument of the laureate of the Restoration, Dryden being buried close to the feet of Chaucer, together with Beaumont, who has no inscription. Only three more names remain to complete our too brief and scanty survey of the Abbey, but with what three could we better close? In the pavement before Chaucer's tomb lie two modest slabs, bearing the simplest of inscriptions. They are in actual contact. Beneath the gray slab lies the body of Alfred Tennyson, the Victorian laureate; and the red stone beside it covers all that is mortal of Robert Browning; while the gentle benignity of Longfellow's face looks down upon them both, — Lowell and he being the only American poets commemorated within the precincts of the Abbey. Alas, that Mrs. Browning should lie in far distant Florence, and not by her great husband's side in English soil, and that even a memorial to her should here be lacking!

And this brings us to a final consideration of the hazards of public remembrance here.

Nowhere in the Abbey have I mentioned memorials except those of persons of great note. These, however, form but a small part of the great total number, and are, perhaps more often than otherwise, overshadowed by those who, in merit if not in pretentiousness, are their inferiors. The like conditions obtain to some extent in Poets' Corner. And it must nowhere be imagined that a memorial is a necessary inference of actual sepulture. Of the poets whom I have mentioned as commemorated here, only ten are buried in the Abbey, — about one half, and this more than the average for the generality. Doubtless some of these owed this honor to the fact that they were laureates, rather than to their own merit, — a treatment not to be perpetuated, let us hope, with the successor of Tennyson. Strangely enough, Ben Jonson is thrice commemorated. Probably Chaucer's selection was at first rather official than personal. And excess of unworthiness in the general choice finds a parallel in the roll of great names still unremembered here. To instance only a few of unchallenged, and some among these of unequalled fame, — Bacon and Burke and Pope, Swift and Byron and Shelley, Sidney and Raleigh and

Keats, Lamb and Walton and Hood, Marlowe and Herrick and Landor derive no laurels from (perhaps I should say confer no laurels on) the Abbey, for one seeks their names here in vain. But happily fame does not withhold her meed, even to receive the tardy *imprimatur* of the custodians of the Abbey, which is now indeed full to congestion; and Stratford and Saint Albans, Stoke Pogis and Dryburgh are richer and more hallowed for a disposal that leaves the Abbey's treasures still supreme.

Two excursions we made from London: the first into Surrey outside the old established Dorking coach "Perseverance," which leaves Northumberland Avenue at eleven, and reaches the White Horse Inn at Dorking for dinner at two; returning by the same route and in the same time after an hour's delay, — a distance of thirty miles in each direction. There are a dozen more such regular routes in summer out of London to interesting points in every direction, the longer of which require a day each way for their accomplishment. Survivals of the old mail-coaches of the days of Tony Weller, the public spirit and sporting interest of the moneyed class still keeps them up, with every attraction which private enterprise can add to a public conveyance. These tally-ho coaches and their accoutrements are beautifully kept, and their four-horse relays are the perfection of equine form and spirit. The time and stoppages are scheduled as with railway trains, and are even more accurately kept. Each coach has its equipment of coachman, assistant, and guard, in drab livery, brass buttons, and high hat. The coachmen alternate their daily trips, and are often not professional whips, but amateur (though not less skilful) drivers from among the aristocracy, and even the nobility, who seek healthful and inspiring diversion in this manner. One of the latter handled the reins, and tooled us down that breezy day, our little party of three being almost the only passengers. Outside seats are provided for eleven beside the officials; but daily trips are made each way, rain or shine, during the season, and with or without passengers, as may be. At the end of September the entire stud of splendid horses, which must be very large on any of the lines, is sold at auction. Four relays covered our course, each double pair impatiently champing the bit as they awaited the arrival of their smoking comrades, who were rapidly unhitched and led away by grinning stable-boys, and replaced by the fresh quartet for the next rapid pull. Except these stops, a steady trot was maintained for the entire distance, and vehicles drew aside and gave us the right of way as if our chariot had been a locomotive. Only once a heavy road machine blocked the way for not over a minute, much to our coachman's annoyance.

Our route out of the city was by Pall Mall, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, and Knightsbridge, skirting Hyde Park to Kensington and Hammersmith Bridge. Our seats were at the rear, by the side of the guard; and he speedily awoke Fontarabian echoes through the crowded streets of the West End on his delightful horn, which became in his hands a magic bugle. We soon left the charmed quarter of Belgravia at our left, and the world-noted horse-market Tattersall's, and Brompton Oratory with its beautiful statue of Cardinal Newman before it. And then came that wonderful series of great buildings, with their marvellous and indescribable contents, — the South Kensington Museum, —

wherein one would have thought that all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them had been contained, even before the still greater and kindred Imperial Institute was founded beside it in 1887, as the national memorial of Her Majesty's Jubilee. Royal Albert Hall, too, and the Albert Memorial face each other by the side of Kensington Gardens close by, and close to the site of Gore House, once occupied by Wilberforce, and again by Lady Blessington; the former a huge and ugly, almost shapeless Renaissance amphitheatre in brick and terra cotta, as tasteless as an inverted caldron kettle, which it somewhat resembles. It is a wonderful place for great and popular assemblies in music, science, and art; and Sir George Grove has organized there a great musical conservatory.

As for the Albert Memorial, which stands where the Crystal Palace of the first World's Fair was reared, it is magnificent, but it is not — apropos. Prince Albert was an accomplished and kindly gentleman, the friend of America during our Civil War, a sagacious adviser to royalty, and an affectionate husband and father. But after the utmost allowance is made for wifely devotion, and the highest appreciation rendered to all his virtues, what are the really lofty services and the intrinsic superiority of the prince consort, that to him should be reared this, the superbest purely personal memorial that the civilized world has to show? Poets, musicians, painters, architects, sculptors; agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and engineering; Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, — all these, symbolized by a very wilderness of marble, granite, bronze, and mosaic, cluster about the gilded figure of the sitting prince, canopied by a three-staged Gothic spire surmounting a classic basement! "Queen Victoria and her people" placed it there; and it cost the English nation the pretty penny of six hundred thousand dollars, and serves no purpose whatever but that of art-education to the masses. Invidious comment is not pleasant nor always edifying, but one hates to have his sense of proportion so severely tried as it is here. Two great houses remain for notice as we speed along behind our steady team; and the first is old Kensington Palace, within sight to the north, built by William III. He died there, and so did Queen Mary his wife, and Queen

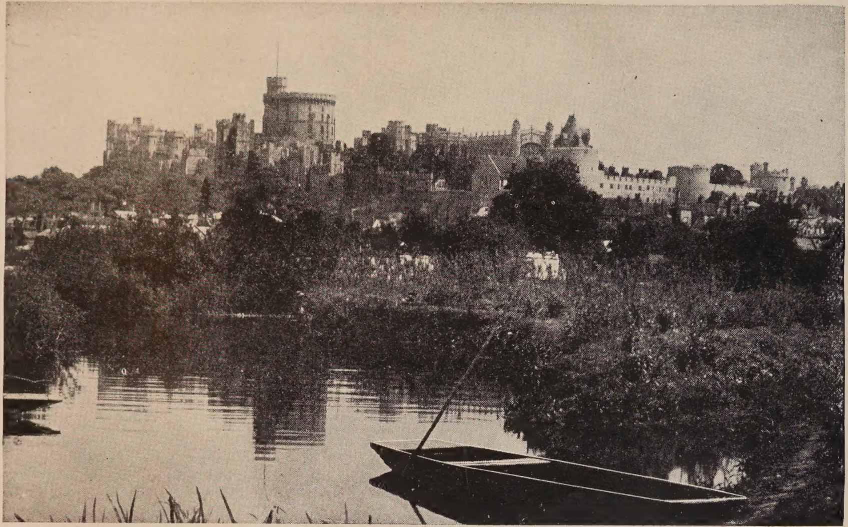
Anne and her husband, and George II. It was the birthplace, too, and the early home of Victoria; and there, with maidenly humility and reverence, she received the news that the cares of a vast empire had fallen upon her. Still farther west, and near the confines of the city, the chimneys of Holland House disappear behind the elms, — an older and nobler mansion of Tudor days, where Charles James Fox lived, and Addison died; where Cromwell and Penn frequented; where Macaulay used to stand on the hearth rug and monopolize the conversation to every one's delight, and which his own "Essays" describe as giving hospitable welcome to Sheridan, Sydney Smith, and Brougham, to Humboldt, Talleyrand, and Madame de Staël.

We have at last shaken off the dust of the great city, and are crossing Hammersmith Bridge, suspended across the Thames where the pace is most terrible in the great University boat races between Oxford and Cambridge, and where, if there be a flaw in the human organism, men's hearts are failing them for fear of the next turn above. Would that we might have stood there and shouted cheer to the straining crews; but we were fain to content ourselves with a glimpse of the Australian champion sculler of the world, who was walking down the beach that morning, with his frail skiff upon his head, to have a preparatory pull for his coming contest. We turn south by Roehampton and Wimbledon Common, and again catch up the Thames (which here makes a wide detour) at Kingston, where early Saxon kings were crowned. The King's Stone on which he sat is there yet, surrounded by an iron railing; and we drive past it in the market-place, and are out again into the country; ere long, near Surbiton, catching a distant glimpse of the broad red walls of Hampton Court Palace to the right. We had passed country-seats of the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Rosebery, and Earl Dunraven of yachting fame, and were approaching Epsom Downs. At our left, on the high ground, the great grandstand flashed white in the sun, whence thousands witness another contest, between gallant horses instead of brawny men, and where the Prince of Wales had just won the Derby. Flying scud, and sometimes a gentle dash of rain, had passed over us as we steadily pressed forward, now through rounded vale and now over breezy heath. Once and again, while changing horses, the barmaid came out to give us a stirrup cup of ale, and a bite of bread and cheese. With L. and E. by his side, the guard carefully expounded the details of the way, and cheerfully punctuated his remarks by merry blasts that brought red-cheeked damsels to the windows to see the coach go by. A prime favorite was he in those parts, and carried in his capacious pockets good store of fruit and seed-cakes which he tossed to expectant children who well foreknew the moment of his passage.

There is nothing in this world quite like an English lane, winding between smiling hedgerows or thatched farmsteads, or by the side of walled suburban villas set near together, all of brick or stone, but covered with clambering vines, and each one with its name plainly marked up at the gate-post, — Fernery or Robin's Nest or what not. Rural England is, of all countries, the one that is *finished*, — not laboriously engaged in conquering Nature's wilderness, not past its zenith and vegetating amid the ruins of another age's labors; but secure from invasion in her island fortress for centuries, and perpetuating the domestic traditions and simple tastes and occupations of a long line of forefathers. Nor does this imply that time stands still, for it would infer stagnation if not retrogression. The peasant is not the serf that once he was, and lowly life is not without its many creature comforts. Not to go further for an illustration, the proud nobility whose mansions lined the Strand in the days of Elizabeth, could scarce pass through it on wheels, so deep was the mire. And it is much less than a century since Telford and Macadam died, who brought science to bear on ordinary English highways, till then generally impassable at certain seasons. Look at them now! It is constant and assiduous care which, at small comparative cost, keeps them what they are. Originally built on thoroughly scientific principles, the humble road-mender (and his name is legion), living a short distance from his next associate, with his little store of materials, his spade and pick and hand-barrow, does the rest, never suffering the damage of a single storm to remain unrepaired till it entails ultimate and expensive reconstruction.

And so we rumbled on by Leatherhead and Mickleham, at Boxhill signalling the "Rocket" coach of the rival line, which had its destination there; till, as the clock struck two, we drew up with a final triumphant tally-ho before the door of the White Hart Inn in the sleepy town of Dorking, the imaginary scene of the humorous battle of that name. It would be easy to get lost in the delightful rambling passages of this old hostelry, but we had not the time for that diversion, and sat down to dull the keen edge of our appetites with such Southdown mutton as does not grow far away from the shores of the English Channel. Master and man, coachman at the head of the table and guard at the foot, with passengers sandwiched between, we made way with a merry meal, and then bade good-bye to coaching and pressed on by rail, a short distance, to ancient Guildford. We had not come to see the sights of this "happy-looking town," but to visit the grave of our kinswoman, who lies by her husband's side in its rural graveyard high up on the hillside, beneath the shade of beeches, with a Celtic cross at their heads, and the long and lovely valley spread out far below them. Having made our reverent pilgrimage, we took train again for London ere night had fallen. We were deposited at Earl's Court, an adjunct, or at least a neighbor, of the vast South Kensington enterprise, at present known as the India and Ceylon Exhibition. We had time for a glimpse of the attractions of this enormous metropolitan playground, the legitimate successor to and evolution of Vauxhall and Cremorne, which we found quite too kaleidoscopic for coherent narration. Above all, the genius of Imré Kiralfy here seems to have reached its climax, and furnishes such a "spectacular apotheosis" (I believe this is how he modestly puts it) as quite pales the lustre of "America," at the Chicago Exposition. Beyond this, with twelve hundred performers at once on a stage as large as all out-of-doors, to the lovely music of Dan Godfrey's famous military band, I should think that even phantasmagoria could no further go. Fortunately for us, a station of the Metropolitan Railway is quite near, and, free from smoke or cinders, we were speedily whirled many miles by artificial light beneath the whole West End, by this very agreeable substitute for overhead transportation, and alighted late at night at the Temple Station, close to our lodgings.

Our other expedition was to Windsor, Eton, and Stoke Pogis, which may well be accomplished by rail in a long day's outing. Leaving by the Waterloo Station, we skirt the southern bank of the Thames, cross it at Richmond, and just beyond Staines catch glimpses from the car-window at the left of the green low-lying plain of Runnymede, where the barons there assembled forced craven King John to sign the Great Charter of English liberties. Sweeping around Windsor Park, where are oaks a thousand years old, Datchet reminds us of Falstaff and his buckbasket; and we alight beneath the beetling crag on which rise the towering walls of Windsor Castle, the most superb survival of feudalism in architecture that remains to this day. The town clusters about its base, and along the hill leading up to the castle from the station. There has been a castle here since the Conqueror's day; but Edward III., George IV., and Victoria are to be credited with the present majestic sweep of ramparts and the royal palaces which they enclose, all of which are in perfect repair, and constitute one of the favorite residences of the queen. The royal standard was not flying when we were there, for she was at Osborne. Her Majesty, although enormously wealthy, has done little during her long widowhood, either here or elsewhere, to sustain the great functions and stimulate the social activities of royal circles, devolving these responsibilities



THE FEUDAL HOME OF ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

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with her advancing years more and more upon the prince and his most charming and popular consort. Albert Edward and Alexandra are names to conjure by anywhere in England, and nowhere more so than at Windsor. Their uniform graciousness and tact entirely captivate the English people, who dearly love a lord and lady like this; and the indiscretions of the prince's early life, if any, have long been condoned and forgotten in their admiration for his very great ability and *bonhomie*, and for the many earnest virtues and accomplishments of the princess, and of their family in the next generation. If Her Majesty had accomplished nothing more than the social purification of the dissolute court of the Georges, she would have had excuse enough for reigning.

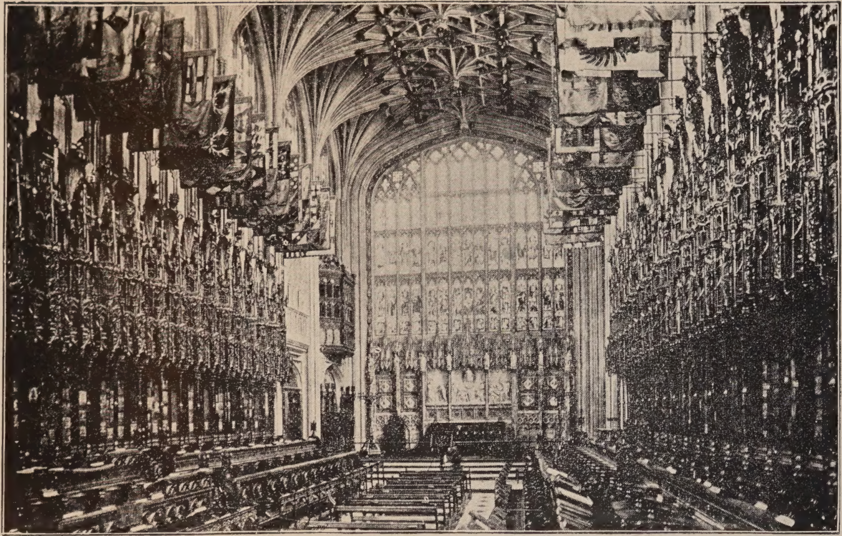
The form of the British government will not be altered for many a day, if ever. The House of Lords may be mended; it will not be ended, so far as I can foresee. Constitutional government by Parliament, with the sovereign as its leader and representative figure, fits the temper of the English people as its very raiment, and long may it do so. For it cannot be doubted, reasoning from history, that such a limited monarchy is as capable of adaptation to the changing needs of the mighty empire over which it rules (even if now and again, as is likely, a colony shall set up in business on its own account), as is the republic across the sea to the problems which confront her future on the western continent. In alliance with one another the two great twin Anglo-Saxon brethren would dominate the globe for the higher humanity,—their proposed treaty of arbitration (which is only postponed) is already an object-lesson to civilization, and the initial step to a brighter era. Loyalty to the person of the aged and infirm queen is everywhere in England prompt and unquestioned. Her reign is a marvel in history, and to its triumphs her own sagacious personality has been a heavy contributor. Yet we perceived nevertheless an undisguised feeling that, when the sixtieth anniversary had been fittingly celebrated of a reign the longest and most splendid in English annals, her retirement from the active and laborious duties of her exalted station ought to be in order, and that the prince's time ought to have come. But Her Majesty is not so minded, and has made it indubitably evident that her tenure will not cease "so long as life shall last." Surrounded by sagacious constitutional advisers, no one doubts the prince's capacity to reign, and in this he is judged by his past capacity to wait. And, so far as social functions are concerned, and the outward circumstance that should hedge a king, and that sets in motion the countless wheels of activity surrounding a throne, such a change will be very welcome, at least to the shopkeepers. Retirement has been the queen's choice for many a year; her own temper is serious, often even to sadness, and her court is by no means either brilliant or gay. She keeps her golden Jubilee at Westminster, and a decade later she is driven in stately procession through London's narrow streets to make solemn Thanksgiving at St. Paul's, as Elizabeth did before her after the defeat of the Armada. But she lives all the year quietly at Osborne, or Balmoral, or here at Windsor, which is in itself a distinct detriment to the public service. She dwells much upon the past, and at the castle, the coloring of her mind is herein strongly suggested; though no subject in her realm is harder worked, or more faithful to duty than is she to the arduous and multifarious claims of her high calling.

We did not seek the *entrée* to the royal apartments, which lie at the east and south, overlooking the gardens and the famous Long Walk that leads three miles straight away south between noble elms, from George IV.'s gateway in the castle to George III.'s equestrian statue on Snow Hill. The former seat of the queen's mother was at Frogmore, a little way east of Long Walk, and on it too the queen may look, and on the superb mausoleum there which she has erected over the remains of the husband of her youth, by whose side, and not in the Abbey, she must shortly lie. The views from the castle are very noble; and from the summit of the great Round Tower over the quadrangle, with Charles II.'s statue at its foot, twelve counties can be seen. To one who has first seen Versailles, the state apartments do not make a powerful appeal, even if the officious hurry to which one is mercilessly subjected would allow it. Rubens and Van Dyck has each a room to himself, and in the latter Charles I. repeats himself often in portraits, as is that monarch's wont, accompanied by that of his wife, and of his three children, the last the fascinating picture familiar to us all. The Waterloo Chamber, used as the state dining-room, and at times for plays and operas before Her Majesty, is hung with portraits of the great of the Napoleonic era. The Throne Room has West's painting of the Installation of the Order of the Garter, and the great ceiling of St. George's Hall is emblazoned with the armorial bearings of its knights since Edward III., its founder, in 1350 A. D. In some apartment or other, I forget which, hangs Holbein's portrait of the gentle Edward VI., and the splendid surplus gifts of royalty and others to the queen at her jubilee are deposited and shown elsewhere, — enough to stock a museum of the first class.

But our interest in Windsor centred in St. George's and the Albert Chapels. The latter was once Wolsey's, afterwards confiscated to the crown, and ultimately fitted up by James II. as a shrine of the Roman faith. Underneath it, George III. built a royal tomb-house, and therein his own bones were laid, to be followed by George IV. and William IV. The chapel itself is now the queen's private memorial to her husband, and as sumptuous in its way, and in more exquisite taste, than the Albert Memorial in London. It would be impossible to conceive a more extraordinary personal tribute than this. The architecture is

Gothic, and the ceiling entirely of Venetian enamel mosaics, while the walls are one mass of scriptural scenes in inlaid colored marbles, medallions, and bas-reliefs, filling all the spaces except the windows. These last speak of the prince's ancestors; all the rest is biblical, and in scenes adapted by textual or scenic reference to the dead prince consort and his wife, of which these words from the story of Joseph, "according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled; only in the throne will I be greater than thou," is a beautiful illustration. The reredos is in malachite, lapis lazuli, and porphyry; and through the centre of the lofty room, around which one walks between brass railings, stand three noble cenotaphs in white marble. They are in line with each other: at the west entrance that of Victoria's son Leopold, Duke of Albany, recumbent in Highland dress; in the centre, that of her grandson, the Duke of Clarence; and at the east that of Prince Albert, with his dog lying at his feet.

We were fortunate in obtaining admission to St. George's, as it was undergoing repairs. Begun by Edward IV., and finished by Henry VIII., it is the Chapel of the Knights of the Garter, as that of Henry VII., at Westminster,



THE CHOIR OF SAINT GEORGE'S.

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is of the Order of the Bath. It has the beautiful characteristics of the latter in its Perpendicular style, fan-shaped vault, and richly carven choir, its individual stalls, arms, and banners, and is only the less splendid of the two. Henry VIII., his queen Jane Seymour, and the dismembered body of Charles I. lie beneath the pavement of the choir, near the plain stone erected to Henry VI. The monument of Henry's murderer, Edward IV. — a battlemented gateway in wrought iron by Quintin Massys — adjoins the altar, whose reredos is in alabaster; and the east window above is in memory again of Prince Albert. Over the north side of the sanctuary has been built an oriel window which the queen occupies as the royal pew, coming into it in private from the adjoining deanery. At the west end of the choir are stalls for Her Majesty and the prince and princess on state occasions; and candor compels me to add, that in each one of them in turn E. profanely sat for a moment when the verger was not by! The marriage of Albert Edward and Alexandra has been the only royal wedding here since the Black Prince was united to his cousin Joan. The Rutland and Beaufort chapels are on opposite sides of the nave; and so are the respective tombs erected in alabaster to Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, and in exquisite marbles to the Princess Charlotte. But even the beauty of the latter's group hardly equals in pathos the recumbent figure near the entrance, bearing the gentle and manly features of the Prince Imperial of France, erected by the queen to Eugénie's son, once the heir of the Napoleonic dynasty, untimely perished in the wilds of Africa.

Sixteen reigning monarchs of England, from the Confessor down, lie in the great Abbey at Westminster. Five, mostly of the earlier kings, have their last resting-place outside the kingdom — the Conqueror himself, Henry II., his son, the Lion-Heart, and James II. being buried in the soil of France, and George I. in that of Germany. Seven others are scattered, but not far apart, nor far away. William Rufus is at Winchester, Henry I. at Reading, Stephen at Faversham, John at Worcester, Edward II. at Gloucester, Bolingbroke at Canterbury, Richard III. at Leicester. Of the entire thirty-six, the remaining eight are, or will be, laid at Windsor, — a Lancastrian, a Yorkist, a Tudor, a Stuart, the rest Hanoverians.

Eton College is very near, and in plain sight from the castle ramparts; and the "distant prospect" of it is as beautiful as it is familiar. It is the largest, most aristocratic, and one of the most famous of English schools, founded by Henry VI., and numbering Chatham, Fox, Canning, and Wellington among the "old boys." There were not many of the absurdly short Eton jackets, broad white collars, and tall hats about when we drove through the town in vacation, made a hurried visit to its handsome, lofty Gothic chapel, and passed its five courts and lovely cricket grounds, where matches with Harrow are played. How calm and quiet was the richly green summer landscape as we drove on, between lofty firs, to the tomb of Thomas Gray! We came through the little town of Slough, where the great Herschels long had their observatory; and ere we were aware the coachman said, as he drew up to a stile in a leafy lane, "This is Stoke Pogis." Not a house was visible till we entered the field, and then only a low church spire, — the village of Stoke lies farther on. A huge and unsightly granite monument confronted us in Stoke Park, as we alighted, erected to Gray by friends whose taste bore no proportion to their affection; but it bears some of the lines of the "Elegy," and is not placed where it ruins the landscape. The property all about is part of the manor which once belonged to descendants of William Penn. A group of little children, perhaps from the handsome manor-house in sight beneath distant trees, were grouped near the monument, and singing nursery songs as we passed.

A short distance on, by a path across the field, is a little lych-gate, and beyond it "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." To the left, just outside the wall, and so absolutely embowered in ivy that not an atom of the structure itself is visible, not even the chimneys, is the sexton's cottage, lying like a dimple in the landscape; and his comely daughter lets us through the gate with a courtesy. Not another building is in sight save the little gray stone church of St. Giles before us, as we walk silently up the gravel path between rows of rose-bushes in full bloom. Under the eaves of the seven-hundred-year old church is a plain, ugly brick tomb beneath which lies the author of the "Elegy" and his mother, which he touchingly inscribed before his own death, to "the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." At the left is a noble "yew-tree's shade," and beneath it good part of the immortal poem was written. It was the sunset hour, and we entered the little church from the door at the side. Insect life, or at least its varied noises, appears to be almost absent in England; and the fact that "all the air a solemn stillness holds" was borne in upon us with startling force on the very spot where the lines were written. The white walls of the interior, the quaint old square pew, shut in at the farther corner, where Gray was wont to worship, the reverent care shown for the holy things about the altar, the demure little damsel with her dangling keys, the whispered explanations, the old Penn pew (no pew, but a good-sized room at one side, screened away from the rural congregation), where grandees, even if their name was Penn, came to sit in rows of chairs on a carpeted floor, with a stove of their own in a corner, hung the nave with their armorial escutcheons, and came and went by a private alcoved entrance at the side,—shall we ever forget it all? Surely none but one who could command the gentle patience to refine his matchless lines, by numberless revisions, to their present perfection would have been content to stay in this quiet spot; and no spot save one like this could have furnished their inspiration. Seated here, but a step from "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," the world and its vanities seem to disappear like a pricked bubble, and the realities of a truer life stand startlingly confessed. Well indeed was it for Wolfe to repeat these famous lines as he went to his death on the Fields of Abraham. There was yet time (so the coachman said) to have gone farther and seen the Burnham Beeches, the finest in England; but heart and eyes were already too full, and we drove slowly back, plunged in the full tide of reflection.

III

WARWICKSHIRE.

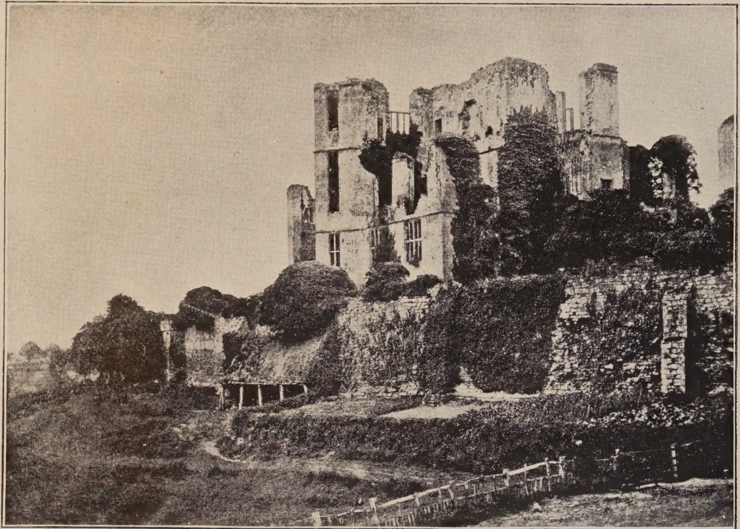
AFTER Canterbury and London there could be but one spot towards which our impatient thoughts must soonest travel. The outline of our English tour was to be the chain of cathedral cities most easily reached, up one side of England to Edinburgh and back by the other, including the two great University towns. But neither cathedral nor university had present claim to delay longer our pilgrimage to the central shire of England, the shrine of history and imagination, the home of Lady Godiva and Amy Robsart and William Shakespeare. And thitherward we betook ourselves on a lovely August morning, through the lofty Greek portals of the Euston Square Station, and by the London and Northwestern Railway, the most progressive of English roads. We had scarcely left the smoke and roar of great Babylon behind us, ere we passed between Harrow-on-the-Hill on the one side, and on the other Barnet, where Edward IV., on his way to the field of Tewkesbury, smote Warwick the king-maker to the dust, and extinguished forever the last hopes of baronial aggression. The lofty spire of Harrow Church was visible far and wide at our left; and we thought of Sheridan and Peel and Palmerston, who once carved their desks here, and of the boy Byron, who wooed the juvenile muse as he lay on a flat tombstone in the churchyard.

Had our course lain a little more directly north, we should have passed Hatfield House, the home of the Cecils, where Elizabeth received the news of her accession, and whose stately Jacobean walls are the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury, the strong and silent helmsman of British politics. It is but a step from there, and only twenty miles from London, to St. Albans Abbey, a cathedral for now twenty years, commemorating the proto-martyr of British Christianity. Before this cathedral is the Church of St. Michael, containing within its vaults the mighty dust of Lord Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans, whose intellect was perhaps second to none among the sons of men. Had we circuited England by taking the east coast first, we should have passed, close at hand and eastward, Waltham Abbey, the burial-place of Harold the Saxon. And on the way thither we should have skirted historic Epping Forest, once reaching to London's gates, and now the great city's free park. Two references will give to the forest identity and special interest. Tennyson was living there when "Locksley Hall" and the "Talking Oak" were written; and within its confines still stands the Maypole Inn of "Barnaby Rudge," where the lucubrations of its landlord, old John Willett, were so rudely disturbed by the Gordon rioters.

But steam compels the body, if not the mind, and our swift steed had soon sped through the lovely landscape to busy Northampton, and paused at "Mugby Junction" (Dickens's queer name for Rugby). Time permitted neither a visit to Tom Brown's famous haunts (which would have been a quest the more barren in vacation-time) nor an inspection of the railway restaurant, which on Dickens's authority would have proved considerably more barren still. Then Leamington, with its mineral springs, — the all-the-year-round Saratoga of England, a pleasant watering-place but hopelessly modern, — where we left the main line; and a few moments later we descended where the legend on the sign reads "Kenilworth," to find an open carriage and driver waiting to take us to the castle, which is less than a mile from the station. We had reached the borders of the enchanted country where railways may be a necessity to some, but were an abhorrence to us; and thenceforth we forswore them till we had been made free of the hospitality of the forest of Arden, and had passed its confines again at the farther side.

My noble Lord of Leicester's once magnificent baronial fortress has to-day no defenders, and needs none. A simple porter's lodge in a garden patch of roses, with a few old men hanging about the modern gateway; the matronly porteress dispensing guide-books, and photographs from an old painting of lovely, liquid-eyed Amy; the grounds within the entrance an undulating pasture, with scattered sheep lying in the shaded crannies of the crumbling walls, — this was all the life visible, except now and again a stray tourist like ourselves. The scarred and naked desolation of such isolated fragments of past glory as still remain stands forth pitifully apparent. Here is no castle like Heidelberg, magnificent still in the strong outlines of its prime, which modern skill might yet galvanize into life and power. Vast as was once its ground plan, it is traced to-day with difficulty, and often by mounds of grass-green earth, rather than by masonry. We enter by the rear, if that side is to be called the front by which Elizabeth made proud entrance, three centuries ago, into the stately halls once belonging to Montfort and John of Gaunt, and which she had herself presented to her favorite Leicester. What was then a great artificial lake to the west and south, across which she made the triumphal progress by way of Mortimer's Tower that Scott's genius has immortalized, was drained dry many a long generation ago, and fertile fields appear beyond the grass-grown moat. Leicester's buildings, erected just before the royal visit, are shored up now to keep their form and identity; and what were the great kitchens of a vast feudal establishment are now little more than an outlined space upon the ground. The great Lancastrian banqueting-hall, where healths were pledged and bumpers drained to the Virgin Queen, is indicated rather by its two beautiful remaining oriels, staring sightless to the sky, than by aught else. But the great bulk of the far earlier Norman keep known as Cæsar's Tower, its walls fifteen feet in thickness, still defies the elements, as once it did the spoliations of Cromwell's officers.

Happily Merwyn's Tower, though long unroofed, still overlooks the Pleasaunce. The latter is now a vegetable garden fringed with fruit-trees; but it is no farther away than on the day when the haughty queen discovered sweet Amy trembling in its grotto. And, though almost formless now, the shape can yet be traced of the " small octangular chamber " of its second story where the hapless beauty was confined, and where a delicate hepatica bloomed for E. amid the *débris* of ruin on that cloudless summer morning. How narrow and comfortless to modern tastes are the chambers of the great of a former age, even in England, now and again revealed in ruin as here! And how pathetically terrible is this world-famous story, wherein love, pride, ambition, jealousy, and perfidy play equal parts in the catastrophe to soul and body! Foully done to death by traitorous hands at Cumnor Place, and buried in the chancel of St. Mary's, Oxford, Amy Robsart's spirit will have Kenilworth Castle for its home so long as one stone remains



THE RUINS OF LEICESTER'S CASTLE.

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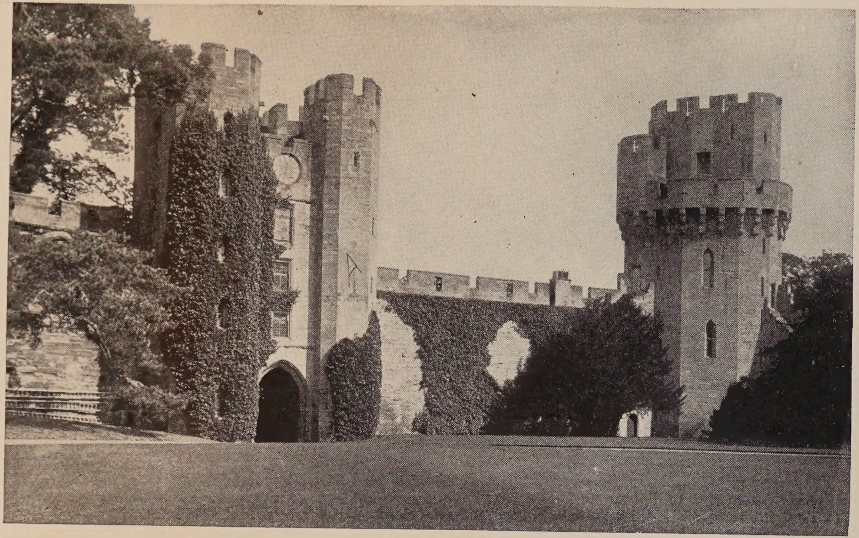
upon another to tell the tale of her heartless betrayal.

We drove on towards Warwick, over the road by which Elizabeth approached Kenilworth from thence, and on which three centuries ago we might have met Shakespeare himself journeying thither in her train. The distance is not great, and the drive an exquisitely beautiful one. It is on such a day that one listens for the lark singing at heaven's gate; but neither there nor elsewhere in England did we hear his notes. By and by the coachman pointed out, through an opening in a distant grove at our right, the monument to Piers Gaveston, the unhappy favorite of the absentee king, Edward II., who was slain here by disgusted nobles. But we were tired and faint from too long abstinence and too much emotion, and fain to call for crackers and cheese at the miller's delightfully picturesque stone house by the weir at Guy's Cliff. It was here that the mythical giant Guy of Warwick made his reputation, chiefly, it would appear, from the valiant slaying of a dun cow, — a feat apparently not too hazardous, and altogether rather ordinary and utilitarian! It seemed more to the purpose to reflect that here Sarah Siddons once lived in the days of her early greatness. A heavy rain was behind us, and hunger too spurred us on toward the beckoning roofs and spires of Warwick. Kenilworth had seemed but a scattered hamlet; Warwick is a substantial town, and of great antiquity; and we drove up its long paved High Street, where things seemed to remain about as they were from the beginning of the creation, and alighted with great satisfaction at the Warwick Arms, as the first drops fell. A substantial welcome awaited us, in a generous English lunch of beef and bread and beer, cooked and served on ancient china, as our grandmother would have had it, and with a most superlative apple-tart for its triumphant conclusion.

Warwick is no mere incident of a drive from Kenilworth to Stratford, and owes nothing to either. Three sights one must see here, any one of them deserving a special visit, — Leicester's Hospital, St. Mary's Church, and Warwick Castle. The first speaks eloquently of the past. Its tiny chapel spans the town gateway, whose Norman arch has yawned beneath it for the daily passage of the populace for hundreds of years ; and its quaint buildings all rise directly from the brink of the town wall. Twelve old soldiers, chosen for their poverty, each derive eighty pounds a year from the foundation of Robert Dudley, as others have done in similar fashion ever since they began to wear the blue gown and silver badge of the proud Earl of Leicester three hundred years ago. His emblems have been all worn away from the walls of Kenilworth; but the "bear and ragged staff" are repeated here, with many a curious reduplication, on doorway and hearth-stone and stained window, as on the left shoulders of the aged "brethren." These sit about, and drink their ale, and smoke their pipes, and say their prayers in chapel, and repeat time-worn stories of their own palmy days, — true hearts-of-oak, with a ring as true and sturdy as the great timbers of black oak and Spanish cedar that frame quadrangle and hall, and are plentifully hung with "Fear God," "Honour the King," "Love the brotherhood," and such like inscriptions. King James I. came to see them, and sat in the great elbow-chair in the corner; and Amy Robsart wrought the delicate silken needlework framed on the wall above it. The dastard whom she so tenderly loved needs all the saving grace of his posthumous and picturesque beneficence, to set off against a high career quite blackened with the canker of self-seeking. The fine large church of St. Mary is Perpendicular, with a chancel of earlier date, and, amid its impressive recumbent Beauchamp effigies, a mural tablet to the Warwick boy, Walter Savage Landor. But the splendid Beauchamp Chapel (pronounced Beecham) has monuments still more beautiful: one to its builder, the Warwick of Henry VI.; one to Ambrose, another Earl of Warwick, and brother to Robert Dudley; and one to Robert's son, the "Noble Imp," whom, being deformed, he barbarously slew. By the wall he lies himself, and his latest wife, Lettice, who is accused of poisoning him, lies beside him. What personal charm he must have possessed, that she who survived him should have found the heart for a laudatory inscription!

If such travesty suggest a future of retribution for somebody, the castle speaks of the present, and does not recall the memory of Leicester. No finer feudal residence save Windsor stands within England's borders; and it is still a home and lived in by the high-born Warwicks of to-day. What a contrast to Ken-



IN THE CASTLE COURTYARD.

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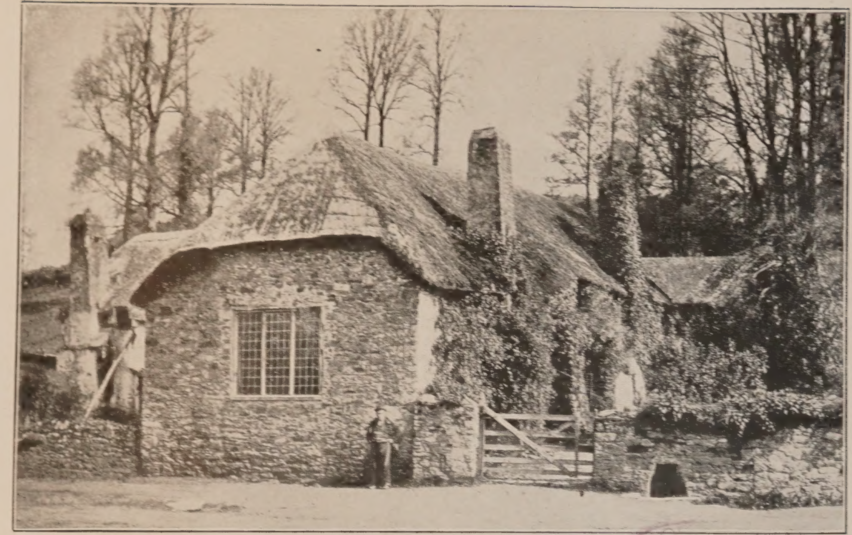
ilworth, of about the same age, and but a few miles away! Those walls are red, these are light gray, — which recalls a remark I have somewhere seen, but whose truth I somewhat distrust, that English cathedrals are rather red than gray, varying from a yellowish cast at Canterbury, to a darker tint at Ely, and a pearly shade at Salisbury. Warwick, like many a feudal structure, has a Cæsar's Tower which never saw Cæsar's day. It held out successfully against the king in the civil war, and could hold out apparently to-day. The entrance is by a curved avenue, hewn deep through solid rock walls overgrown with ivy, and leading to a superb courtyard before the castle windows which is covered with a turf that would be the despair of an amateur gardener. Far down at the farther side lie the exquisite gardens, worthy of Windsor itself, and indeed even more beautiful; and in the conservatory stands the great Warwick Vase with the faultless lines which some forgotten Roman designed for Hadrian's villa at Tivoli. Our first view of the Avon was from the lofty windows in the steep outer wall of the castle; and the prospect of vale and river in this direction is too exquisite for words. We had rung the door-bell of the castle, as if visiting an acquaintance, only that here the prerequisite for admittance was that the inmates should not be at home. A wordy *commissionnaire* escorted us through the vacant but nobly-furnished rooms (canvas-covered most of them at the time), and into the great hall, full of armor, with Cromwell's helmet and the King-maker's mace as its chief treasures. But details were as nothing to the thoroughly rounded impression into which all this grandeur (as Hawthorne says) "shapes out our indistinct ideas of the antique time."

It was on an afternoon all in a golden haze that we drove down to Stratford. The coachman would have taken us by the shorter cut away from the river, but we outwitted him, and turned to the left by Barford, and so past the lodge-gate of Charlecote Park, where we are told that wild young Will trespassed on the grounds of "Justice Shallow." The gate was locked; but the Elizabethan mansion, still occupied by the Lucy family, is in sight between the ancient trees; and the red deer were browsing quietly as then in the glade by the banks of the Avon. For appreciative and noble descriptions of the Shakespeare country one turns to the work of Americans, rather than to that of Englishmen. Hawthorne and Irving and Winter have here set a standard quite unsurpassed; and he who would glean after them, even in so fascinating a field, must expect to find his aftermath of little higher value than stubble. All travellers quote the old estimate that from Coventry to Stratford, or *vice versa*, is the loveliest drive in Great Britain. Perhaps — I hardly know; let us say one of the loveliest, and none fairer. I think that parts of our coaching trip in Surrey were not excelled by it; and probably others can speak of equal beauties elsewhere. If one is to subject it to rigid analysis, there are parts of America which need not shrink from comparison. Trees and rivers are as beautiful in America as here; though highways are not so, nor are there, at delightfully frequent intervals, the little square-towered stone churches embowered in ivy among the trees, or the peaceful hamlets which here one passes through, with little walled kitchen gardens of brick or stone, "all grown together like the cells of a honeycomb," and blossoming hawthorn hedges and wild flowers in profusion, roofs of tile, tiny latticed windows with their diamond panes embowered in vines, open sills set out with pots or boxes of flowers and a mug of foaming ale behind them, and swift glimpses farther within of quiet domestic peace and content.

Ah! this strikes the key-note of difference, does it not? In rural England, the thing that is, is also the thing which was and that which shall be, and, with the appeal of her virile present to a hoary past, even the land of the free can have no competition. It is true that what the traveller finds in other countries is colored more or less by the prepossessions that he brings to it; and a lover of Shakespeare need not apologize for finding the banks of his Avon rose-hued. Or say rather tinged with the mellow radiance which a mighty genius has forever impressed on hill and dale and winding water; so that, without conscious will of our own, we were led captive by the very spirits of the landscape who own an invisible sceptre, and, ere we espied the shining roofs of Stratford, became indeed steeped in a spiritual atmosphere that broods over all the region. The sun's softened rays flashed a good-night to us across the town as we traversed the stone bridge at the foot of



A RURAL HOME IN DEVON.

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PUB
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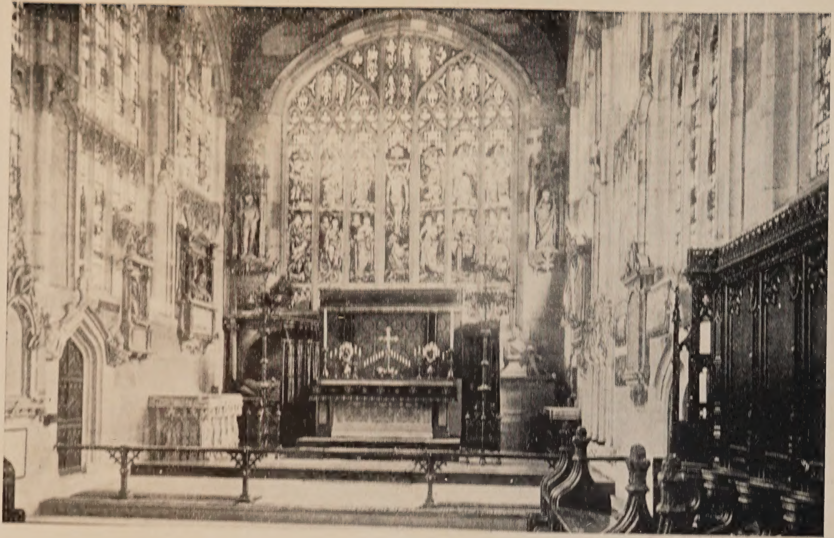
Bridge Street, and a moment later drew up under the archway of the Red Horse Hotel, whose glory it is to style itself "the hotel of Washington Irving."

It has the typical arrangement of old English inns, where you step from your carriage under an archway into the coffee-room on one side, with its cheery bay window towards the street, or into the office and parlor on the other, from which you mount directly by a short and homelike flight to your sleeping-room. No. 17 near the head of the stairs is Irving's room, and rarely fails of an occupant. His throne and sceptre are below, — the throne an old arm-chair sacred to his memory, and now kept under glass, and the sceptre the iron poker with which, seated before the open hearth, he was wont, as Geoffrey Crayon tells us in the "Sketch Book," to stir the parlor fire, and which is now carefully laid away wrapped in the American flag. The whole interior of the inn is lined with good pictures, — a usual feature indeed with inns in England, but here having histories of their own, and illustrating largely the works of the poet. Very many of them are the gifts of travellers; and the parlor walls are covered with photographic and other likenesses and testimonials of actors and authors, from Garrick to Ellen Terry and Ada Rehan. The landlady (it is seldom the land*lord* in England) may claim Winter as associate patron-saint of the Red Horse with Irving, as the former's readers may well testify; and the same landlady is no sordid soul, but sympathetic with the vivid sensibilities of her hundreds of transatlantic guests. We drank deeply that night of the foretaste of to-morrow's enjoyment, in this ancient hostelry where, under other conditions, Shakespeare himself may have enjoyed in peace his cakes and ale. I trust it will not be thought to have a serious bearing on the well-worn argument, that *bacon* was brought for our breakfast, and that by L.'s order!

Stratford is not, I think, as a town, as attractive as some others of similar size and dignity in Great Britain. It was strange to find the broad streets so little shaded, except near the river. In the bright sunshine their paved surfaces and the plain brick and stone house exteriors brought up to more than one of us the thought of sunny southern Verona, strange as it may seem; and the philanthropy of Childs the Philadelphian has set his handsome memorial drinking fountain at a meeting of the dusty ways, where man and beast may well appreciate its delights. The Shakespeare Inn has a rambling and picturesque exterior, which the Red Horse quite lacks; and its chambers bear the names of some of the plays. The old open-timbered Elizabethan house of the Harvard family stands sturdily and cosily across the way in High Street; and there are other — shall I say, alleviations? — of the somewhat prosaic general character of Stratford, which owes its fame to but one cause, and has little history worth relating of its own. It is also undeniably a show-place; but this charge would condemn Westminster as well. Some one has truly spoken of an omnipresent traffic here in the memory of the immortal spirit who rescued it from obscurity, — a traffic natural and even necessary, but somewhat distracting to the desire to render reverent homage and to concentrate the imagination. There are indeed too many shops and cabmen, and altogether too much information vouchsafed. It may be charged that there are also too many tourists; but I do not think this is true. At any rate, few of them are English people, and nearly all Americans, who are said, however, to flock in still greater numbers to the scenes in the life of Burns. But these drawbacks cannot be helped, and can easily be avoided, except where they minister, as they often do, to actual needs. If ever there be a spot where the primary call is to "invite your soul," it is Stratford, and, granted the desire and ability to do this, the means are not lacking, and the madding crowd will soon fall away.

They did not trouble us that glorious morning as we bent our first eager steps toward the Church of the Holy Trinity for the daily morning service at ten. The chronological order of the poet's life need go for little here, where, if one is to reap a reward in any way adequate, it must be by baptism into an atmosphere, rather than by solicitude as to scanty and conflicting details. And so, with the invocation of an uplifting and worshipful church service at a greater shrine, we approached that which claims loving tribute from all who would reverence the poet of humanity at the grave of Shakespeare. At the foot of Old Town Street the lofty spire was before us at the end of the lovely vista of limes which line the broad diagonal walk to the north porch, and among whose branches the rooks were cawing. Few cathedrals in England have a more spacious close about them than this ample and perfectly-kept churchyard, which completely surrounds the church on all sides, and extends to the bank of the Avon, that flows directly behind it. We had thought of the church as rural, perhaps small like Stoke Pogis, and possibly inadequate to Shakespeare's fame. Not so — our delighted eyes met a spacious and dignified fifteenth-century edifice with transepts, one of those comparatively rare instances where the slender, graceful spire, springing from a square battlemented tower, rises from the junction of the four arms of the cross; of which, in this respect, St. John's parish church at Clifton, Staten Island, is a close reproduction. The interior is not less than imposing, and has undergone complete restoration to the Gothic dignity of which it was long robbed by the dismal and senseless makeshifts with which an irreligious and lazy eighteenth-century management walled up and plastered over its noble spaces till they were quite beyond recognition. Even an untrained eye will at once notice the deflection of the main axis of the nave as it passes into the choir, the latter bending very perceptibly to the north (or left, as one faces it). This occasionally occurs in cathedrals, and is thought to signify the drooping of our Lord's head upon the Cross. In the southwest corner of the nave stands, much mutilated, the antique font at which Shakespeare was baptized, as shown by the neighboring Church of England register, that also attests his burial. The font served baser uses during a century of neglect, and is not now used for baptisms. There are plentiful monuments about; but one does not look for memorials here, save one.

In the absence of the vicar, the simple service was read by the curate, the tiny congregation being mostly in the nave. We were shown to seats in the choir, and it so befell that they were in the north stalls, and close to the altar rail, directly within which lies the plain flag-stone in the pavement which bears the famous curse. To its right lie other slabs across the entire width of the chancel, inscribed to members of Shakespeare's family; and Anne



THE CHANCEL OF HOLY TRINITY.

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Hathaway alone lies at his left, between him and the north wall, on which, directly above, is the tablet with the bust and epitaph in Latin. The chancel is full of warm light and color; and waving trees and singing birds and lapping water are all around its exterior. The subject of the east window is the Worship of the Crucified. It replaced very lately the one now at the north of the choir which tells of the Seven Ages of Man. In the latter, Moses in his little ark stands for the infant, Samuel for the schoolboy, Jacob for the lover, Joshua for the soldier, Solomon for the judge, aged Abraham for the pantaloon, and Isaac's mere oblivion "ends this strange eventful history." It was originally given by American visitors; and so also was that in the south transept, unveiled but four months before our visit. The latter is yet incomplete, and is intended ultimately to represent English and American worthies, from Egwin, Bishop of Worcester, to William Penn, in what seems rather a conglomerate treatment of the Epiphany, — far less suggestive than the earlier one just described.

At the close of the chapter in Alison's History of Europe which treats of the death at St. Helena, and the second burial of Napoleon, this noble passage occurs: "Yet will future ages perhaps regret the ocean-girt isle, the solitary stone, the willow-tree. No tomb at Paris can equal that in the Valley of Slane's; even the sepulchres of the dead are in danger in that land of change. A stone and a name alone befit his greatness. Napoleon will live when Paris is in ruins; his deeds will survive the dome of the Invalides — no man can show the tomb of Alexander!" To revert to our own race, — this English Stratford, where all speaks of dignified seclusion and calm peace after strife, is the spot (amid little indeed that is stable and convincing as to facts in detail, and where there is much to confuse, perplex, nay, baffle if you will) which the intelligent consensus of mankind is agreed to regard as supremely sacred to the memory of him whose mighty genius has left behind him nothing less than mankind's epitome. Through yonder leafy aisle they bore his body hither, while the bells of the Guild Chapel tolled his requiem; and they laid him to rest beneath this simple stone, the very doggerel of whose graven malediction it is, perhaps, that has spared his bones from the violation that befell those of Dante and Milton and Bonaparte. Let us have done with idle controversy over authorship, and gladly recognize the tardy awakening of posterity to the study and appreciation of those matchless characters and imagery whose creator lies below, — "jewels, that on the stretched forefinger of all time sparkle forever."

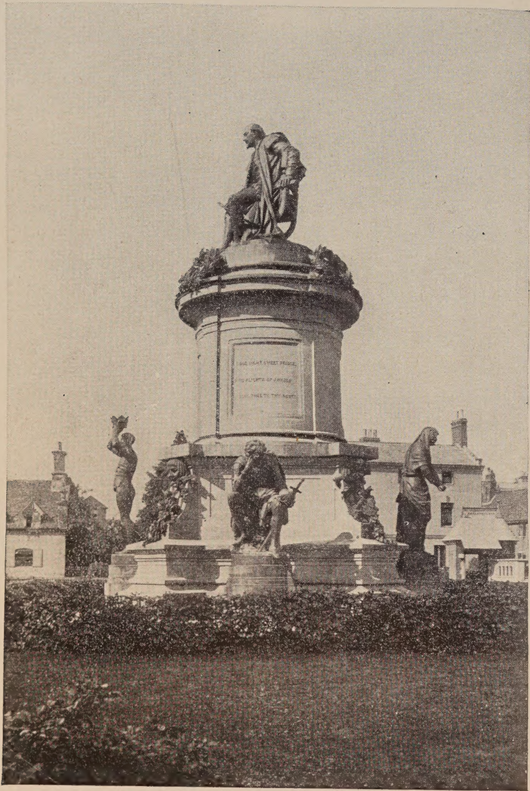
A plain footpath, deeply worn into the sod by generations of passage, beckoned us on for a mile across the fields to Shottery, to find there the most satisfying of peasantry cottages, kept practically intact as when Will walked the same path to tell to Anne the old, old story. The heavily thatched roofs which now cover three dwellings instead of one are too familiar for description. The gables are toward the road, and the garden at the side, through whose gate one makes the approach, is bright and sweet with old-fashioned flowers. Before the doorway is a covered well, and by its side a smooth stone on which Dickens loved to sit, and which bears his name. Deep grooves are worn in the stone steps that lead to the low-ceiled living-rooms where bedstead and dresser, settle and chimney-corner, stand much as they did three centuries ago. It has been a home ever since then, and one sits within the deep embrasure of the chimney, and looks up its wide spaces to the blue sky toward which its little column of smoke ascends. Dear placid old Mrs. Baker, too, with her white cap and apron, — the lineal descendant of the Hathaway family, — " if she 's not gone she lives there still," for eighty years had not on that day dimmed the fresh ardor with which she preceded one more company of eager tourists up the narrow stair, and dilated on the " everlasting linen sheets " of the best bed in her chamber. All was in such perfect keeping, and like the good old days of Queen Bess come again.

To return by poppy-bordered hedge-rows to paved Henley Street, and the open-timbered birth-house of Shakespeare which stands therein, is to meet conditions not so idyllic or appealing. It is a dignified dwelling of the better class, in perfect order, and, as it should be, the property of the nation. But suggestions of a home are quite eliminated, since much of it has been transformed into a museum of most interesting relics, among them Shakespeare's signet ring. Three rooms on each floor, all fronting the street, with an irregular rear addition, comprise it all. You first enter the kitchen or living-room, which is in the centre; and the birth-room is directly over it. There is no pretence that a stick of furniture is as it was when John Shakespeare owned it and made gloves there. Indeed furniture as such is quite conspicuous by its absence; and the birth-room is absolutely bare save of the thousands of pencilled autographs with which every square inch of white wall and ceiling space is covered. This practice is now prohibited, and the most exquisite care is taken. Byron, Dickens, Thackeray, Kean, and Tennyson are contributors to this great wall album; and Scott's signature is scratched upon the window-pane. Behind the house is a walled garden, carefully guarded; and in it are reared such trees and flowers as are named in the plays. The lady custodian graciously picked eglantine and harebell for E.'s collection, which was already enriched by ivy and cedar from the church, and a vine from the Hathaway cottage. Let me commend such a collection to those who have the taste, for within its pages in after days there lies embalmed the flavor of cathedral and abbey, and every lovely spot to which the mind's eye refers. The house is carefully isolated from other buildings. Admission here, as elsewhere in Stratford, is by a purchased ticket, as must be the case if the shrines are to be kept intact for future pilgrims.

The old Guild Hall and Grammar School of King Edward VI., in Chapel Street, stands close to the corner called New Place. The two sites stand, respectively, for the beginning and end of the poet's conscious career. Upstairs, in the school-room of the former, from seven years old to fourteen, the boy Shakespeare thumbed his horn-book and whittled his ink-stained desk like other boys; and in years long afterwards this same desk, a large and high one, became the pedagogue's own. It is a thousand pities that it has been removed from this environment, still redolent with the fragrance so sweet to the imagination, to stand stupidly, as it does, in the museum at the birth-house. The long and narrow Guild Hall below was the gathering place for companies of strolling play-actors in his time; and it is not difficult to imagine that within these walls, above or below, his glorious fancy was first enkindled. New Place is an old place now, and the only interesting part lies out of doors in view of the passer-by. Here are the wire-guarded foundation-stones of what was once Shakespeare's last dwelling, after his retirement from public life; and here is a scion of his mulberry-tree, — all that remain of mansion and tree, both of which were razed to the ground by their later owner, the unspeakable cleric Gastrell, in spite against his neighbors, with whom he managed to live in constant quarrel. One likes, at least, to imagine the immediate surroundings amid which the world's Prospero created the Romances out of his chastened wisdom; had they been preserved, they might have been converted into a museum, which would have been little comfort.

Last of all, we came down again to the waterside, and spent our final moments in the Memorial Building, which includes a theatre, library, and art gallery, and was erected in brick and terra cotta nearly twenty years since. I cannot agree with those who decry it on grounds of taste. Such newness as its hues reveal will soon be subdued by time and greenery; and its construction, largely through the munificence and energy of Stratford's philanthropist Flower (now passed away), has redeemed a whole quarter, and that a most unsightly one. The now lovely river bank below the bridge is laid out in stretches of park, and the tumble-down docks and buildings are all gone. The spacious and dignified Gothic structure well serves its purpose. Its theatre is most admirably appointed, and in some respects suggests Bayreuth. Once a year, during April, the poet's month, memorial performances of the plays are given there in great perfection. The library aims to have all known editions of the works in every language, and a copy of every printed commentary and essay on them. The gallery, with its great open fireplace, is hung with portraits of Shakespeare and his dramatic interpreters, and of paintings and statuary illustrating scenes in the plays, such as the Boydell paintings, Lawrence's "Mrs. Siddons and Kemble," Reynolds's "Garrick," Maclise's "Macready," Leslie's "Juliet," Frith's "Sweet Anne Page," Zoffany's "Mr. and Mrs. Garrick playing picquet," etc. The librarian, Mr. Brassington, most courteously did the honors for us, and left us at the last before Lord Ronald Gower's colossal memorial statue of Shakespeare in the grounds just at the west.

It is a majestic sitting figure in stone, with cloak, doublet, and hose, having a pen in his



THE MEMORIAL STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE.

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right hand and a book in his left. It surmounts a column which bears on each of its sides phrases from the dramatist befitting the four representative characters which stand in bronze before them, and thus around the sides of the shaft itself. The figure next the building, denoting Tragedy, is Lady Macbeth washing her hands; Falstaff, toward the street, with sly finger beside his nose, stands for Comedy; facing the river, Philosophy is wrapt up in Hamlet's melancholy, as he gazes on Yorick's skull; and, looking out upon the meadows, Prince Hal embodies History, as he gracefully and daringly poises his father's crown over his own head. The figure of Shakespeare, high above him, looks in the same direction; and the whole composition suggests the kindred, though varying conception, embodied in the statue of Leonardo da Vinci at Milan. Here are not the stiff lineaments of the Stratford bust, or the Chandos portrait, or the engraving of the first Folio, to tease our credulity and mock our disappointment. Based on the Hesse-Darmstadt death-mask, the face is also somewhat resembled by, though more delicately modelled than, the admirable work of our own sculptor Ward in Central Park. *Me* *judice*, it is the noblest likeness of our ideal Shakespeare, intellectual, sympathetic, spiritual, generic; and so we left him, gazing steadfastly down the beautiful Avon toward the lovely church which is his tomb, in indefeasible serenity.

We came away (too soon) from the Shakespeare Country, by Leamington and Coventry. "The Avon to the Severn runs, the Severn to the sea;" and it would have been good to follow the path of Wyckliffe's ashes down to Evesham and Tewkesbury and Gloucester, and so to Bath Abbey (where my kinsman lies) and Wells and Exeter. Authentic history strikes deep root in ancient and wealthy Coventry, and archæology is full of interest here. It was from remote generations a headquarters of silk manufacture; and, strange to say, one of the most recent and extensive of modern industries has here attained important dimensions, it being the centre for England in the construction of cycles. Much of the general architecture is still exceeding quaint, with overhanging upper stories and narrow highways that reminded Hawthorne of Boston. The "three tall spires of Coventry" are famous for their beauty, and rise over St. Michael's, Holy Trinity, and the Grey Friars' Monastery. St. Michael's is as noble a parish church as England contains, and, I believe, the largest; and its spire is certainly one of the finest in Europe. There was once a cathedral at Coventry, which Henry VIII. was good enough to destroy, as its foundation was monastic. Coventry was once grouped with Chester and Lichfield, which latter lies between the other two, in a sort of migratory see; but of her share in such dignities time has deprived her. One goes back to Canute the Dane to trace the religious beginnings of this old town; and miracle plays and mysteries were given here before the king till into the fifteenth century. But the exquisite story of Godiva, which Tennyson had made immortal if she had not already "built herself an everlasting name," must always be the crowning glory of Coventry. It is pleasant to think that Leofric, Earl of Mercia, left behind him some memory besides that of his brutality; for he joined with his gentle wife in founding here a great Benedictine abbey. We were staying at the Queen's Hotel, a capital hostelry, but quite too modern for Coventry. We had only to go around the corner to be alongside St. Michael's, and in front of St. Mary's Guildhall, on the site of whose antique quadrangle tradition has it that the fair lady —

> "adown the stair
> Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
> From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
> The gateway;
> . . . .
> Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity."

Parliaments have sat in Coventry, and royalty has looked down from the dais on revels in this great oaken-roofed and tapestried hall. There is an insignificant statuette of Lady Godiva in the hall; but strangely enough one must repair to Maidstone in Kent to find a statue worthy of her, — why it should be at Maidstone, I know not. And strange it is that no outdoor memorial should stand in the market-place to the patron-saint who, at such dear cost, "took the tax away" from its citizens; when even Peeping Tom leers down from an effigy on a third-story corner, as grotesque as an Indian cigar-sign! A periodical commemoration, however, which in past years has been famous, keeps green the memory of the city's lovely benefactress. Whether that other renowned march through Coventry, of Falstaff

LADY GODIVA'S SACRIFICE.

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and his "hundred and fifty tattered prodigals," is remembered here, I do not know. The only procession we saw was one of bicycles, and it may be pardoned to a very distant descendant of the fair dame to wonder whether, had she to make her expedition to-day, she would not choose this mode of locomotion! As for ourselves, to be again "sent to Coventry" would be a welcome punishment, and so little of a banishment as to be a contradiction in terms.

Between Coventry and Nuneaton, some ten miles to the north, lie Arbury Farm, where George Eliot was born, and Griff, where she spent her first score of years. At Nuneaton we were again on the main railway line from London to Liverpool, and felt that it was something to have the best of Warwickshire a bit side-tracked, even in this twentieth century. The site of the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouch lies not far to the right; and we soon passed Atherstone, where Henry VII. lay on the night before the bloody battle of Bosworth Field hard by, which robbed Richard III. of his head as well as his ill-gotten crown. From hence we had thought of striking due north into Derbyshire, and the hilly and romantic midland country of "Peveril of the Peak," which would have brought us into the vicinity of ancestral haunts of "both our houses," as well as to Haddon Hall and Chatsworth; but we postponed it for the time (only to lose it altogether in the end), and sped further to the west by the Irish Mail. This soon brought us passing glimpses of that other unrivalled group of the three spires of Lichfield Cathedral, often called the Ladies of the Vale. Once at the very centre of the Middle Kingdom of the Saxons, Lichfield has the daintiest of minsters, it being one of the fullest examples of the Decorated style, having the only purely Gothic apse with no aisles. Lichfield means "the field of the dead;" and the blood of British martyrs murdered by Diocletian has been the seed of the noble church which rises above their bones. Here havoc has done its worst, and restoration its best, for Lord Brooke's parliamentary army actually besieged and bombarded St. Chad's lovely fane, which had been fortified; and which presented a melancholy and ruinous spectacle, indeed, to good Bishop Hacket, who afterward became its rebuilder. The city is Doctor Johnson's birthplace, and contains his monument; and Addison and Garrick were school-boys of the grammar school before and after him. But these were only our swift thoughts as birds of passage; and ere long we had traversed the mining district of Staffordshire, and were at the crowded junction of Crewe, — which is the greatest industrial centre in Great Britain for railway construction and repair, — and were changing carriages for Chester.

IV

CHESTER — CARLISLE — THE TWEED

AS we stand at the centre of the vast gridiron of tracks over which pass hundreds, perhaps thousands, of trains a day, the differences between English railways and our own are more apparent than ever. The track is here called the rails, and you are shunted to a siding, when you supposed you were switched to a sidetrack. Where our conductor shouts, "All right" or "Go ahead," their guard calls out, "Straight away." Baggage is luggage; merchandise is sent by a goods train; and the railroad is the railway. Your trunk is your box, and the ticket-office is the booking-office. The tracks, heavily ballasted with stone, add greatly to security, speed, and comfort, and look as if they would never need renewing. Grade-crossings are rare, indeed; and the swift trains glide past or over you with a singular smoothness and lack of noise, which latter is greatly enhanced by the infrequency with which the locomotive whistle is used. Strange as it may seem, it actually appears to be restricted to occasions of necessity! And how solidly built are the stations and their ample stone platforms, extending far up and down the track, with the name displayed on standards at their outer extremities, — often, however, obscured by advertisements. The problem as to where you are arriving is often a difficult one to solve in a hurry, as of course announcements cannot be made in the carriages, but only on the platforms as the train enters the station, and then often in an unrecognizable lingo. It is, perhaps, easier of solution in the night, since the name of the place is (though rather inconspicuously) printed on the many glass globes which surround the gaslights.

You are oftener locked in than on the Continent; and though there is a bell-rope running through the train, it is carefully hidden from sight, and the printed directions rather warn against its use than encourage it in case of need. That such need may and does exist for isolated and defenceless travellers is proved by continued occurrences in the very suburbs of London. Precautions for safety are perfect at the stations themselves; and, unless you prostrate yourself before the car of Juggernaut, you are out of danger. Opposing platforms, except at junctions, generally mean that one is only for trains in a certain direction, and the other for the reverse, tracks being double, and passage to the left instead of right; and often these platforms are not set directly but diagonally opposite, having of course separate entrances. If there is not a subway for crossing beneath the tracks, there is a bridge over them, like the one at Coventry, where Tennyson tells us in the opening of "Godiva" that he "hung with grooms and porters," while waiting for the train, and at the same time composed the poem. Its passage is often a tedious business, but certainly a very salutary one. Tickets are generally surrendered as one leaves the station gate; but in two cases ours were not taken up at all.

Precautions for safety do not always extend to those for comfort. The whole system is comfortless as compared with our own. Distances are short in Great Britain, and it makes less difference, it is true. Changes too, except on through trains, are exasperatingly frequent, and one is perpetually getting in and out. But little provision can be made for invalids; the methods of heating are very inadequate, and one must actually suffer in the winter-time. And as for night travel, the solace of reading is practically denied, since compartments are generally lighted only by a feeble gaslight overhead that barely serves to make darkness visible. Sleeping-cars are of course found on the longer lines. There is said to be but one short route in the south of England which is thoroughly equipped with American parlor-cars and coaches. Their introduction is coming slowly on some of the great trunk lines to the north. We saw some dining-cars that appeared extremely comfortable, but had no opportunity to use even a buffet. The system of furnishing hot and cold lunches, in baskets which one takes with him from one station, leaving the "*débris*" at another designated stopping-place, is preferred by English travellers. Corridor-trains are in use on certain lines like the North Western, where the compartments are shortened in width, and open at one side into an aisle by which one can pass the whole length of the train through vestibules. The compartments are often decorated by pretty photographs of scenery, and the ventilation is of course much better. As for engines, they sometimes appear very odd affairs, with the engineer and stoker often exposed to the weather, without a roof over their heads. They are smaller than our huge monsters, and draw lighter loads than our Pullmans, but make it up in brilliancy of color. We saw them painted in many hues, like Joseph's coat; but imagination sickened when it came to some painted a solid pea-green with white wheels! It is a pity, too, that the smoke-stack is so insistently like a mere upright length of stove-pipe, for these features are little less than a violent insult to the lovely scenery, of which the moving trains often form a part.

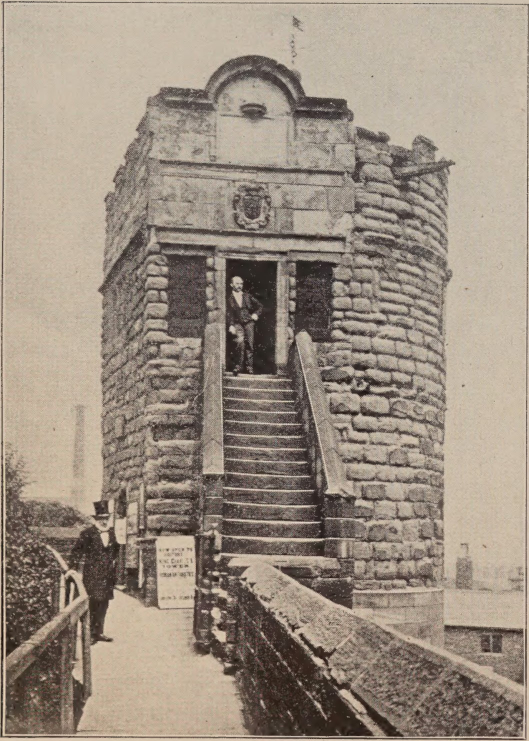
But all other comfort in travel is subordinate to certainty which train to take. And this is often in England the one thing of which no traveller can be sure. The landlord or landlady seems to care for none of these things. "Boots" is supposed to be authority, and is generally summoned, and makes voluble appeal to time-tables. But, probably because Bradshaw is a double-and-twisted enigma beyond the wit of man to unravel, the directions boots gives you are as likely to be wrong as right. The agent at the booking-office knows whether the train just leaving goes to London or not, and will furnish you with a list of trains for your own locality. But whether a particular one is the best for your purposes, whether you change before you arrive at your destination (the chances always are that you do), exactly at what time it arrives, and whether it stops, have been known to constitute a field of research too deep for him; and you feel as Cæsar did when he said, "*Et tu, Brute!*" The very guard is not much better authority, even for short distances; and sometimes your only resource, as was ours at Crewe, is to inquire madly right and left, of persons in uniform and without, make a rapid estimate of veracity, balance the probabilities, make your own decision while the bell is ringing, and fling yourself and your belongings desperately through a closing door, into a crowded compartment, trusting to Providence that you may at least fare as well as though you had decided it by casting lots!

If you take the right train, it is only a few minutes from Crewe to Chester. The latter is the usual portal to North Wales; and the distant mountains of Wales (Snowdon is too distant) are visible to the left before you reach its fine station, which is of imposing dimensions even for Great Britain. The River Dee, across whose sands "Mary called the cattle home" in Kingsley's familiar ballad, winds lovingly around its red sandstone walls; and it is quite the most mediæval in appearance of all English towns. This attracts many tourists, and the more so from the fact that, to those arriving at Liverpool, it is the first natural stopping-place on the way to London. The famous Roman twentieth legion was encamped here in the first century, before the fall of Jerusalem; and the name of the city, which appears so often in composition, — like Winchester, Lancaster, and Leicester, — perpetuates the Latin *castra* (camp). Saxon heathen won their last victory here over early Celtic Christianity; William the Norman found it the last city to surrender to him; and the heir apparent has been Earl of Chester since Henry III.'s time, as well as Prince of Wales since Edward II. was born to Queen Eleanor at neighboring Carnarvon Castle in the following reign.

We drove for luncheon to the old-time Blossom's Inn, outside the East Gate; but found it was being modernized, and had to content ourselves with a grill-room near by. Whether it is true that the Romans cut the two main streets, which cross at right angles, out of solid rock below the level of the houses, I am not sure; but the houses themselves are curious enough, though far less so than in many continental cities like Munich and Nuremberg. Continuous arcades, reached by flights of steps and full of shops, take the place of the front rooms of the first floors in Eastgate, Bridge, and Watergate Streets; and in the latter stand the finest three old timber-built houses imaginable, — Stanley Palace, Bishop Lloyd's House, and God's-Providence House. The latter's inscription, "God's Providence is mine inheritance," is a grateful recognition of immunity from the seventeenth-century plague which made such awful havoc in London.

We drove on to the old castle, now a barracks, and looked south over the Dee to Eaton Hall, the magnificent seat of the wealthiest English subject, the Duke of Westminster. But who thinks of His Grace the noble Duke in connection with Chester, when only a little distance farther away on the opposite side of the city lived the greatest of all English commoners? It was but a few weeks after our passage that Hawarden Church was to receive an added interest, in the sudden death within its walls of

Benson, the Primate of the Church of England, while worshipping where his host, Mr. Gladstone, has so often read the Lessons in the Daily Service; and now, alas! Gladstone himself has joined the choir invisible. One may view the famous city walls in a short time; and there is no easier way than to climb the steps at the North Gate, and walk around behind the parapets by way of Phœnix Tower to the cathedral. I know of no city walls so entirely satisfying as these. Much of the line of the old Roman circumvallation has been followed, and part of what remains is Norman. Except at the southeast, near ancient St. John's Church (at one time the cathedral), they are not encroached upon by buildings; and the finest view of the massive red sandstone cathedral is had from the ramparts, which sweep around the close near the East Gate. They are not in the least ruinous, though six centuries old; and their northern line overhangs the present canal, doubtless once a moat. From Phœnix Tower Charles I. saw his troops defeated on Rowton Moor; and the mellow dignity of the walls gains trebly in interest from their being nearly the sole example left intact of an English city's defences in the feudal ages.



PHŒNIX TOWER, UPON THE WALLS.

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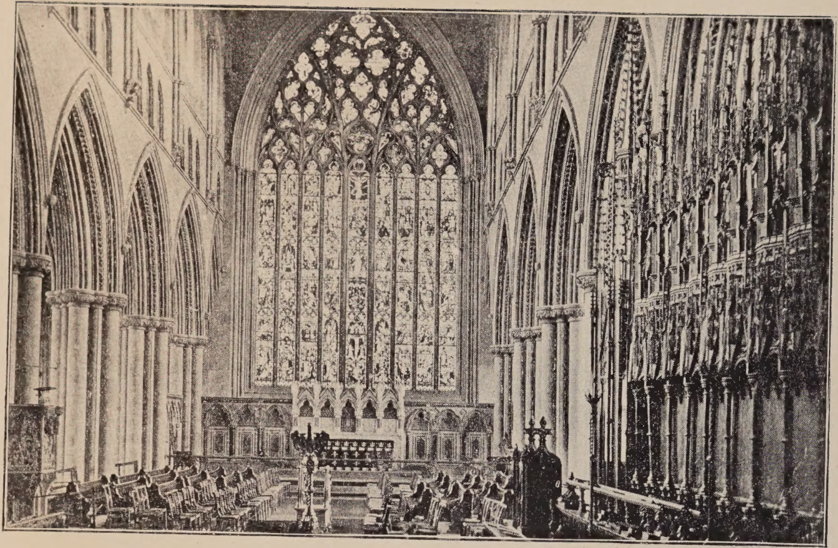
Where St. Werburgh's Cathedral stands a Christian church stood before the Romans left, and a convent and abbey afterwards. Hugh Lupus, kinsman to the Conqueror, built the Norman building; and parts of it, especially in the north aisle and baptistery, are incorporated in the present church. This is largely Late Perpendicular, some parts of it being as late as the reign of Henry VII.; Chester not having been erected into a separate diocese until that of Henry VIII. At the west end, opposite the baptistery, hang two British flags which we did not capture at the battle of Bunker's Hill. The south transept is unique in being four times the size of the north, and nearly as large as the nave, the result of quarrels between monastic and secular clergy. Church extension was barred on the north by the conventual buildings, and therefore afterwards absorbed the Church of St. Oswald on the other side, rather against its will. The parishioners came back in the fifteenth century, and again used the transept for a parish church, till the partition was removed, less than a score of years ago. The choir is Early Decorated; and there is no finer wood-carving in England than that of its stalls. The altar is of olive and cedar from the Holy Land; and the pavement before it is of fragments from the Temple enclosure at Jerusalem. In the north transept, well-nigh filling it, stands the dignified monument to Bishop Pearson, the great expositor of the Creed, which has been styled the Creed in stone; and beneath the turf of the south cloister lies Dean Howson, the learned biographer of Saint Paul, so well-known personally in America as well as at home. A rich, warm tone is over all the sacred building; and we would well have liked a longer stay within its precincts.

But time impelled us northward, and the swiftest of Scottish expresses by the North Western ere long had us at Lancaster, fifty miles away, which Edward III. gave to his son, Old John of Gaunt. The duchy of Lancaster has been absorbed by the crown, ever since the Yorkist Edward IV. confiscated it in the next century as a family appanage. Glimpses of the gray Irish Sea flashed in on our rapid flight; and soon Kendal in Westmoreland, where Falstaff's "misbegotten knaves" got their suits of Kendal green, ushered in at the left the lovely mountains of the Lake District. So little a way to Windermere and Ambleside and Grasmere and Keswick and Furness Abbey, and all of what Lowell so aptly calls "Wordsworthshire," and to pass it swiftly by! Helvellyn's crown was cloud-capped; but the misty form of Skiddaw was visible ere we threw our last backward glance to beautiful Cumberland. For its identification we were indebted to a most agreeable gentleman from Liverpool, on his way with his son to the Cheviot Hills for the grouse-shooting. A loyal and intimate admirer of the Rev. John Watson, he told us something of the personality of him whom we have learned to know as Ian Maclaren, the manly and gifted novelist; and it was with regret that we parted from him as our corridor-train drew into Carlisle Station, and then made our way into the County Hotel, which is directly connected with it by a passage under cover. These station hotels are a feature of English railways, and are generally well managed, like this one, and sometimes, especially in London, are of great size and pretension, yet as quiet as if remote from the clangor of engines.

The afternoon was waning; but twilights are long in the north, and we must postpone dinner till after a visit to cathedral and castle of this grim border city. The way thither lies through the old quarter; and the narrow streets swarmed with citizens of a poorer class than we had seen before, whose faces betokened their sharp struggle for existence. This is the nearest cathedral to the border, and, except the new cathedral of Newcastle, the most northern of all. Like the whole city, its red sandstone walls reveal the harsh perils it has survived. Founded by William Rufus, Henry I. first made it a priory of Augustinian, or Austin, Canons, and afterward a cathedral, early in the twelfth century. All other English cathedrals but this, established by Henry VIII. on the new foundation, have first been Benedictine monasteries. The Augustinians were called Black Canons, from their black cassocks, cloaks, and hoods, over the former a white rochet being worn; and they wore beards and caps instead of being shaven and tonsured. Their priory church served for a parish church as well, as was not unusual, the canons occupying the choir and transepts, and the parishioners worshipping in the nave; and the Church of St. Mary was separately used and partitioned from the Cathedral of the Holy and Undivided Trinity for seven centuries and a half.

Where is the massive Norman nave of eight bays, once grand in its stern simplicity? Burned, all but two of them, in the thirteenth century. Where is the magnificent Early English choir of that century, rebuilt by Henry III., with so little regard to the ruined nave that it has a different axis? Destroyed, as the fourteenth century dawned, by the same fell scourge which laid in ashes so much of mediæval treasure. Here is the only opportunity to see an English cathedral still partly in ruins; for the six bays yawn pitifully upward to the sky, having no confirmation of their location save the bases of their pillars set in the turf-grown pavement. The two bays which are enclosed by a west front make a short nave indeed, more like a transept; and their arches are all twisted and shapeless from the nature of the shingly soil into which their weight has crushed down the heavy piers below, till some of the bases of the massive round columns are buried beneath the level of the stone floor. The second rebuilding could not have been more than half done when proud Edward I., in the last year of his reign, met his Parliament at Carlisle, and court and Parliament together listened in the cathedral while the papal legate excommunicated and cursed dauntless Robert the Bruce. Edward had come north in a litter, but offered it up here as health improved, and, mounting his horse at the church door, rode fiercely away toward the Scottish border, which he never reached, for he died within sight of it. It was not till the third Edward that the choir stood in the Decorated style which we now see, with the painted wooden ceiling, of which the present is a reproduction. The backs of the stalls too are covered with wonderfully quaint paintings of the legendary stories of Saints Augustine, Anthony, and Cuthbert; and the choir pillars have for their capitals carved delineations of the occupations of each month of the year, — an instance quite unparalleled.

Whether the great Flamboyant east window, beneath which lies the author of Paley's Evidences, is the largest and finest in England is not easily determined, when Gloucester and York press so closely for the honor; and it matters little where all are so splendidly beautiful. Its subject is a Doom or



THE CATHEDRAL CHOIR, AND THE GREAT WINDOW.

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Last Judgment. There can be no better place than here for calling attention to the development of the Gothic traceried window from the simple Norman grouping of two or three plain upright lights together, with pierced openings in the wall over them. These long narrow lights had first been single and round-headed, then grouped closely together and pointed; then an arched moulding was thrown over them on the wall, and small openings were made in the enclosed space between moulding and window-tops. Afterwards these small openings enlarge and multiply into a connected pattern, the separations of the upright windows become mere strips instead of jambs, and the arch, with all that lies below, has been blended into a harmonious whole, in what is rather infelicitously called the "plate-traceried" window. Develop the process still farther, change all the flat surfaces above into mere mouldings, and shrink the columnar stone divisions into mullions, and, using geometrical patterns only, the noblest form of Decorated tracery is before us. Carry the changes still on to their latest form, as here at Carlisle, and geometrical forms become flowing and unconfined, like tongues of flame; and regularity and order seem at hazard in those advanced conceptions in which the bolder and less constrained French genius so delights. But in either Decorated, Perpendicular, or Flamboyant it is now the shape of the confining *lines* which strikes the eye, and no longer the shapes of the *lights* themselves. These are no longer mere openings in the stone, as in the original Norman idea and its earlier changes. You are bathed in light, but the pattern which you see is the pattern rather of its limitations and boundaries than of the openings through which it falls.

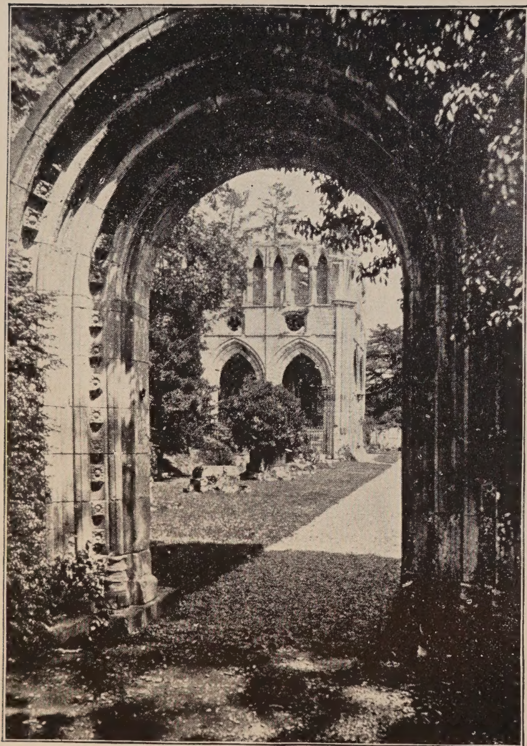
We had found the cathedral closed, but had sought out the good-natured verger, where we afterward left him, beneath the dark archway of the old priory wall, and near the pleasant deanery where Archbishop Tait, when Dean of Chester, suffered such terrible domestic bereavement. There was yet time for a rapid visit to the grim old castle which once frowned defiance at the Scot across Solway Firth. As we stood upon its ramparts at the close of day, how the spirits of the past thronged around us, — Roman warriors of Severus, building their great stone wall (of which a few remains may yet be seen), for a score of leagues hence to Newcastle on the eastern ocean; Saxon and Danish invaders and destroyers; William Rufus, making this northern limit of Roman occupation the defence of the English border when he built this castle; the bloody and bitter warfare between Wallace and Bruce and the Edwards of England, so much of which passed this way as through a stormy city of refuge; its submission to the Young Pretender when Prince Charlie came over the water in vain in "the forty-five;" and, earlier than all, the original Celtic occupancy of this soil, for Carlisle is again unique in being the single strictly English city which retains its original British name. But night was falling, and the signal for closing the gates about to strike. We hastened back through the gray old streets; and the sun had set in mist behind the Isle of Man ere we reached our hotel, to enjoy a delightful dinner, and then to spend a long evening in writing to the dear ones at home.

How closely the personal association of great names in literature clusters in the vicinity of Carlisle! Wordsworth, Southey, Shelley, Christopher North, Lord Brougham, Harriet

Martineau, Felicia Hemans, Doctor Arnold, and the Coleridges, father and son, densely people the Lake District; and, just to the north, Burns, the peasant-bard of the people, born at Ayr, lies buried at Dumfries; while Thomas and Jane Carlyle repose side by side, and nearer still, at Ecclefechan. But a wizard, greater to us than any, was beckoning us due north to the banks of the Tweed, rather than of Doon; and his spell was already upon us, for Sir Walter was wedded in the nave of Carlisle Cathedral on a Christmas Eve, as the eighteenth century was closing. An early start on a bright August morning, by the Waverley route on the North British Railway, soon bore us across the border, past Gretna Green, where runaway marriages are no longer fashionable, and Netherby Hall, where Young Lochinvar trod lightly a measure. Ere the sun was high, we were climbing the sides and breathing the bracing air of the close-shaven Cheviot Hills, and getting our first scattered glimpses of the Scottish heather.

A strange sight are these Cheviot Hills, smoothly tonsured to their summits, "huge, round-headed, and clothed with a dark robe of russet," not a tree visible, and seldom a habitation, with here and there a stone hut and walled sheepfold for the lonely shepherd and his flock, and now and again an ancient domestic watch-tower, once fortified, in the days when foray and reprisal were the watchwords of the border. The Duke of Buccleuch and the Earls of Dalkeith and Minto are great landholders in this part of the Scottish lowlands; and after we crossed the watershed into the valley of the Tweed, we passed in turn Branksome Tower and Minto House, the former familiar in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." But what was to E. quite as much to the purpose, — she being by no means unimpressionable by royalty and nobility, notwithstanding her republican antecedents, — was a real live duchess whom we saw at a station, duly authenticated, and very attractive, in spite of her simple travelling costume and lack of a visible coronet! In the valley of the Yarrow to the left, which Wordsworth has made famous, lies the Ettrick Forest, the former home of Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd." We now began in good earnest to listen delightedly to the rich broad burr of the Scottish dialect. At St. Boswell's we saw the last of our Liverpool acquaintance, as he betook himself to the moors with guns and dogs beside him. We also left the train here, as this is the nearest station to Dryburgh Abbey, a mile away. We walked over the swaying suspension bridge across the shallow and pebbly bed of the Tweed, and a short tramp over the hill brought us to the stile through which, near the river again, the trees are visible which closely surround the ruined abbey. All is unspeakably peaceful here. Six centuries have come and gone, and left their memorial on crumbling wall and ivied and moss-grown cranny. One traces as little of real form and continuity as at Kenilworth, but disconnected parts remain of church and chapter-house, cloisters, refectory, and domestic buildings. No suggestion of fire and sword, but quiet decay among waving leaves and songs of birds, — fit resting-place for the brave and gentle spirit of Scott, who lies under the roofed shelter of St. Mary's Aisle, with Lockhart, his son-in-law and biographer, by his side. As with Shakespeare, our first visit to the scenes associated with him was to his grave, and we were glad to have it so.

It is but five miles to Melrose up the river,



SIR WALTER'S GRAVE, IN SAINT MARY'S AISLE.

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and eight to Abbotsford in the same general direction. We drove first to the latter, over the breezy Eildon Hills; and the driver was constantly pointing out spots in the landscape or by the roadside embalmed in local legendary lore, the last object of interest before reaching Abbotsford being the dense grove set out by Sir Walter on the hillside in shape of the impregnable hollow square of English steel at Waterloo. Scott bought the site of his home, and began the buildings, twenty years before his death in 1832. To our surprise it lies much lower than the highway, and one descends at once and rapidly from the carriage, beneath the shelter of a curving wall, to an entrance which admits on the side next the great author's study. Every one knows the views of Abbotsford, with its walled courtyard at the upper side, on which the study looks, and its lovely terraced garden towards the river, overlooked by the broad windows of the library. His great-granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, herself an author, lives here in her ancestral home, and an ideal one it is, worthy of the author of "Waverley." It is well that he whose vivid pictures of romantic feudal life have set the standard for the imagination of posterity should have dwelt in such a Scottish baronial mansion as this. It was doubtless pride of family, and a desire to be the founder of a territorial branch of it, that impelled him to spend a dozen years in adding field to field and erecting these massive walls. On its oaken ceilings are emblazoned the arms of a dozen border families who were his kinsmen. His early appointments as Sheriff of Selkirkshire and Clerk of Sessions, which he held for many years, gave him an income which enabled him to use literature as a staff when it could not be a crutch. And the activity of his official life brought him the knowledge of men and things which, in a mind saturated with early romantic and historic studies, and passionately devoted to his native Scotland, peopled his poetry and prose with immortal personages.

How bound up is his beloved Abbotsford with Scott's whole career! Completed in 1824, he was fated to enjoy it to the full but a short year, for then those terrible financial reverses befell the firm of which he had most incautiously long been a partner. In early life expressing his varied genius in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border and the thrilling

Lays which brought him the rejected honor of the laureateship, he had long after toiled severely under a constitution undermined. Keeping open house as lord of the manor, he was anonymously astonishing the world with those matchless romances, the Waverley Novels, any one of the better of which would have made him famous. It is not strange that, after ten years of impaired health, he broke down in the vigor of his productive power, and that "St. Ronan's Well" followed as the anticlimax to "Quentin Durward" and "Kenilworth." And on such a frame as this fell the crushing blow of bankruptcy — fell only to be met by the rare and dogged resolution to keep faith with his fellowman to the bitter end. Of personal relics and rare historic curiosities the great house is full, but how much fuller of the memories of its master! Except the dining-room, in which he died, all the rooms associated with his great personality are shown to-day, furnished exactly as if he were in life, and in the adjoining chamber. The library, with its thousands of volumes, is grand and noble, the very beau-ideal of an apartment befitting such a name. But we loved still more his study, with the desk and chair at which he worked, and the little winding stair by which, through a half-concealed door in the corner, he could admit himself from his sleeping chamber in the night watches. Let us draw the veil over such terrible, remorseless toil as that by which he here spurred on his jaded powers to redeem his sacred honor, till the end came, and the cord of life snapped asunder. But even so the effort was sufficient, and the final repayment of his debt was an example to posterity worth all the virtues of his imaginary heroes and heroines, and all the gifts of his immortal genius.

With a dimness before our eyes, and his portrait in our hands, we passed on to Melrose Abbey. It was built by David I. of Scotland, and rebuilt by Robert Bruce, whose heart is buried beneath the high altar, after death had overtaken the Black Douglas, while bearing it to the Holy Land. Not much remains but the slender shafts of the choir, with their elaborate capitals and vaulting, and the delicate traceries of its windows. The legendary wizard, Michael Scott, is buried near the choir, and Sir David Brewster in the churchyard. But the stone before the east window on which the great Wizard of the North, who weaved the spells of our childhood, used to love to sit, is the head-stone among its ruins. The abbey is doubtless the finest ruin in Scotland; but it lies close among the houses of the village, and nearest of all to the Abbey Inn, where we sat down to a hurried meal. And as we remembered the peaceful isolation of Dryburgh, we were thankful that Scott lies there rather than here. It is forty miles to "Edinboro town," and thither we sped on, full of the delights of the day, and, notwithstanding fatigue, of anticipations of the morrow. At Portobello the sunlight gleamed on the salty waves of the broad Firth of Forth at our right, and a few minutes later we swept grandly around beneath the rocky mass of Calton Hill, — which we at first sight mistook for the castle itself, — and drew up at the platform of dingy and disorderly Waverley Station, in the ancient capital of Scotland.

V

EDINBURGH

WE were very soon cosily ensconced at the Cockburn Hotel (pronounced Cōburn), near the station, and overlooking the Princes Street Gardens. Unless one has time to become the guest of a Scotch family, and thus learn somewhat of the domestic life, the locality of these remarkable Gardens is the place to lodge, where the traveller may view from his window the varied out-door life and the wonderfully blended ruggedness and beauty in nature and art which make Edinburgh to be altogether the finest city in Europe. Rome sits on her seven hills, but with no such picturesqueness as here; and Venice on her islands is not comparable to other mundane abodes. Most great cities, unless it be Athens and Constantinople, depend on purely urban conditions for their attraction, and have little inequality in their levels. But here the southern or old town, and the northern or the new, are built on long ridges running east and west, separated from each other by a deep valley which is almost a ravine, as well as bounded on their opposite sides by other longitudinal valleys of almost equal depth. At the bottom of the central ravine, which was once a lake, runs the railway, and in it lie its stations. Rising from it in steep terraces along the north side are spread out the Gardens, and along their summit runs, east and west, Princes Street, which for most of its splendid course has but one side devoted to traffic, the buildings being very massive and noble, and having an unobstructed view across the gulf.

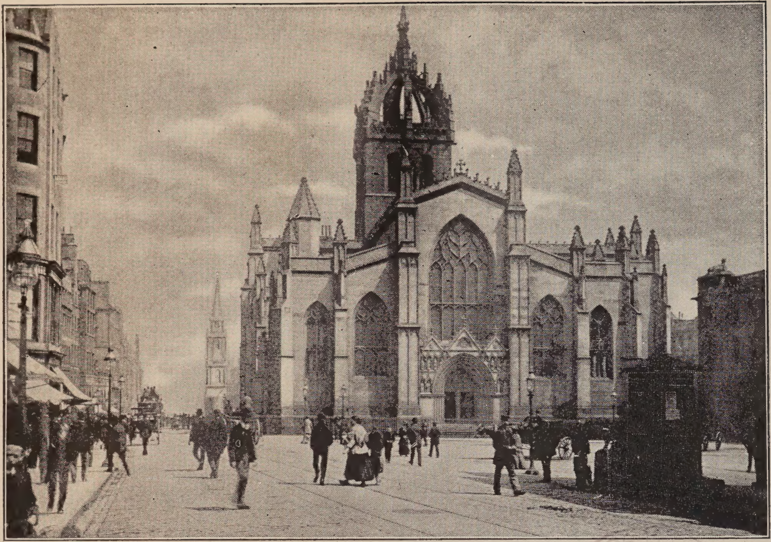
Most of the great hotels are on Princes Street; but the Cockburn and some others are directly opposite, near the foot of Cockburn Street, which winds its course up the declivity toward High Street and the Canongate. This is the old town, and these two latter streets form its spinal column, running along its crest before it again falls away to the south, from old Holyrood Palace, deep in the valley at the east, up to the esplanade of Edinburgh Castle, which crowns the glorious promontory of rock at its western extremity. As the old town is stopped here by a precipice, so the new town opposite culminates at its eastern end in Calton

Hill, with its observatory, gardens and monumental memorials that are well nigh as imposing as the castle. The chasm between the towns is spanned in the vicinity of the principal station by North and Waverley Bridges, and near its centre by a huge tunnelled embankment known as the Mound, on which stand the regular Grecian buildings of the Royal Institution and the National Gallery. As I have said, the surface of the ground, even beyond the inner limits of either town, is highly diversified, steep, and irregular; and bridges also span the lowlands at the south in which lie the poorer quarters of the Cowgate and the Grassmarket. And, to crown all, the bold hill known as Arthur's Seat rises almost from the very walls of Holyrood, and directly from the shore of the sea, to the height of a sixth of a mile, presenting toward the city the rocky escarpment of Salisbury Craigs, and encircled by a magnificent boulevard called the Queen's Drive. Its name is a perpetuation of the local traditions of King Arthur; the Scotch connection with Welch or Gaelic being evident in such names as Tweed, Cheviot, and Clyde. I have been thus explicit in giving general outlines, as it has seemed to me, judging by our own delighted surprise, that the written descriptions of Edinburgh take the novice's knowledge of its peculiarities rather too much for granted.

The history of Scotia is bound up with that of Edinburgh, and the city's story is largely that of the castle. One glance at the great fortress demonstrates why Edinburgh was built here, near to but not on the sea; now having Leith, two miles away, for its seaport, as Athens had the Piræus, and connected with it by continuous streets instead of long walls. Perth, however, an actual seaport, was Scotland's capital until during the reign of the English King Henry VI. It was the Northumbrian King Edwin who built this citadel thirteen hundred years ago; and the borough that grew up around it was Edwin's Burgh. The Saxon name held, even when Scots or Celts captured it three hundred years after, and for a time called it in their language Dun-edin, or the Hill of Edwin. It is no mere fancy that styles it the Modern Athens, for intellectuality conspires with nature to make the title appropriate. Manufactures are singularly absent; and chief among the great trades here entrenched have long been those of printing and publishing; while world-wide renown crowns its splendid university and the whole system of its widespread education. With such attractions as these, steeped in the romance of a checkered career on which play all the swiftly-changing lights of Scottish character and history, few will dispute the claim of the Queen of the North to be unique.

Edinburgh is indeed "beautiful for situation," and the joy of every Scotchman's heart. The new town is regularly laid out with broad and handsome avenues, and adorned with squares and statues. But, attractive as it is, it is to the old town that we must turn for those sharp alternations of picturesque effectiveness which are a prime factor in its charm. Looked at from Princes Street, one knows not how sufficiently to admire the grandeur of its foreground, the old gray granite buildings clinging to the steep hillside, their bold irregularities massed into wonderful harmony, and their serrated summits making so lofty a sky-line, with the great fortress standing as sentinel over all. But its history has made it to be a city of contrasts as well. The poorer quarters are very poor; and ill conditions have affixed here their ineffaceable stamp. Strange "closes" and "wynds," narrow winding passages between high stone houses, burrow to right and left from the Canongate and other old streets, and lose themselves in the forlorn quarters of the poverty-stricken, imperfectly pointing the way beneath overhanging penthouses to steep stairways leading Heaven knows where. The highways are rough here, and over much of this part hangs a flavor of potations and an atmosphere of smoke and soot from ancient chimneys which has given to the city the Scot's favorite cognomen of Auld Reekie. There is little hint of disorder, however, among the classes whose progenitors made life unpleasant in the Grassmarket in the days of the Porteous mob. Excitement kindles slowly in the Caledonian breast, and your true Scotchman is by nature as staid as he is canny.

Our first morning there was a Sunday morning, and the fact could not have been more apparent had it been proclaimed by a muezzin from the housetops. Neither omnibuses nor tramcars running, a rural quiet reigning in the streets, and scarce a cab to be seen till after the luncheon hour! Our Liverpool friend had told us of the presence in garrison at the castle of the queen's crack regiment, the "Black Watch," once the Forty-Second Highlanders. And at half-past nine we made our way to historic St. Giles's, — whose lantern-tower, in shape of a crown, stands in the High Street, — to attend the preaching service of the famous regiment. It is sometimes called the cathedral, but is really a parish church of the Established Church of Scotland, and the oldest in Edinburgh. The present Gothic building, though on an immemorial site, is itself but five centuries old, yet has seen strange vicissitudes. It was robbed and defaced at the Reformation, and its interior effect, though restored, is still bare. The Marquis of Montrose and the assassinated Regent Moray lie in the crypt. The royal pew and the King's Pillar bearing the arms of James II. are in the chancel. From the Reformation down to our own day, the great building was grievously injured by partitions for the use of four separate congregations, until the influence and purse of the great publisher, William Chambers, removed them. This is the church which was for a brief space the Cathedral of Edinburgh, when Charles I. sought to re-establish the Scottish Episcopal Church; and within its walls Jenny Geddes expressed her disapproval of the liturgy at that time to the extent of



THE CHURCH OF SAINT GILES.

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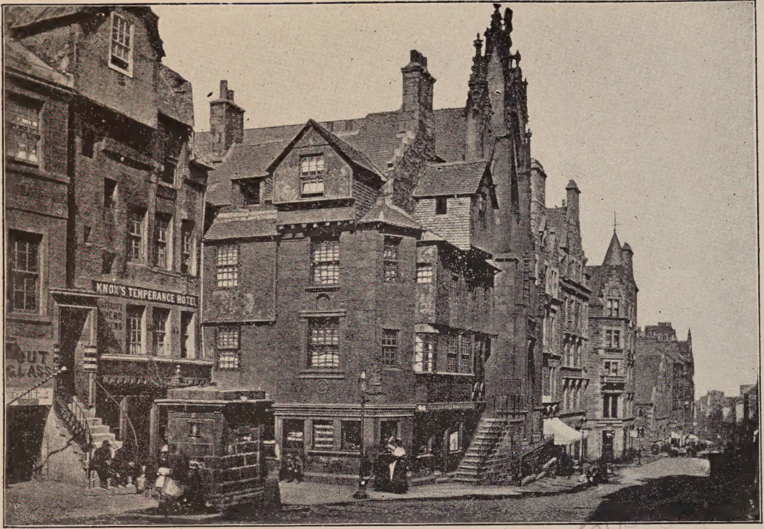
throwing her folding-stool at Dean Hanna during service. Time has smoothed down these fierce contentions, and both Jenny and the Dean have tablets here to their memory. John Knox preached often at St. Giles's, and is buried hard by. The buildings of the Free Church of Scotland stand quite near, between this and the castle.

But the Campbells are coming, a crowd is gathering in front of the church, and down from the castle floats the shrill music of the bagpipes as the black tartans, plaid sashes, horse-hair adornments, and bare knees of the splendid detachment swing at a swift gait down the street and across the open space before us. Before deploying quietly into the aisles of the church, they are halted on historic ground; for in this space stood the old Tolbooth, a great stone heart in the pavement marking the site of the famous city prison, — the Heart of Midlothian. And one must couple with this thought the ancient City Cross at the other end of the church, which, a few years ago, was restored at the expense of Mr. Gladstone, the honorable parliamentary member for Lothian. Within the sacred building all was grave decorum, with, of course, the Presbyterian form of service and a dignified sermon, as befitted the Scottish character, the soldiers being seated in front. Bringing with them their own fine choir and orchestra, a uniformed figure sat at the organ-keys, and many a fine voice among his stalwart fellows was uplifted in singing hymns with the great congregation. As we looked about between the great pillars of the nave, and bethought ourselves of countless other bronzed cheeks and sinewy forms, their comrades somewhere in the queen's dominions, responding to the drum-beat of the martial airs of England round the world, it was a spectacle as inspiring as it was unusual.

There was no tarrying after service (so said the inexorable vergers), and we passed out through Parliament Square before the extensive buildings which are now the Supreme Law Courts, since the removal of the Scottish Parliament to London in 1707, after the Union of the Kingdoms. An equestrian statue of Charles II. somewhat incongruously stands before it. Down High Street eastward stands the Tron Church, so called since the "tron," or town scales, once stood near here. Just before entering the Canongate, we come on the north before the quaint projecting front



THE HOME OF JOHN KNOX.
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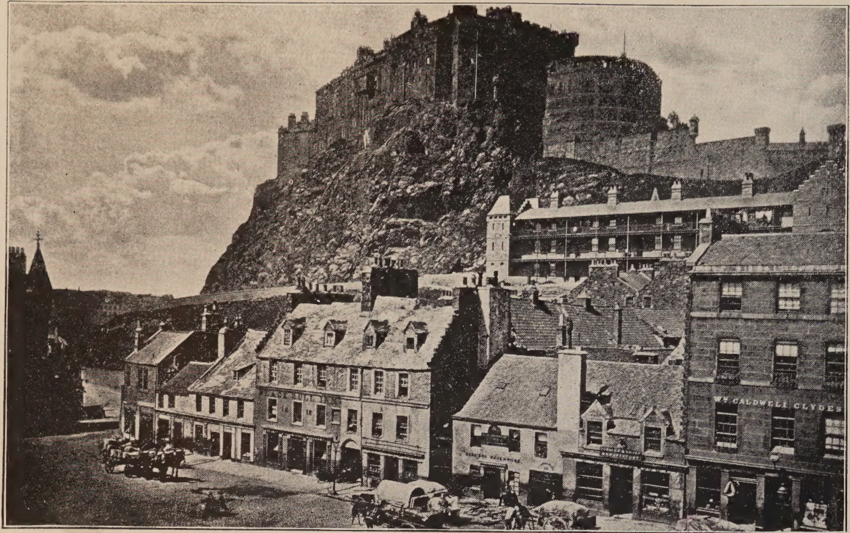
of John Knox's house, where he spent his last twelve years; and then, on the same side, pass the Canongate Tolbooth, next to which in the churchyard repose Adam Smith and Dugald Stewart. In this immediate neighborhood Allan Ramsay, the honest wig-maker, wrote his verses, Doctor Johnson used to frequent the White Horse Inn, and Hume penned his history. Inscriptions carefully note these and other historic sites all over Edinburgh, and scripture texts publicly displayed are not uncommon. The youthful Scott met Burns, ere his powers went to waste, in a house near by, and was himself born in Chambers Street behind the Cowgate. How truly has it been said that "Lowland Scotland, as a distinct nationality, came in with two warriors and went out with two bards. It came in with William Wallace and Robert Bruce, and went out with Robert Burns and Walter Scott. The first two made the history, the last two told the story and sung the song." And so we came down to the foot of the wonderful old hill, and were face to face with the Palace of Holyrood.

A fearsome and blood-stained place is the old round-turreted residence of Scottish kings. In the twelfth century it was the Holyrood Abbey of David I., the church-builder; but the roofless ruin of the chapel behind the palace is all that remains of that structure. Of all palaces we ever saw, this is the most dark and forbidding. That wonderful beauty which enslaved kings and threatened kingdoms held her fateful court here; and Mary Stuart has written her personality into every stone of its gloomy walls, if not into all Edinburgh. The tapestry of her own apartments is now so tenuous and moth-eaten that wire screens carefully protect it from touch. The rooms were damp and ghost-like on that bright day, despite the careless throng of visitors who traversed them. The furnishings are a poor setting for royalty indeed, and slovenliness and disrepair are fatal to its charm. The powers that be should leave its sights to the imagination (including the apocryphal blood-stain of Rizzio in the floor), or else restore it to a greater semblance of dignity. Tragedy is here too overpowering for pathos, and nothing in the way of crime in high-life seems here improbable. Not even before the grotesque array of royal portraits in its dreary picture-gallery could we repress the shudder which was our involuntary tribute as we left it. Royalty has not lodged here for many a long year, and it will never be royalty's home again. Only once in a twelvemonth is it tenanted, by the Lord High Commissioner when he comes to the sessions of the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland; and this is once too often. At that time he represents Her Majesty, who is a Presbyterian when in Scotland, this body being here the Established Church.

The genial Scotch-Irish driver of our carriage was keenly and (as we had not dared to hope) disinterestedly alive to the beauties of the Queen's Drive, as he piloted us around Arthur's Seat, and pointed out on the way St. Margaret's Loch and the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, and all the gullies and ravines bordered by furze and whin bushes that interested the eye until the noble prospect so delighted it as we rounded the eastern heights. Vale and forest, village and river, the Pentland Hills and the Firth of Forth, were all spread out as on a map below us, almost to Prestonpans, where Prince Charles Stuart defeated the Royalists during his short-lived occupancy here in 1745. And then we turned about toward the noble city again, of which the view here is grand,

and so down by Salisbury Craigs and beneath the little cottage of Dumbiedykes, the humble home of sweet Jeanie Deans, the scene of whose forlorn tryst with the betrayer of her sister Effie we had already passed upon the mountain. On the thickly-settled level ground to the west of the cottage are three sets of famous buildings among many: the great University of Edinburgh, the rival of Oxford and Cambridge, on the site of the fatal Kirk of Field; the splendid Orphan Hospital of George Heriot, the banker of "The Fortunes of Nigel;" and old Greyfriars' Church, at the entrance to George IV.'s bridge, which leads across the lower town to Parliament Square again. In Greyfriars' time-worn churchyard Heriot is buried, and with him George Buchanan, Allan Ramsay, and Robertson the historian; while within its precincts the Solemn League and Covenant was signed in 1638. Instead of crossing the bridge, we came down steeply into the Grassmarket, and were soon looking up, as to an eagle's eyry, at the impregnable walls of the castle on its southern face.

On three sides the descent is as perpendicular as at Gibraltar or Quebec. On the fourth the entrance is by the walled Esplanade at the



THE CASTLE, FROM THE GRASSMARKET.

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head of the Lawnmarket, whence one may almost look straight down through the Canongate to distant Holyrood, ere he turns to pass beneath the drawbridge over a dry moat and under a portcullis. Centuries before Holyrood assumed its present form and use as a palace, Edinburgh Castle was the bold and cheery seat of the Scottish kings. Within its grim walls still remains the old Parliament Hall, restored and lined with ancient armor and stained glass, with escutcheon of Wallace and Bruce and Douglas, and of all the fierce, romantic chivalry of Scotland's prime. Here is still the Crown Room, with the bawbles that once were the regalia of royalty. A veil of tender pathos lies over it all, and not least over Queen Mary's room, — a little, low, irregular apartment with a tiny ante-room within the outer wall, whose narrow windows look far and wide over the southern landscape. In these cheerless precincts the Queen of Scots gave birth to James the Fifth of Scotland and First of England. Her initials and those of her consort, M. H. R., are entwined over the door; and on the wall of the cabinet, in quaint and crabbed characters, still hangs her prayer for her boy, beginning "Lord Jesu Chryst that crownit was with Thornise." The story that the babe was lowered down the precipice to escape political dangers which threatened appears to be but doubtful. Almost more interesting still is St. Margaret's Chapel, on the highest point of rock, the oldest building in all Edinburgh, built about 1100 A. D., and the most *petite* of sacred edifices. Its stone nave is not larger than many a dining-room; and the dog-toothed Norman arch of its chancel is scarce higher than an old four-poster bedstead. What would not one give to have a truthful vision pass before the mind's eye of the scenes, semi-barbarous, quaint, and curious, that have taken place under this low stone roof, dedicated to the good patron saint of Scotland! It is scarcely a chapel now except in name, and modern kilted and blue-bonneted soldiery throng to and fro across the paved courtyard in which it stands, surrounded by barracks, while the huge, misshapen cannon known as Mons Meg frowns before its door. It has no visible churchyard, but close by is a little enclosure containing a dozen brown and gray headstones with inscriptions, beneath which are buried faithful and heroic Scotch dogs which in their lifetime followed the fortunes of the warriors of the queen around the globe, — a most interesting and suggestive spectacle!

Our course was next bent to the west part of the town, where, near the Caledonian Railway Station, in the graveyard of St. Cuthbert's Church, at the end of the Gardens, is the last resting place of Thomas De Quincey, the brilliant opium-eater. Doctor Chalmers and Hugh Miller repose in the Grange Cemetery at the south of the city. Opposite the Gardens in Rutland Street, Dr. John Brown, the author of the exquisite tale, "Rab and his Friends," was visited by Thackeray. Alison, Wilson, Cockburn, Jeffrey, and other great Scotch writers are buried in the Dean Cemetery across the Water of Leith westward; but we could only go so far as St. Mary's Cathedral, the modern master-piece of Sir Gilbert Scott, where we attended a vesper service of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. This and St. Mary's at Truro in Cornwall are the finest cathedrals erected since the Reformation. It was, moreover, a gratification, even in so slight a degree, to worship with that branch of the Communion of Saints which, through its bishops at Aberdeen, first conferred the episcopate on the American Church in the person of Samuel Seabury.

This is the fashionable part of Edinburgh; but quarters as dignified, if not as fashionable, are George and Queen Streets, broad parallel avenues extending nearly the whole length of the north town, from near Prince Albert's equestrian statue before St. George's Church in Charlotte Square to St. David's Street, which stops both streets at the east. In George Street are statues to Doctor Chalmers, Pitt, and George IV., and the lofty Melville Monument; and in Queen Street is the National Portrait Gallery. Students of Scott's biography will not need to be told that No. 39 Castle Street, between George and Queen, was his town home for a quarter of a century; but lovers of Stevenson, past-master of style and matchless romancer of our own day, may be reminded that he also lived very near by in this part of the town. The agitation for his memorial in the city of his people was just beginning when we were there, though he lies, after a self-imposed banishment, on an isle swept by the waves of the far-away Pacific, more remote than St. Helena. "Blackwood's Magazine" and the "Edinburgh Review" are still published in this quarter of the town. What a literary coterie was that of a hundred years ago, which included, besides most of the great names already mentioned, Playfair, Lockhart, Mackenzie, Brougham, and Sydney Smith!

If we pursue beautiful Princes Street from west to east on the side toward the Gardens, we shall pass in succession statues of Sir James Simpson, Allan Ramsay, Christopher North, Adam Black, and Doctor Livingstone, — like other great ones just named, all Scotchmen. And in the place of honor, directly opposite our own windows, rises the magnificent canopied monument to the greatest of them all, enclosing the colossal marble sitting effigy of Sir Walter, beside whose benignant figure lies that of his beautiful favorite dog Maida. Rich indeed in monuments is beautiful Edinburgh; and as we progress farther eastward toward Calton Hill we shall pass that of the Iron Duke in Wellington Street, and see before us, ere the descent to Holyrood, the Martyrs' Monument (an obelisk to those banished the country for their enlightened opinions as to the suffrage in 1794), the tomb of Hume, and the cylindrical monument to Robert Burns, enshrining his statue, in style not unlike his pretentious and inappropriate mausoleum at

Dumfries. This tomb is Grecian in character, — a style much affected in the Modern Athens. Ascending Calton Hill a similar monument to Dugald Stewart stands on the way to that of Nelson and the Royal Observatory. The view from here by day is superb, though not as fine as from the castle. But at night the illuminated depths of the city, as seen from the bridges in this direction, are wonderfully striking. Two other memorials remain to be mentioned, both on Calton Hill. The first is popularly known as Scotland's Poverty, — an unfinished range of columns which tower upwards in imitation of, and in ruin like, the Parthenon, imperfectly commemorating on the part of the nation the battle of Waterloo. The other monument strikes a thrill of pride and reverence to the hearts of all our countrymen, for Edinburgh has not only honored the greatest of Scotchmen, but the greatest American as well. Close to Hume's circular tower in this lofty burying-ground, and erected mainly through the instrumentality of Wallace Bruce, — typical name, — United States Consul at Edinburgh, there was unveiled during the progress of our own Columbian Exposition the first statue of Abraham Lincoln on the soil of the Old World. Its red granite base is inscribed to the memory of Scottish-American soldiers; and before its pedestal a bronze freedman greets with acclaim the simple majesty of the lifelike homely figure in bronze of the martyr-President, who stands looking down benignantly upon him. Fitting indeed that "the last great martyr in the cause of Saxon freedom" across the sea should be thus nobly commemorated in this dear old capital of the far North, the struggles of whose chivalric people for liberty and self-government have been the admiration of the race.

The broad arm of the sea called the Firth of the river Forth, together with the river itself, on which latter lies Stirling Castle, nearly cuts Scotland in two. The chain of lakes in which the Trossach region lies pays tribute to the Forth, while Loch Lomond, separated from them by a narrow watershed, flows south into the Clyde near Glasgow, on the western coast. Its strategic position located the noted border castle, and made of the river the defensible line of which that castle is the key, practically separating the Lowlands south of it from the Highlands to the north. Our plans were interrupted for penetrating through the main range of the Grampian Mountains, which constitute the territorial bulk of Scotland, as far as to Aberdeen and Inverness and Culloden, and so back, by the narrow lochs that compose the beautiful Caledonian Canal, to Oban and perhaps to Iona's lonely isle. This would have taken us through the Pass of Killiecrankie, where Claverhouse fell, and near the scene of the horrid massacre of the Macdonalds at Glencoe; and we should have been for a time on the queen's beautiful highway to Balmoral Castle. Her Majesty's special train brought her hither indeed from Osborne during our Edinburgh stay; but it is not her custom to pass through that city — a determination that E. considered to be a great mistake. We must fain content ourselves with the tour which travellers all take, and which is so highly vaunted, through Stirling and the Trossachs to Loch Lomond, and around by Glasgow to Auld Reekie once more. It is done with comparative comfort in a long day, always provided that it does not rain. I believe it always does rain in those mountain defiles which were the hiding places of Rob Roy and his clansmen of the MacGregors, except on that bright particular day when we were fortunate enough to make the journey. Another day's excursion is to Hawthornden, the home of Drummond, the poet-friend of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and to little Roslyn Chapel near by, whose profuse Spanish decoration and Prentice Pillar are so famous; but lack of time made this to be forbidden fruit for us.

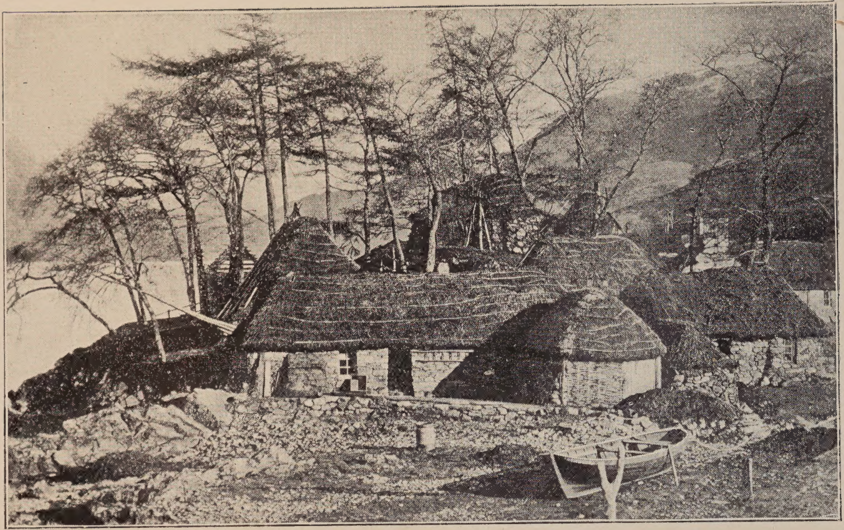
It is only ten miles to the Forth Bridge, which the great French engineer Eiffel pronounced the greatest structure in the world. To pass over it is not to see it in any proper sense, and one would not gratify his sense of beauty by a view of it, as it is as ugly as it is utilitarian. But its vastness cannot be denied. One principle of its construction is that under the cantilever system its own enormous weight holds it firmer in its highly exposed position. Its steel towers are as high as St. Paul's dome, and an island in the channel makes a resting place for its central pier. It is a mile long and more; and the loftiest vessels pass freely beneath its tremendous spans. At this rate it would not seem to require much more of an Archimedean *pou sto* wherefrom to bridge the Atlantic, if not to move the world. It is said that the painters are always at work on it, and, judging by its scores of square miles of surface, and the constant ravages of the salty atmosphere, I am not disposed to doubt it. It bore us safely over through splendid marine views to Queensferry, no longer such in fact; and soon the heavily buttressed Norman nave of old Dunfermline Abbey came in sight at our left, the burial-place of many a Scottish monarch, but chiefly of the idolized Robert Bruce. To have gone on a little way farther to the north would have been to see Loch Leven, and the ruined castle in its waters from which Queen Mary made her romantic escape, which Scott so glowingly depicts in the pages of "The Abbot," and to have passed beyond the former domains of the Thane of Fife to those of "The Fair Maid of Perth," and to Scone Palace, built on the site whence came the Coronation Stone. But we turned to Stirling Castle at the west, which as seen from the railway is less picturesque in effect than Edinburgh Castle. Yet the glamour of both Wallace and Bruce is over all the scene. Two miles south of the castle lies the glorious field of Bannockburn; and the Bore Stone in which Bruce's standard was planted is still lying there. The train sweeps past it, and soon we are straining our necks to see the bold Abbey Craig that overhangs us, on which rises the enormous monument to Wallace, that dominates the landscape.

The best railway connection for the Trossachs is now by Aberfoyle instead of Callander. Before noon we were filling our arms with purple heather-bells behind the dainty Bailie Nicol Jarvie Inn in Aberfoyle village, — a very different place from the *clachan* of Jenny MacAlpine, which stood here when Scott's "bobwigged, bustling, benevolent" Glasgow magistrate of that name had his rare adventures with Rob Roy. We felt, in the fulness of our enjoyment, like saying with the outlawed Robin Hood of Scotland, "my foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor." Luncheon disposed of, up we climb with our fellow-travellers to outside seats on the gaily-painted four-horse coaches that soon take their steep upward course over the open moorlands that lie between here and Loch Katrine. From the crest of the divide, little Loch Achray is visible to the right, and we descend into the Trossachs, and pass near the picturesque Trossachs Hotel. The term means "bristling country," as applied to a wooded ravine of cliffs and birches which connects Lochs Achray and Katrine. If it be true that this is as beautiful as anything in Scotland of its kind, one must fall back on the shade of Scott for encouragement, for, picturesque as it is, New England has many sylvan scenes more rare. Loch Vennachar is not seen unless one goes eastward to Callander, near which, at the loch's farther end, valiant Fitz-James vanquished Roderick Dhu. Ben Venue towers over Loch Katrine, where we left the carriage and embarked on the tiny steamer "Rob Roy," and passed through the stretch of ten miles to Stronachlacher. On the way one passes fair Ellen's Isle, and the "silver strand" which the genius of "The Lady of the Lake" had stored in our memory. But here the same reflections are appropriate as those just applied to the Trossachs. The trail of Sir Walter is over them all.

Glasgow gets its water from this little lake, though Loch Lomond is nearer. The water-level was lower than usual that day, and the shore-line a trifle less beautiful accordingly. Speaking of this fact to our grave Scotch boat-captain, he staggered us by the slow and sententious reply, "Aye, Glasgie is drinking mair water and less whuskey than common. But ye ken what Spurgeon remarkit, ''t is better to give bread to the hungry than moniments to the deid.' Weel, by the same token, 't is better to sooply thirsty Glasgie wi' fresh watter than to presarve scenery for toorists!" Fancy, if you can, the captain of a Lake George steamboat commenting in this strain to a Scotch bystander! At Stronachlacher we took coach seats again for the short portage to Inversnaid, and found Americans, as everywhere, among our comrades. Not loud but deep were their objurgations on the dourness and imperturbability of Scotch officials, who were not born to hurry. The descent to Loch Lomond is rapid and steep; and off to the north tower bleak and rugged mountain after mountain, making silent but powerful appeal to our sympathy for the lonely dwellers among them. No longer do tartan and target and claymore make vivid and perilous the life of these desolate regions; no longer do watch-fires light up the hill-tops of the country of the

MacCallum More; no longer does the Duke of Argyll accord to hunted Rob Roy "wood, water, a deer from the hill, and a salmon from the linn;" no longer do outlaws lie in hiding where David Balfour and Alan Breck painfully skulk through the furze bushes and leap the torrent; there is no devoted Flora Macdonald to assist a Jacobite Pretender to make good his escape from the kingdom. But nature's wilds are all about us, poverty is seldom absent, the winter is long and cold, and a fare of Scotch thistles must be sometimes scarce an understatement here. Overhead the sun that day shone warm, and the heather bloomed on every side, but we thought on these things, and thanked God that the lines had fallen to us in other places, yet that we could come here to see.

It was the northernmost point of our journey, and henceforth every stage was to be one nearer home. With this glad thought, which sweetened every morsel of our hurried dinner at the Inversnaid Hotel, we were soon on board the "Empress," and steaming swiftly down the placid expanse of lovely, mountain-girdled Loch Lomond. We were not to see Big Ben Nevis; but little Ben Lomond, his



A SCOTTISH *CLACHAN* IN THE HIGHLANDS.

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brother, stood guard over the lake, with Craig Royston at his foot. In contour, extent, and island-grouping, Loch Lomond resembles Lake George; but the islands are fewer, and the total effect is somewhat less impressive, though very beautiful. The boats are not as well-appointed, as large, or as crowded in the season as there, nor are most of the tourists natives of the country, — America seems to have nearly a monopoly in both cases. At Balloch, at the foot of the lake, we left the boat, and with it a delightful English boy from the King's School at Canterbury whose vacation manners were wonderfully attractive. It was not long before the waiting train had whirled us beneath the rocky precipice of Dumbarton Castle, and the light had not failed when we reached Glasgow. The city was little to us but a railway station where we changed our train; and indeed I should suppose it is sought rather as a convenient point of departure than from predominant interest of its own. But it ought to be remembered that dingy Glasgow, with all its drink and destitution, is one of the most intelligently governed cities in the world, and that its great ancient university has been the nursery of many a man of genius, of whom Drummond, now just gone to his well-earned rest, was one. The evening was late, even for the latitude, ere we had passed Falkirk, — where William Wallace's power was broken, — and royal Linlithgow, — where Mary Stuart was born and the Regent Moray was killed, — and at last went weary to our rest once more in royal Edinburgh.

Reluctantly indeed did we turn our backs on the ancient city. It had taken deep hold on our hearts. The quaintness of customs at our staid inn, where modern ease and freedom were curiously blended with a sort of tacit guardianship over us by the proprietor; the air of thought and reflection which penetrated from the outside environment in the learned city even to the hotel parlors; the formal Sunday dinner at four, where the service in the crowded dining-room was not suffered to proceed till the last guest had taken his place at the long, narrow tables, and grace apparently waited to be said before meat, and where the course following game consisted of the solemn passing between rows of still unsatisfied diners by waiters extending pouches, and asking contributions for the orphan asylum(!); the streets at that hour with scarce a cab passing, and in the evening swarming with orderly and slow-moving foot-passengers, street-preachers meanwhile haranguing at the corners; the dusty and bloodless antiquarian bookseller in George Street, of whom we sought and obtained a possibly authentic and certainly awful likeness of Robert Bruce, — may the hour be far distant when we shall forget these things, or cease to regard them as the days of auld lang syne!

It was on a misty Scotch afternoon that we passed beneath Calton Hill for the last time, in the train which bore us southward by the east coast route of the North British Railway. Tantallon Castle's dizzy steep lay too far out on a promontory for us to see, nor, like Marmion, shake our gauntlets at its towers, nor do the like to the Wolf's Crag of "The Bride of Lammermoor." Dunbar, too, had to be imagined rather than seen, though we passed through it; and when we reached Berwick-on-Tweed the night was falling on the border town. It belongs officially to neither Scotland nor England, and is not far from the fatal field of Flodden. By the time we were opposite Lindisfarne, the night fogs came down like a curtain, and the dashing spray of the gray North Sea quite shut out a view of the Holy Isle which means so much to Anglican Christianity. At Newcastle we crossed the Tyne by Stephenson's lofty bridge, and the thousand "lights of the city gleamed through the rain and the mist" below us; while the local colliery dialect, which we overheard at the station, — worse than Cornish, and said to be the worst in England, — sounded like nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath. There is so much of conglomerate usage in different parts of England, and such queer employment of language in many ways, that I think no educated American need fear a rival, at least in the purity of his pronunciation, though when it comes to tone it is quite another matter. The soft and gentle cadences of English speech, in low life no less than high, shame the nervous, high-strung utterances of us brethren across the sea. And the constantly recurring "Thank you," from officials and attendants, even though it often degenerate into conventionalism, and be said for no cause whatever, always falls gratefully on the unaccustomed ear. At ten o'clock we had reached Durham, and found ourselves on the station platform of the little town, with (for the only time) neither porter nor hotel conveyance to greet us. An ancient party was, however, to be had as guide, philosopher, and friend for a consideration; and under the ægis of his protection we trudged down the narrow and stony streets, across the bridge over the winding Wear, and up the other side to our welcome lodgings at the Rose and Crown.

VI

DURHAM—YORK

AROUND no living shrine of Christianity north of the Thames do associations cluster as at Durham. York is older, and has been for centuries the head of the great Province of that name, whose archbishop is second in dignity only to Canterbury. But for the beginnings of northern ecclesiastical history one must go to Durham and its peculiar antecedents; and that history is most fascinating, instructive, and, I fear, not as familiar as it should be. Canterbury stands for the influences which came to the British Church first through Saint Augustine, as the representative of Rome in its earlier and purer days. But Augustine did not first bring Christianity to England; it was there long before his day. However originally brought, whether, as some think, by Saint Paul himself in his wide missionary journeys, or by the Galatians of the east through Gaul, it is certain that British

Christians existed in the second century. Caerleon, in southern Wales, now for ages belonging to the See of St. David's, was the traditional home of King Arthur; and Caerleon and York joined with London in sending representative bishops in 314 A. D. to the Council at Arles in France, — the Arles in which Saint Augustine was later consecrated a bishop. When the latter came to Kent he found in Britain seven native bishops and a church having absolute autonomy. Their orders were not and never had been Italian; and in spite of Augustine's strong influence they kept to their own customs. They would neither accept him for their superior as Metropolitan, nor exchange their own existing Gallican liturgy for the Roman use. Only Kent and East Anglia became subject to Canterbury and Rome. Ireland, Cornwall, Wales, Scotland, did not surrender to the latter's power for centuries afterwards, and not finally till the twelfth ; so that the duration of Rome's real occupation of the island was only some four hundred years. Mercia, Essex, and Northumbria were not converted by Roman but by native Celtic monks, in absolute independence of any foreign jurisdiction.

In following the thread of traditional ecclesiastical history, which is here no more slender than is the civil history of the time, it is not to Rome but to Ireland that we must look for instruction, and not to Gregory, the Roman bishop, but to the Irish monk Columba; for Ireland, then called Scotia, possessed seats of learning when Scotland was nearly barbarian. In the middle of the sixth century, somewhat earlier than Augustine's arrival, Columba and his few followers pushed northward from Ireland, across stormy waters in frail coracles, to Iona, one of the smallest of the southern Hebrides, and there built a group of huts which grew into a monastery of which he became the abbot, though never a bishop. From thence missionary churches were established in Scotland, and little by little the sacred buildings at home became stone, their ruins remaining to this day in the jurisdiction of the Scotch Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. For two centuries it was the little rocky islet of Iona which was the real ecclesiastical point of union among the British Isles. Its soil was sacred, and became the burial-place of Scottish kings; and Columba of the Cille (or cell), who died there in the very year and month of

Augustine's advent to Kent, gave his name to what was afterward corrupted into Colme-kill, as the synonym of the island itself; as where Macduff tells us in "Macbeth" that Duncan's body is "carried to Colm-kill; the sacred storehouse of his predecessors, and guardian of their bones."

All this sounds like a digression, but it is not; for Columba crowned Aidan as a feudal lord, and Aidan, later becoming a bishop, became also the saintly founder of Northumbrian Christianity, when he went from Iona to Lindisfarne, or the Holy Island, which lies just off the eastern mainland north of Durham. Here he in turn founded an abbey, in 635 A. D., whose ruins are still standing, and which was the mother church of Bernicia. One great fruit of his labors was the baptism by him, at Iona, of Oswald, King of Northumbria, who not only restored the Christian religion, grievously disturbed and almost exterminated by barbarous wars, but actually became Saint Aidan's devoted comrade in his arduous missionary journeyings. The latter trained Saint Chad, afterward the patron saint of Lichfield; and one of his immediate successors as bishop was Saint Cuthbert, the hermit evangelist who died, as Aidan had done, at Lindisfarne. Two centuries later the monks abandoned the isle through fear of the Danes, and brought with them to the mainland the bones of Saint Cuthbert. In more modern days Scott tells us of the nun, Constance de Beverley, perjured for love of Marmion, who was immured alive for her inconstancy upon the Holy Isle. And the nineteenth-century heroine, Grace Darling, born at neighboring Bamborough, has a memorial there of her life-saving deeds along this wild coast. Cuthbert's body found a brief century's repose at Chester-le-Street, six miles north of Durham, whither the see was for a time removed; but shortly before the Norman Conquest they made another silent pilgrimage, when the bishopric, once of Lindisfarne, became established finally at Durham. How the fascinating legend runs, that the monks were divinely led to the superb site of the present cathedral by following the peregrinations of a dun cow, who finally paused to rest here in Dunholme (the hill-meadow), whither they had been directed, is told in stone on a sculptured tablet of the cow herself, and the milkmaids, set in the outer wall of the north transept. And thus the deeds of more than four centuries before the building of any structure here are intimately bound up in Durham's continuity with Columba and Aidan, the protagonists of Celtic Christianity in Britain.

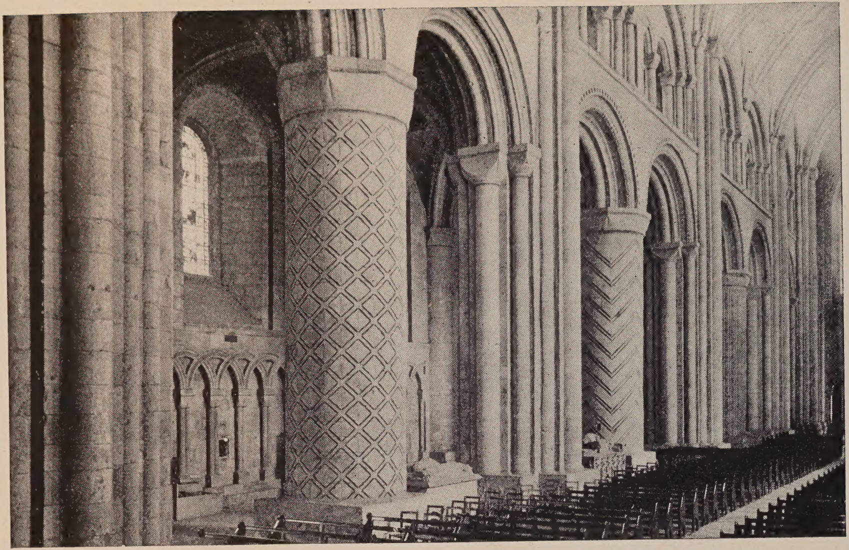
For four centuries more the lords spiritual were great lords temporal also here, as at Ely, and Ely alone though in less degree, in the south. The first Norman bishop was a great earl as well, and his sway over his border palatinate was practically undisputed even by royalty. At least one of the old dignitaries styled himself not only Prince Bishop, but King of the Isle of Man and Patriarch of Jerusalem, whatever these absurd pretensions may have signified. Freeman remarks, "The prelate of Durham became one, and the more important, of the only two English prelates whose worldly franchises invested them with some faint shadow of the sovereign powers enjoyed by the princely churchmen of the Empire." And to this day the former blending of mitre and coronet is commemorated in Durham's precedency, next to York, over the other dioceses in the province, as is the case with London and Winchester in the province of Canterbury. Yet, strange to say, Durham to-day belongs to the advanced liberal wing in politics. The Conqueror built the strong castle across the Palace Green, with buttressed walls and heavy Norman keep, where its bishops long resided, but which is now the University of the North. For, like many English bishops, those of Durham prefer to live at Bishop Auckland, an episcopal palace or castle ten miles away. This separation of diocesans from the centres of their dioceses is happily not followed in America; and the tendency in England is to reform the practice, as shown by the very recent sale, by Archbishop Temple, of Addington in Surrey, — a residence of his predecessors and the burial-place of Archbishop Tait, — and by his determination to live for at least a part of the year at Canterbury itself. Wolsey was once Prince Bishop of Durham, but, I believe, never even made it a visit; and there are very great names upon its roll of overseers, from Flambard, the chancellor of William Rufus, to Butler of the "Analogy," who filled the see for two years, but died at Bath.

Where the lordly cathedral stands was once a Benedictine abbey, and the townspeople still call it abbey rather than cathedral. We started out to find it in the early morning.

Our good-natured landlady, who had given us, as late arrivals, rooms rather near the sky, atoned for it by an excellent breakfast in the coffee-room, and afterwards we passed through the market-place, with its statue of the Marquis of Londonderry, and climbed the hill through narrow, tortuous streets, some of which bear the curious name of "elvets," — is it because they are crooked as eels? The great pile was not hard to find, — indeed, impossible to avoid. We first reached it by traversing the graveyard at the north. No buildings infringe upon its majestic dignity. A glance shows that here, for once at least, the church militant determined to "bid farewell to every fear, and face a frowning world." Here the word of him who was at once "prince, prelate, potentate, and peer" was supreme, and martial law kept the defences of the kingdom on its northern marches. There is no such group of structures on such a site in England, if in the world. It has been said that there is no class of building not represented here, between the castle at the north and the garden walls upon the southern face. The monastic buildings are left singularly complete, and are still in the main devoted to some use. They became of course collegiate, but peacefully so for once, when the last prior became the first dean under Henry VIII. The lovely Wear flows far below the cathedral of St. Andrew, at the foot of a huge, rocky promontory out of which the gray buildings seem to grow. The face of the precipitous cliff is masked by grand forest trees and exquisite shrubbery, and there is room, and only room, for the winding walks which climb down and around it. Western entrance there is none, and its absence is not felt owing to the uniqueness of the situation, where a proper approach would be impossible.

The outside of the nave remains about as it was just after the Conquest, but the rest is somewhat more modern, and Early English clustered shafts surmount the exterior of the Norman work, while the massive towers and cloisters are Perpendicular. But why should I say "about as it was"? The impression its scarred and rocky face still produces is grandly impressive; but what would it have been if the infamous "restorer" Wyatt had never lived to pare and chisel off, for the sake of regularity (!), from two to four inches of the entire exterior, and thus barbarously and hopelessly to reduce the effect of its bold shading! How often must the hardy soldier monks have climbed the tortuous stairway to the lofty summit of the central tower, and scanned the horizon for signs of predatory enemies to their peace! How many a faint and blood-stained fugitive has dragged weary feet across this graveyard to seize on yonder bronze knocker of Saint Cuthbert's shrine, where we enter! Its grotesque features and hollow (perhaps flaming) eyeballs must have seemed indeed most beautiful to those who here confidently claimed sanctuary, as the patient watchers over the door admitted them. For thirty-seven days they were made welcome, and then, bearing a white cross, were transported, if need be, in safety far beyond seas. Within is the grandest Norman church in England, the most homogeneously massive, with not a hint of the cumbrousness which sometimes attaches to this earlier style, worthy of all the ponderous enthusiasm which Doctor Johnson lavished upon it. Its circular piers are huge indeed, and suggest " a titanic pomp which can be matched in Egypt only." These piers are, as I believe nowhere else, heavily incised with the chisel up and down their entire surface, alternately in channels perpendicular, zigzag, latticed, lozenged, diamonded, spiral; and the effect produced by so simple a means is indescribable. Sometimes it brings about a curious optical illusion of leaning over, and this in opposite directions for the same pillar, according to the point of view.

After Dunbar, Cromwell quartered three thousand Scotch prisoners here during the winter. Small wonder that the very window-frames were torn from their fastenings to keep the Scotchmen warm, and that not a vestige of the beautiful old glass remains. It was good old Bishop Cosin's task to restore it, and his work was well done. But the lofty triforium, clerestory, and roof, every part of which latter is vaulted in stone as nowhere else, remained intact to delight generations of future worshippers. Behind the high altar is, or was, the feretory or shrine of Saint Cuthbert, the sixth bishop from Aidan, whose exceeding richness almost surpassed that of Saint Thomas of Canterbury. Little remains but a naked platform over his bones; but seek in the cathedral library, — whose treasures, by the way, are scarcely exceeded in ecclesiastical richness by the British Museum, — and you will find frag-



COLUMNS OF THE CATHEDRAL NAVE.

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ments of his coffin, which is said to be the oldest above ground outside of Egypt itself! Behind the shrine, once apsidal, later generations built, on a lower level, the great Chapel of the Nine Altars in the highest perfection of Early English. The altars once stood in the nine eastern bays, divided by clustered columns, over which is the enormous and beautiful rose-window. The single great window at the north is Decorated, and so is the sumptuous roof, which, without the aid of a single column in its vast open span, was made by consummate skill to harmonize perfectly with the great simplicity of the Norman nave. The light from the rose-window falls across the splendid Pointed reredos known as the Neville screen, placed there by the great family after the victory of Neville's Cross, a mile away, in 1380 A. D.; and near it once stood the Black Rood of Scotland, which was captured there, but which disappeared again during the Reformation period. At the south side of the choir stands a mute witness to Durham's supremacy in power, in the episcopal throne of proud Bishop Hatfield, which surmounts his tomb. Having a great recessed Norman arch behind it, and ascended by a flight of steps which makes it almost a gallery, it is the loftiest of its kind in England, and must once have been a source of intense gratification to ecclesiastical ambition. Directly opposite is an episcopal tomb far less pretentious, but bearing the recumbent effigy of the great Bishop Lightfoot of our own day, — a prince indeed among bishops, whose colossal contributions to critical sacred scholarship will be remembered when Hatfield is forgotten. The fine Perpendicular choir-screen of carved alabaster, and before it the rich Byzantine pulpit and carved metal lectern, bearing upon its face the emblematic pelican feeding her young with her blood, are modern, and beautiful in themselves, if not altogether congruous with their surroundings.

As the great modern scholar sleeps in the choir, so reposes the Venerable Bede, scientist, student, saint of a long-past age, at the other end of the nave, though the well-known inscription on his altar-tomb is modern. Where the western entrance would, under other conditions, have been, the unique Galilee Chapel in the Transition Norman style was built by Bishop Pudsey in 1150, almost over the edge of the great cliff. Its arches are semicircular, raised on delicate clustered pillars which once were more delicate still, and covered with a profusion of zigzag or dog-toothed decoration which is as Saracenic in its suggestiveness as Roslyn. It is a unique instance of a lady-chapel at the west front, — not a mere narthex or transverse porch, as at Lincoln or Ely, and, unlike them, having no external entrance. But I doubt if its location, its lower level, or the marble cross in the pavement of the nave near it will sustain the legend that women produced an antipathy in the mind of good Saint Cuthbert, or that they were denied by him, if by others, approach nearer to the sanctuary than this cross. The Galilee was a part of the building, only more remote from the sanctuary, and less sacred, than some other portions; and the term may be derived from the phrase "Galilee of the Gentiles." In it we had the unexpected pleasure of meeting other home friends, our second pleasant experience since leaving the ship. The student of archæology finds a rich field in the monastic and domestic buildings, all of which lie to the south. The huge and almost undressed timbers of the dormitory, and the great vault of the kitchen still remain. The Norman chapter-house, with its unwonted eastern apse, was once the finest in

England. It too remains, and is indeed being brought back to some suggestion of its former dignity. But the vandal Wyatt wrought his senseless will here as elsewhere. Just a century ago, Heaven knows why, he tore out the keystone of its groined arch, and down fell the great stone ceiling, destroying everything below it, even to the brasses in the pavement over the prelates who lie below. So remote and independent was Durham that royalty did not seek sepulture near Saint Cuthbert as at Canterbury, and so great was the reverence for his shrine that no burials were allowed near his in all the earlier years; even the bones of Saint Aidan, after having been brought hither, being placed, with many others afterwards, below this chapter-house.

For much of this most interesting story we were indebted to the cathedral hand-book of Canon Greenwell, whose erudition every one cheerfully recognizes, and to the high intelligence and courtesy of the head verger, Mr. Wetherell, equally well-known to be the chief of his class in England. Durham is no fossilized memorial of the past. Her present bishop, Westcott, is a very great scholar, and his researches in the New Testament, and especially in the Fourth Gospel, are known if not read of all men. Like Canterbury, too, Durham is the seat of a training college, and thus well utilizes the peculiar legacies of a former age. We made our way, at the end of our sojourn, along the exquisite water-side to the arched southern bridge, whence the distant panorama is most beautiful and most familiar. "Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot" had been a well known line to us for years. And now that we were taking our last look at its matchless picture, we were glad to find Scott's full quatrain from "Harold the Dauntless" inscribed in brass on the farther wall of the bridge, — our last direct message from the great Scottish minstrel who has imprisoned much of Durham's charm in the pages of "Marmion."

It is but a short ride from Durham to York, and one in itself not especially interesting. Whitby and Scarborough, watering-places of great attraction and repute, lie on the east coast to our left, and Harrogate inland on the right; and at Darlington, through which we pass, the vast railway system of Great Britain, and so of the world, was born not three-quarters of a century ago. If old Squeers and poor Smike were living, they might safely enough be located near here, where the original of Dotheboys Hall is thought to have been; for we have reached the North Riding of broad Yorkshire, and can fancy many an honest yeoman to be John Brodie. From Northallerton Junction a short divergence would have brought us to Ripon Cathedral, or rather (for the cathedral is small and of lesser interest) to Fountains Abbey close by, the most extensive monastic ruin in Great Britain, which has the remains of a Nine Altars Chapel situated as is the one at Durham. But time, the thief, would not permit, and soon the great, square battlemented towers of York Minster loomed high above the city, ere we swept into the curving vista of its great railway station, and gave our luggage in charge of a porter for the Clarence Hotel. The name of the dear boy across the Atlantic had captured us, independently of recommendations, and we found the hotel in a cosey, three-cornered nook next to St. Helen's Church, and between the square of St. Helen's and Davygate. Its snug little coffee-room lined with attractive pictures, its royal old four-poster bedstead hung with crimson moreen, even the tricks of its pet dog, "the Duke of Clarence," reminded us of home and gave us many of its comforts.

York was a Roman town, Eboracum by name; and the official signature of its archbishop, as of other English diocesans, is its abbreviation, *Ebor*, as *Cantuar* is that of Canterbury. Its walls, however, are mediæval and not Roman, though in far better repair than if they were. They are quite extensive, surrounding pretty much the entire city, and having towers and six gateways, through one of which latter we passed on leaving the station ere crossing the river Ouse. The streets are crooked, narrow, and have few monuments; but the lovers of "Ivanhoe" will not forget the Jew Isaac of York, who lived here with the fair Rebecca, or the massacre of hundreds of that unhappy race who fell beneath the keep of the Conqueror in the wild days of Richard Cœur de Lion. York was the chief Roman station in Britain in the second century, the headquarters of the sixth legion, and the residence of Roman emperors, among them Severus, who was buried here. And how strange the thought that, in this far-away nook of Albion, Constantine the Great was proclaimed ruler of the Eastern Empire in 306 A. D., — he who was first to make Christianity the religion of that empire, and to summon the Council of Nicæa! Only royalty may to-day wear the title of Duke of York, though no royal scion is buried here except William of Hatfield, the infant son of Edward III., who was wedded here to Philippa, — a much later descendant giving his name to his American colony, now the metropolis of the New World. York and Dublin alone share with London the right to give the title Lord to their mayors.

But, speaking of dignitaries, it is the archbishop who wears the honors of a pre-eminently great office. It was Archbishop Roger, in the twelfth century, who had the unseemly and comical physical encounter at Westminster with his brother of Canterbury, that resulted in patching up a peace by causing the former to be entitled Primate of England, while Canterbury became the Primate of *all* England and the first subject in the realm. It is said that York still crowns England's queens; but it has been so long a time since a coronation of any sort that I forget. The twin provinces of York and Canterbury comprise the Church of England, aside from her colonies. Of the nearly forty great dioceses into which they are divided, Canterbury possesses more than two-thirds, and vastly preponderates in territorial extent and wealth, the line which separates them crossing England irregularly from Chester to the mouth of the Humber and leaving all Wales in the southern province. Their legislation is done in their separate convocations, the Church of England having no single central legislative body, and holding no title to property as such. If disestablishment should befall the Church of England, as it has done in Ireland, it would be almost impossible to prevent the great evils of a virtual spoliation. To separate the Church from a privileged relation to the State has proved a great blessing to her daughter in America; to accompany it in England, by disendowment, as may well be feared would be the case, would be to rob her, without shadow of excuse, of vast legacies most nobly employed, which she has inherited from former ages as the trustee for spiritual purposes in her thousands of parishes all over this lovely island.

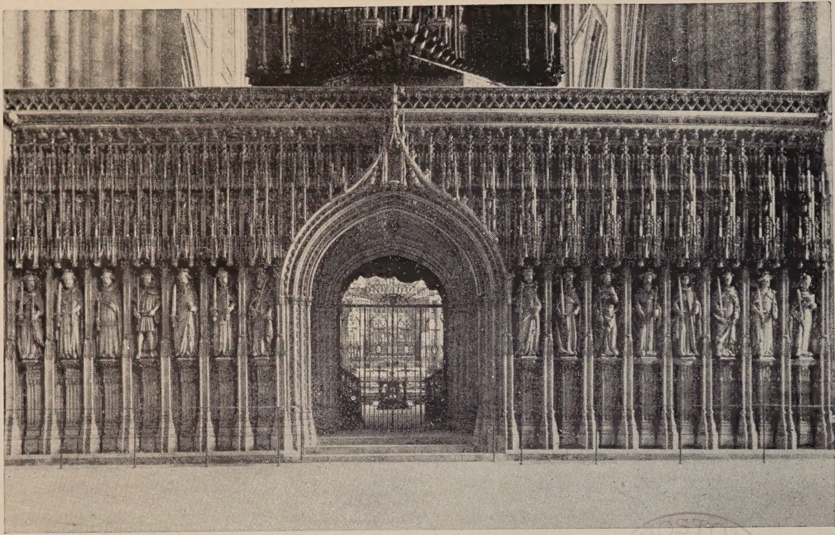
I have called York's great fane a minster; it is not, for its foundation was always collegiate and never monastic, and there are no cloisters; but the term clings to it in a general sense, as to other great religious buildings. Scott calls it "the most august of temples," to which I can hardly subscribe, though none can decry the majesty of its charm. Let us glance for a moment at its history. After sending Augustine to Kent, Bishop Gregory sent Paulinus to Northumbria. Neither north nor south ever yielded to the other. If the latter sometimes asserted supremacy, the former never yielded existing and equal rights, and doubtless never will. That one should be *primus inter pares* is essential to efficient organization; but a pope in this "other part of the world" would be as impossible as it ought to be at Rome. Thus Canterbury and York are at once foils and complements to one another, and bind together in organization the great National Church. In 627 A. D., Paulinus baptized King Edwin in a wooden church upon this site. Both had soon after to flee to other parts of England, but at least Edwin's head is buried here. St. Wilfred came later, and perhaps built of stone; and York, not long after, appears to have set up a patron saint in William Fitzherbert, a kinsman of the Conqueror, whose body, after canonization, was in later years interred in the presbytery, though the shrine disappeared at the Reformation. At any rate, even the first Norman church appears to have had three predecessors, and to have been followed by a steady process of change, enlargement, and development which has left the nave finished in the Decorated period; while the choir which Roger rebuilt in the Norman style was again rebuilt about 1400 A. D. in the Perpendicular. No less than five distinct styles may be observed in this great Collegiate Church of St. Peter, which in superficial area is the largest in Great Britain. And though little except later work is visible above ground, the garrulous verger will take you into the low crypt, where enormous Norman piers are superimposed on a still earlier Saxon foundation, and point out plain instances of that herringbone masonry which seems to bear the stamp of Roman construction, even if we do not concede that a temple to Diana once stood here.

Certainly, save in London itself, there was more of interest and importance going on in York before the day of Charles II. than in any other English city. The mediæval scholar Alcuin, friend of Charlemagne, was a native of York; and the drinking horn of Saxon Ulphus is shown you in the minster vestry among many other relics. The Conqueror lived here for a time, and later the recreant King John and Henry III. Edward IV. and Richard III. each received a crown in York Cathedral. Harry Percy, Shakespeare's reckless Hotspur, after life's fitful fever sleeps well in its vaults; as does Archbishop Scrope, the York of the same play, the first prelate to suffer capital punishment by law in England. In the stormy days of Edward II. the city was, from its position, the real capital of England. Norman, Plantagenet, Lancastrian, and Yorkist came in turn to tread the narrow streets of York. The bloody battles of Towton and Marston Moor were fought within sight of its walls. Wolsey was its proud archbishop, but scarcely saw his great diocese till after his fall and just before his death at Leicester. Even the present century has seen great peril befall the fane which is its glory. Two conflagrations have brought ruin in their train. A madman, in 1829, set fire to the majestic choir; and an accident in the southwest tower, in 1840, wrought terrible injury to the nave and brought down the bells in a molten mass of bell-metal. Big Peter fortunately hangs in the other tower; and as no machinery for turning his vast weight has been provided, he has, rather ignominiously, to be struck by a hammer. The Perpendicular central tower, painfully unfinished in appearance, is the largest in England; and most of the vast roofs are, unlike Durham, of wood and covered with lead. The episcopal palace was formerly at the north side, where now is some vacant space; but Archbishop Maclagan, whose predecessor was the great wit, orator, and controversialist Magee, resides at Bishopthorpe, three miles south of the city.

The cathedral resembles those of the Continent in being directly in the street. Houses cluster around it on all sides and leave but little space. Its western façade, unquestionably the finest in England, though not in all respects the most interesting, shows French influence or at least affinity, and has been likened to Rheims, though inferior to that and to Notre Dame. Especially superb is its central window, which has no rival in that position, and is full to overflowing of the most beautiful Decorated tracery, dwarfing the doorways below. The most picturesque approach is, as we first made it, by the old Stonegate Street, leading directly up to the southern porch. As we entered the great double-aisled transept and looked up from the canopied tomb of Archbishop Gray and the less satisfactory one of Archbishop Thomson, the exquisite light from the famous Five Sisters' window burst upon us from the transept opposite, which it entirely fills. Its pale-green thirteenth-century hue is the perfection of tint, and its lancet-pointed Early English shape the perfection of form. The members of the group stand side by side, identical in size (they are fifty feet high), and the story goes that five fair maiden sisters each chose a window, and framed its delicate pattern in needlework before it was transmuted into glass. Dickens tells the tale in the earlier pages of "Nicholas Nickleby."

Either this group, or the west window already mentioned, would alone be the pride of any cathedral; but the great Perpendicular east window, the largest opening of its kind in the world, unless it be at Gloucester, still remains to be noted. The crowning glory of York is its glass, which has been here so providentially spared; and this is a window seventy-three feet by thirty-three, containing five hundred compartments, arcaded into double mullions throughout, and crossed by an interior stone gallery midway of its height, on which the human figure subtends but a small angle. One hundred and fifty Scriptural subjects are treated in it; and the artist is said to have been paid for it less than two hundred dollars of the money value of that time! To describe it is impossible; and to obstruct its view from the nave by the organ which surmounts the rood-screen seems little less than a crime, as Charles I. evidently thought when he ordered the organ removed, though this appears never to have been done. Before such priceless glass as illuminates this cathedral with the pure light which the oldest glass always transmits, one realizes that the fate which has so often befallen elsewhere in its loss sometimes "means almost the ruin of the architectural idea" itself.

There are fewer fine monuments than one expects either in presbytery, lady-chapel, aisles, or nave, and especially in the latter. The nave is lofty, and grand in its breadth, but undeniably cold in effect, as every one remarks. Physical chilliness is apt to be produced in a cathedral's atmosphere, without some precaution; but one feels more keenly the sacrifice of artistic warmth. Here the three members — arcade, triforium, and clerestory — are shrunk to two, the triforium being really a part of the last, its arches opening into darkness below as into light above. The oldest glass of all is that in the Jesse window in the clerestory, depicting quaintly his descent as in a genealogical tree. Aside from the organ, the stone rood-screen is the most splendid left in England, covered with tabernacle work, and bearing a determined and truculent-looking procession of the first fifteen English sovereigns across its face, ending with Henry VI. It walls off the choir from the nave in a manner as effective as it is undesirable. The chapter-house at the north is very beautiful, though, as I think, hardly deserving the ambitious claim of its Latin inscription, "As the rose is the flower of flowers, so is this the chapter-house of houses." That it has no central pillar is a part of the claim, and indeed it is thereby made to be one of the three or four Gothic domes in the whole world. It is



THE CATHEDRAL CHOIR-SCREEN.

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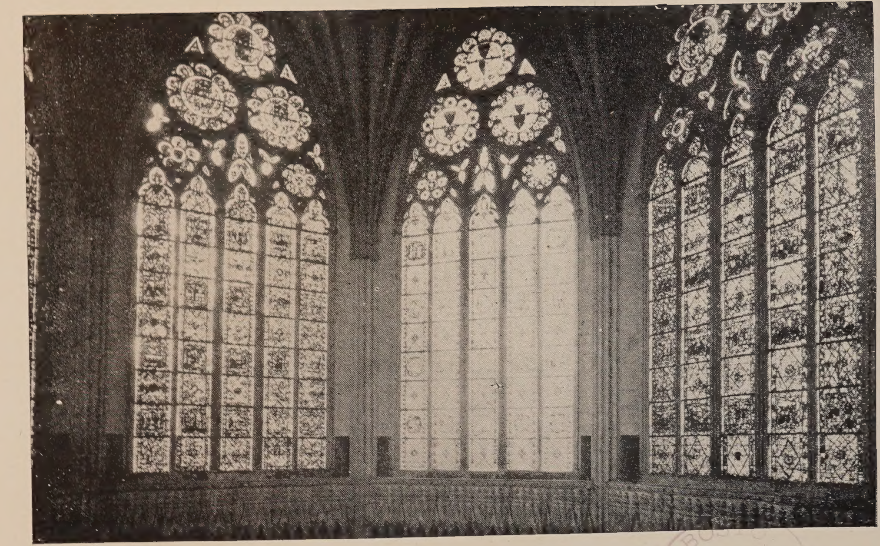

WINDOWS IN THE CHAPTER-HOUSE.

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octagonal and of great size, with seven of its sides blended into one splendid window of a heraldic and Early Decorated character. The very structure itself appears to be all window, as in the Sainte Chapelle. But surely, magnificent as it is, it would have been still more so if its roof were of stone, and if it possessed the central pillar, which would have been the soaring stem to this glorious flower.

The grotesquery, which takes the form of gargoyles on the exterior, here overflows (if I may use the expression) upon the inside; and the irreverent liberty which mediæval artists so frequently allowed themselves takes on an expression rather more free than usual. Above the stalls, which are arranged around the walls of the chapter-house, queer imaginations are stamped upon the solid stone, — monks and nuns embracing, the devil crowning and uncrowning a king, and such like. It seemed to us that some of the diabolic grins of this sort which meet one so frequently in cathedral aisles might be directed toward the meagreness of the worshippers who frequent these beautiful courts. We certainly do not live in an age of faith, and even Roman superstition shames our expression of what we have. The remarks of vergers of the earlier part of this century, — one of whom reported that he had "just caught two of them at it" (meaning private prayer), and the other that "if things went on this way, they should soon have them praying all over the place," — would not be great anachronisms now. One must always observe proper hours, register in a book, and pay a sixpence, to be admitted to the choirs of English cathedrals. This is very proper, and swells the restoration fund, which is constantly being drawn upon. And the escort is thrown in, instead of being thrown out, — more 's the pity! But to see the crowds that seem to regard this as a commercial transaction for value received, with small thought as to Whose sacred spaces these are in which they tread, and less care for joining in a service to Him, is more pity still! These sardonic comments in stone often have a realistic application; as here, where an archbishop who was the grandfather of Laurence Sterne appears in half recumbent effigy, with the gout of which he died unmistakably expressed by his having one carved leg much swollen. Somewhere else we saw the mark of the fatal cancer imprinted on the face of a similar effigy, to which the verger called particular attention!

And now and then they become still more grewsome, as when ghastly cadavers in stone lie exposed beneath the tombs of their originals, a true *memento mori!*

As we turned southward on our way to Lincoln, the busy hives of Leeds, Manchester, and Sheffield lay to our right, equally strong testimony to the persistence of the life that now is. We had no interest in seeing them; but there is a little hamlet, scarcely to be found on the maps, that lies on a silent hill among them, Haworth by name, from which the spirits of those three strange geniuses, the Brontë sisters, challenged recognition as we left their former home behind us. Maritime Hull, where Wilberforce was born, lies not far to the east of Selby and Doncaster, through which we passed, the latter famous for the St. Leger races. And one spell fell on us after another, as we skirted the eastern border of Sherwood Forest, where trees yet wave in the greenwood glades, and where Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian, and the merry lads in Lincoln green, which were magic to our childhood, are not forgotten. And then the tremendous bulk of Lincoln's mighty fane sprang out of the horizon; and, alighting at the foot of her long hill, we took carriage for the drive to the White Hart Inn at its summit. If there be good cakes and ale in England, this dainty hostelry, under the shadow of the cathedral, dispenses them to wayfarers, as three from transatlantic shores do gladly testify.

VII

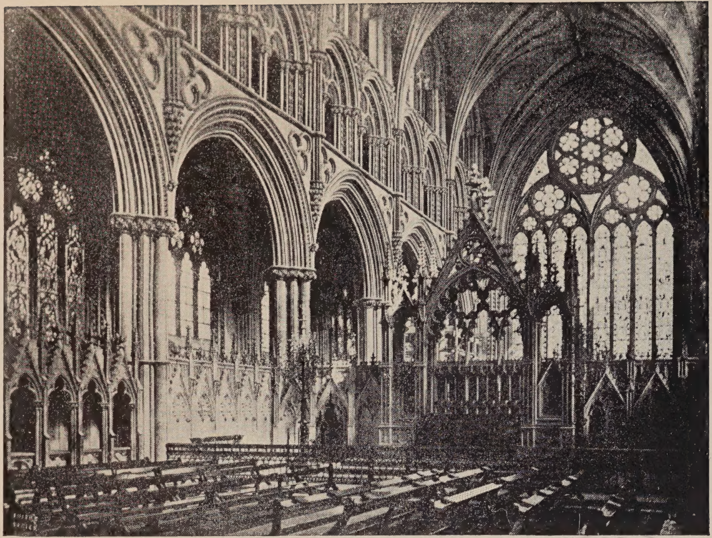
LINCOLN — ELY — CAMBRIDGE

WE are come to the fen country of Lincolnshire, flat, wet, and featureless, where the earth beneath bears affinity with the cloudy heavens above. Lincoln is provincial now, and does not carry off its forty thousand population with the air that York does its sixty thousand. But it is very ancient, as British once as Chester itself; and when the Conqueror marched into it from the north after subjugating York, he found it ruled by a Danish oligarchy, and the fourth city in the realm. To the already old fort of the Roman city *Lindum Colonia*, on its high hill that rises so steeply out of the surrounding lowlands of the Witham River, and whose Newport Gate and others still remain, he speedily added his own castle; and ere long his first Norman Bishop Remigius founded the cathedral. Though the bishop was a Benedictine, the church was secular and dedicated to the Virgin, and on this account has no lady-chapel. We first saw it from the southern ascent, which is a trifle less steep than the veritable Jacob's ladder at the west side of the hill, and on the way passed the Jew's House, built of stone in ancient days when others could only build dwellings of wood. Farther up the Adam and Eve Inn on one side of the street looks out on the Blackboy Inn on the other, — a juxtaposition which deliciously emphasizes the fascinating nomenclature of English hotels. Now and for long years back "the cathedral is the city," though time was when the latter stood, otherwise than ecclesiastically, near the first rank for importance. King Stephen was once a prisoner here; and the great Robert Grosseteste was bishop in the days of Henry III. and Roger Bacon. Beaufort, too, afterward of Winchester and cardinal, held rule here, and so later did Wolsey himself. Some other sees show a longer roll of great names; but they include none that are greater. And if we come down to modern days, we must add to them the great scholar and commentator, Christopher Wordsworth, whose elaborate canopied monument is one of the few that are left in its choir, nor fail to mention the present aged and saintly incumbent, Bishop King.

Fire and earthquake demolished the beginnings in the twelfth century, and the Norman remains were later built into the great Early English façade. This west front followed in the thirteenth century the work of Saint Hugh of Lincoln, who began the present church, and built its central choir and transepts. The immense nave, western screen, Galilee porch at the south, and chapter-house at the north, were all added in the Lancet-pointed style; and the presbytery, or far-famed angel-choir, the cloisters and titanic central tower, were all completed in the Decorated order by the beginning of the fourteenth century. The last has no rival, except the Perpendicular Bell Harry Tower at Canterbury, by which it is scarcely surpassed. Wooden spires once surmounted the great twin towers of St. Mary and St. Hugh, at northwest and southwest; and the whole vast structure is peculiarly English in its conception, and free from foreign influence. Huge indeed is the broad western screen, stretching across the entire external face, and from in front diminishing somewhat the effect of the towers that disappear behind it in their lower stories. Cavernous Norman arches below are surmounted by and blend harmoniously into a wilderness of Early English arcaded niches above, and the whole is terminated at either end by spired octagonal stair turrets, the southwestern surmounted by Saint Hugh himself. The extreme richness of the interior bursts through the façade, and though it may perhaps be technically termed somewhat inorganic and inconsistent with itself, its majestic ornateness is at once most reposeful and overwhelming.

There is a cluster of four chapels behind the screen, two at each side of the entrance porches, and then we enter the long and too broadly arched nave with its huge, square Norman font of black basalt resembling that at Winchester. The nave is low indeed for its breadth, but adorned with extreme richness of architectural detail, and carries the eye forward to the massive wall of the Decorated rood-screen. Like York this bears the organ high aloft, and is richly carved in its deep recesses, having also the unusual feature of arcaded wings at either side spanning the choir aisles. It was a relief to see a supplementary pulpit in the nave, since little could penetrate from the choir through that noble barrier. A great wheel-window in the northern transept, with exquisite Early English plate-tracery, looks across the extreme width of the church to a great rose-window in the southern wing, whose flowing Decorated lines are equally fine. The glass in them is very old and beautiful; and they have long been known as the Dean's Eye and the Bishop's Eye, — the former "on the sides of the north," guarding against the assaults of Lucifer, whose abode was immemorially in that quarter; and the latter inviting the Holy Spirit's influence from a sunnier direction. It was strange to find the choir less lofty than the nave, — a most unmistakable defect, marring an otherwise almost perfect conception. The vaulted roof springs from corbels in the lower arcade, and not from the clerestory. But between the two latter, forming part of the walls of the eastern presbytery and retro-choir, and not of the choir proper, is the triforium, whose proportions and adornment are "one of the loveliest of human works," and well-nigh a world's wonder. This angel-choir is one of the purest specimens of Decorated Gothic work in the world, and nothing could be more exquisite. The arches of arcade, triforium, and clerestory are all pointed, and the last two stand on richly-shafted piers; while the spandrils, between the reduplicated twin arches of the triforium, bear, amid beautifully sculptured foliage, thirty glorious angel figures with instruments of music. It was all built for the enlargement and enrichment of Saint Hugh's shrine behind the altar, to which his body was translated with great pomp in the presence of Edward I. and Queen Eleanor.

Little Saint Hugh, a Christian child, traditionally said to have been crucified at Lincoln by blaspheming Jews, had his shrine in the south aisle, and tokens of this, besides many familiar ballads concerning his story, still remain. At the left of the high altar is a richly decorated and canopied semblance of a tomb known as the Easter Sepulchre, with its slumbering Roman guards. Consummately rich and light is the tabernacle work of the sixty-two canopied oak stalls for dean and prebendaries, in the ritual choir itself; and here, as in nearly all the cathedrals we visited, we welcomed the familiar home service of Matins and Evensong, which neither time nor space changes. Its rendering at York had seemed a bit cold and uninspiring; but receptive moods must be allowed for, and at any rate it was well atoned for here. Strange monkish con-



A GLIMPSE OF THE ANGEL-CHOIR.

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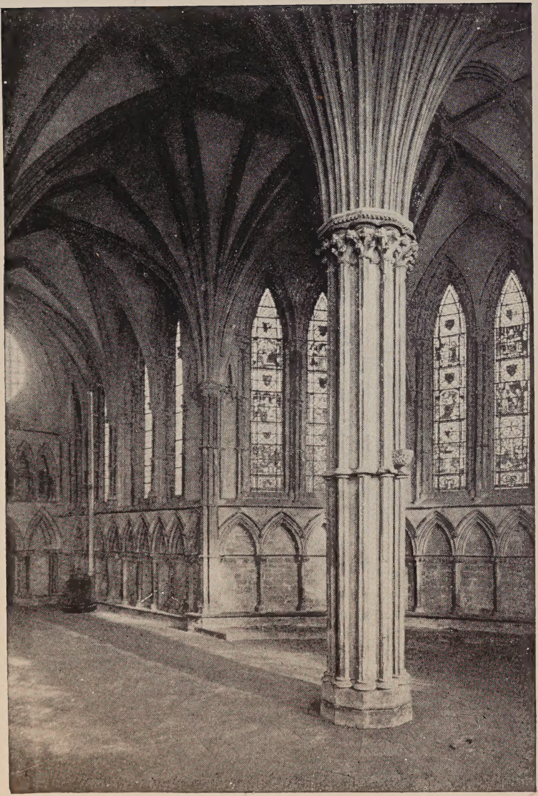

BY THE PILLAR IN THE CHAPTER-HOUSE.

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ceits creep in even to places like this, and a grotesque tale of monkeys churning butter, stealing it away, being apprehended and brought to condign punishment on the scaffold, may all be read here carved in the imperishable oak. But the service was too exquisitely intoned and too deeply devotional to be marred by contact with this mediæval by-play.

The chapter-house is even more beautiful than York's, in that it has a central pier surrounded by ten clustered marble shafts that separate above like palm-branches, and radiate to the angles of the decagon, between which angles in each space are double-lancet windows on all sides, save at the entrance. It is also to my mind more beautiful exteriorly than York's, being supported, if not upheld, by bold flying buttresses, which enter so freely into this cathedral's construction. Worcester's polygon is said to be the only one of its class more ancient than this. Parliaments sat in this chapter-house under Edward I. and after; and nowhere has the Church of England's independence of Rome been maintained more uncompromisingly than at Lincoln. Cloisters adjoin it on the west, never monastic, for then their location would have been on the other side of the cathedral. They are on the line of the old Roman station, and parts of its tesselated pavement are still preserved. Wren rebuilt the buildings on the north of the cloister garth in the Renaissance style; and there we stood in the gathering twilight and looked up to the mighty central tower, while Great Tom struck the hour with his ponderous tongue, in deep tones which seemed to invest him, like his brethren in many other minster belfries, with almost a human personality.

Let us come round by the southern face to say farewell, and stand midway by the unique cruciform Galilee porch, once perhaps connected with the episcopal palace which, only lately restored, stands directly across the street. It is as if two enormous churches met at this point and stretched away indefinitely in either direction. " In bold defiance of convention," the splendid expanse to the left insistently leads the eye aloft; but rich and varied as it is, the ornamentation grows richer eastward. Passing the broad southern transept, the high lights strike the tall and narrow second range of minor, or eastern, transepts, and fall upon the niched and buttressed angel-choir, while the deeply recessed and finely chiselled south porch beyond reminds strongly of Rheims. The richest effect is here, and at the eastern end, where one turns to view the crocketed gable and the noble eight-lighted geometric window. Magnificent in splendor even in its restoration, what must have been the beauty of detail here in the times of which Fuller in his "Worthies" writes, saying that "the south side of Lincoln meets the travellers thereunto twenty miles off!" Even with Canterbury in fresh recollection, and York fresher still, it is not too much to say that this sky line is the finest, this group of towers the most noble, this exterior as a whole the most impressive and dominant in Britain, or that all this profusion of architectural wealth and charm within and without deserves no less a term than that of imperial Lincoln.

There is nothing in the city to detain us longer, and we press on, — not directly south through Rutlandshire to Peterborough, nor east to old Boston (which lies much nearer old York than does its New England namesake to the metropolis of the Western World), but between them to Ely. We have passed near

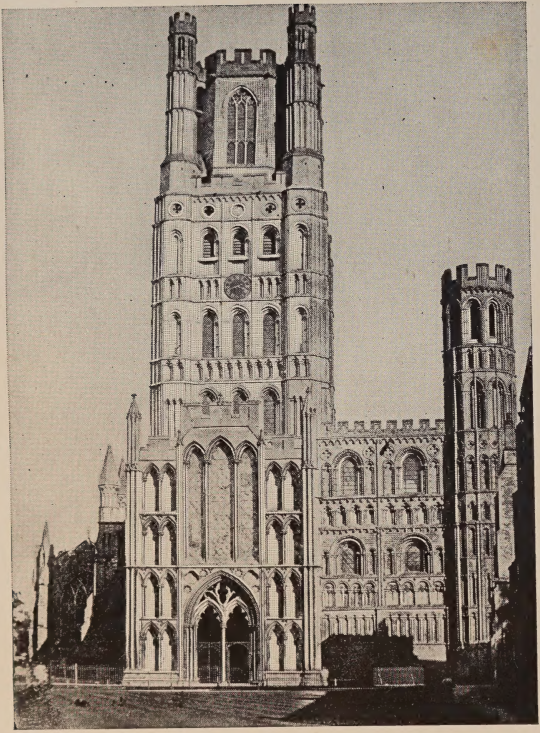
Nottingham, and with it Newstead Abbey, Byron's ancestral home. In its baronial halls "Childe Harold" was written; and here also Livingstone, a lesser genius but a nobler character, wrote a less imaginative work of his own real sufferings and conquests on the Zambesi. Eastward lies King's Lynn, and adjoining it Sandringham House, the princely country-seat where Albert Edward once lay so long and desperately sick of a fever; and beyond it Great Yarmouth, on whose sands a light once shone in the window of Peggotty's boat for Martha, and where poor Ham met his heroic death. Bury St. Edmunds, the seat of two Parliaments, and Colchester, Rome's first colony in the British Isles, lie near by in Suffolk; and so does Norwich, where Goulburn lived and died as dean. This see-city of Norfolk, the English Holland, would have appealed to us still more with the thoroughly Norman plan of its cathedral, its French apsidal and buttressed choir, its lofty central spire, unique stone roof, and mighty triforium. At Ely, another river Ouse, more sluggish than his namesake at York, flows between dikes and bending willows, bordered by towpaths and windmills, where aquatic birds still fly lazily over the adjacent meadows that are scarcely redeemed from the meres and marshes of the past. We have come to the smallest of cathedral cities, a mere village in fact, not half the size of Durham. Yet during the Crusades, when William Longchamp was the bishop-chancellor of Richard I., and Cœur de Lion was far away fighting for the Holy Sepulchre, he and his equally warlike episcopal brother of Durham guarded the realm between them, and ended by falling out with each other!

The evening rain at our arrival had given place to a bright, translucent morning haze (which is often as far as it gets in the way of sunshine for long periods in the east of England), as we traversed the short distance that separates the Bell Hotel from the great cathedral. The rambling street diminishes to straggling houses, and the broad, beautiful spaces called the Park, that come in sight beyond the great church to the south, are almost open country. Durham looks down from precipitous heights on a river and a small but close-built town. Well up to the walls of York and Lincoln the houses gather on all sides as on the Continent, till, instead of a true cathedral close, there is not more than a minster yard;

but here at Ely the street on which the west front faces is little more than a lane, while sheep and cattle browse in the southern fields, and all is quiet content. The same variety exists in English cathedrals themselves as in their surroundings, and they even seem to take on moods like people. Why not, since they are the age-long outgrowth of sentiment and passion and character? Even where architectural types do not essentially vary, individual manifestations of them do so. Durham has its great stone Norman vault and Galilee chapel; York its exquisite glass; Lincoln its angel-choir and chapter-house; and here at Ely rises a single lofty, castellated, martial-looking western tower, a lower broad central octagonal lantern, and other features, which make it to be, even in its own internal contrasts, the most varied of them all.

Good Etheldreda, queen and abbess, built here in the seventh century an East-Anglian church which became, in riches and honor, the rival of neighboring Crowland, and indeed of Glastonbury itself. A Benedictine monastery was its successor, of which Thurstan was the last Saxon abbot; but to this day Etheldreda's name clings to the cathedral, which is dedicated jointly to her and to Saint Peter. King Canute frequented it, and the quaint lines which describe him as being rowed by, while "sweetly sang the monks at Ely," is almost a nursery rhyme. Edward the Confessor was christened at its altar. The land is more or less dotted with pools of water still; but when fierce Hereward the Wake, the last of the English, established here his final and famous "Camp of Refuge," it was, in fact, as even now sometimes in name, the Isle of Ely. When the Conqueror had exterminated this final root of bitterness, and could retire in peace to his native Normandy for a time, the foundation-stones of the present church were laid by Thurstan's successor, Simeon, the first Norman abbot, a vigorous nonagenarian. Abbot became bishop under Henry I., a few years after Etheldreda's translation here in 1106, and the church grew rapidly. Choir, transepts, and central tower were already built, and the Norman nave followed. Bishop Northwold came here from Bury St. Edmunds, under Henry III., and built the presbytery. But Alan of Walsingham, who was only prior and never a bishop, created the lantern and lady-chapel and choir stalls which are Ely's glories, and earned a right to be called tutelary saint in these hallowed precincts. Mighty names followed Alan's, mighty for less deeds than his. Bishop Arundel, chancellor as well, built Ely House, the episcopal palace at Holborn in London; and Shakespeare has told us how his successor, Bishop Morton, grew strawberries there in the days of Richard III. Ely has been called "the nursery of archbishops;" and in his earlier career Cromwell lived here, who would have none of them.

There is certainly nothing in England resembling Ely's western face. The single porch, called a Galilee, is in the centre, projecting forward from beneath the lofty tower of many stories which once bore a spire, and which in the main is Transition Norman. Once the tower was supported by a northern and a southern arm, forming short transepts at the west. The southern tower is standing, battlemented and semi-military in effect, resembling, it is said, that at Mechlin in Belgium. How the northern arm perished there is strangely neither record nor tradition to tell, and the effect is very bizarre. Within, the Galilee is highly ornate with lovely dog-toothed mouldings, and the Decorated lower story of the



THE CATHEDRAL'S WESTERN FAÇADE.

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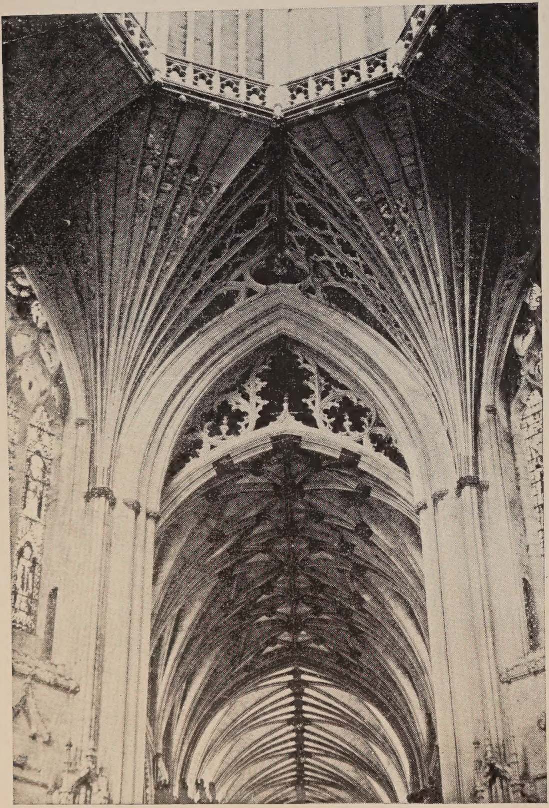
tower opens directly into the nave. Westminster's nave is very lofty; York's is high and broad; Lincoln's is low and broad; Ely's is both high and narrow, with the true tunnelled effect of late Norman architecture. The oldest relic in the cathedral is Ovin's Cross, in the south aisle, — a Saxon fragment to the pious memory of Queen Etheldreda's steward, — an erection four hundred years older than the cathedral itself. The old and beautiful Monks' Door and Prior's Door remain; but the southern cloisters on which they once opened are gone, as is the chapter-house. What a relief to find once more a light, open rood-screen of oak, through whose airy spaces the eye roves delightedly on to the choir and all its treasures! The brazen choir-gates open on a space narrower than Lincoln's choir, but quite as rich. The glorious carving over the stalls is an elaborate series of scriptural scenes, portraying on the Epistle (or southern) side Old Testament types of Our Lord, and completing them on the Gospel side opposite with scenes in His earthly life. There is no episcopal throne, which is unusual; but the reredos is in brilliant alabaster and aglow with precious stones, and the lovely organ, hung high aloft, seems almost immaterial. The choir and retro-choir are full of tombs and brasses; and the western bays are called the best pure Decorated or Edwardian work in Britain. The retired Bishop of Capetown read the Lessons that morning, and the music of the choristers was more beautiful than any we heard in England, except at St. Paul's.

A catastrophe brought about the building of the beautiful western choir bays just alluded to. The original central tower, imperfectly constructed, fell in long years ago with an awful crash; and in its place Alan of Walsingham reared that miracle of beauty, the broad open octagon set boldly on eight angle-piers, which has been called "the freshest and grandest idea that ever took concrete shape on English soil." Its eight openings are all nobly arched in stone, and comprise the full width of nave and transepts at their junction. Arcades for statuary surmount the arches, with broad spaces brilliantly painted with heroic figures of angels. Above is a lofty tier of modern glass which sheds a flood of light below, and the whole is a superb Gothic dome, "the only one in existence upholding a central lantern," and challenging the delighted



THE CHOIR ROOF, AND THE LANTERN.

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eye from every point of view within and without. It is of wood, it is true, but a marvel of construction; the vault of the nave is also built of wood, flat in its centre, and beautifully painted by modern artists. Indeed nearly the whole of Ely has been the subject of long-neglected and most skilful restoration in the present century. In size and decoration the great white lady-chapel beyond the north transept, the work of the same Alan, and now the parish church of Holy Trinity, at once appeals to profound admiration and pity. The old bedesman who admitted us, though his honest heart was full of it, had no need to call our attention to the awful Puritan vandalism which had literally "broken down the carved work thereof with axes and hammers." But its noble proportions remain; though there is but one niche, among hundreds of them, whose background, originally tinted, does not mock with its vacancy the missing statuette.

Much the same savagery has befallen the beautiful chantries in the retro-choir at either side of the eastern window. Bishop Alcock built the northeastern in Late Perpendicular, with very much tabernacle work and fan vaulting; and Bishop West reared its exquisite neighbor in the same style, adding even Renaissance details. It was the first time we had seen them blended in this way, and it requires no great knowledge of the schools to suggest the latter's probable Italian origin. Torrigiano's name has been coupled with the work, who was the builder of Henry VII.'s tomb at Westminster. It is the last word of Gothic and the first of Renaissance, even as the earlier Gothic is blended with still earlier Norman, and even with Anglo-Saxon art, in other parts of this multifarious cathedral. Its eastern end too is as odd as it is effective, not one window, but eight separate ones, all Lancet-shaped, — three immense openings in a tier below, with five smaller ones above. The bishop's palace stands across the street at the west. Modern deans of Ely have achieved fame as well as ancient bishops, Merivale, the historian, and Luckock, the theologian and present Dean of Lichfield, among them. The lane running south from the palace is bordered by a most delightful row of ancient domestic buildings; and among them still stands, though we should not have discovered it but for our solicitous old bedesman, Prior Crawdon's chapel (or rather oratory), as tiny as St. Margaret's at Edinburgh Castle, to which one mounts by a narrow flight of steps, and finds a mosaic of the Creation in its little pavement, and an air of indefinite antiquity over it all.

From the towers of Ely, Norman Peterborough can be seen westward in Huntingdonshire, so near neighbors are these mighty fanes. The Golden Borough it once was called, for its revenues were enormous. It seemed almost wrong to pass it by, with its "foreign-looking" west façade, architecturally as false as that at Wells, but no less beautiful, and now undergoing restoration to prevent its falling in ruin. Catharine of Aragon, the noble wife of Henry VIII., lies buried here; and so lay Mary Stuart for a time (as the slab in the pavement records), after her execution at dismantled Fotheringay Castle near by, and until her son removed her ashes to Westminster. One sexton, old Scarlett, buried them both — almost an embarrassment of queens! Ely is the cathedral of Cambridge and of Cambridgeshire. And Cambridge had its beginnings at Crowland, the Benedictine Abbey of St. Guthlac, now long in ruins, but once immensely wealthy, to which Canute gave endowment. The abbey lies only two miles from Peterborough. Charles Kingsley in "The Hermits" tells us how its French abbot sent monks to open a school under the new French donjon in the little Roman town of Granta-brigge, thus becoming the spiritual father of the coming university, whose new-world daughter waited to be founded by fen-men eight hundred years after Guthlac's death. In less than an hour we were there in Cambridge, and, after preliminary venture at the University Arms, took up our quarters at Ye Olde Castel Hotel, in spite of its name a modernized and very comfortable lodging opposite Emmanuel College.

Let us admit that the steady procession of great cathedrals has a little weakened our present capacity for further absorption in this direction, and rest ourselves by turning to university life. Cambridge and Oxford are as old as the great minsters, and look as venerable. Their existence as schools goes back to the twelfth century, and their written history is established from the thirteenth. Both yield priority, of course, to Bologna and Paris; and large numbers of students migrated to each from the French city. Cambridge was recognized in Henry III.'s second year, and St. Peter's College, or Peterhouse, the oldest here, was founded before 1300 A. D. The happy sequence in our progress brought us first to the banks of the Cam (called Granta in its upper course) rather than to the Isis. Oxford is greater and more familiar to American, if not to English, thought; but Cambridge is wonderful, lacks little in size, and possesses points unrivalled in their peculiar attractiveness. To look at the list of great names who have called one or the other Alma Mater, is like reading the bead-roll of England's history. The germ of each lay in the inns, halls, or hostels, as they were called, where students in the Middle Ages first congregated for association under a common teacher. They rose from small beginnings; and the seed of six centuries ago has grown to mighty groves of learning that mantle with their grateful shade the whole realm of English speech. The weaker colleges are still sometimes called halls, but the colleges are generally endowed, and most of them very rich, some, like Trinity here and Christ Church at Oxford, enormously so.

There are some twenty distinct colleges or corporations here, and a few more at Oxford.

Each has a head, fellows or professors, and scholars or undergraduates. The fellows are chosen from the former graduates, and elect the head. The latter is styled master, provost, principal, president, rector, warden, dean, according to the usage of his college. The fellows or tutors are familiarly called dons. The proctors are the collegiate police. The honorary degrees conferred are Bachelor, Master, and Doctor, the abbreviations of the Latin terminology that denotes the university conferring them being familiar to us as Cantab. and Oxon. The whole body of graduates comprises in the last resort the governing power of the university system, and is called the Senate here, and the Convocation at Oxford. But an intermediary and revising body is in either case known as the Electoral Roll and the Congregation. The Doctors and Masters, however, act here habitually as Senate and there as Convocation, and elect the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor, as well as representatives in Parliament. The Vice-Chancellor is the ordinary presiding officer in residence. A very great man, indeed, is the Chancellor, being either of the blood royal or an exalted peer. The lustre of the name of the Duke of

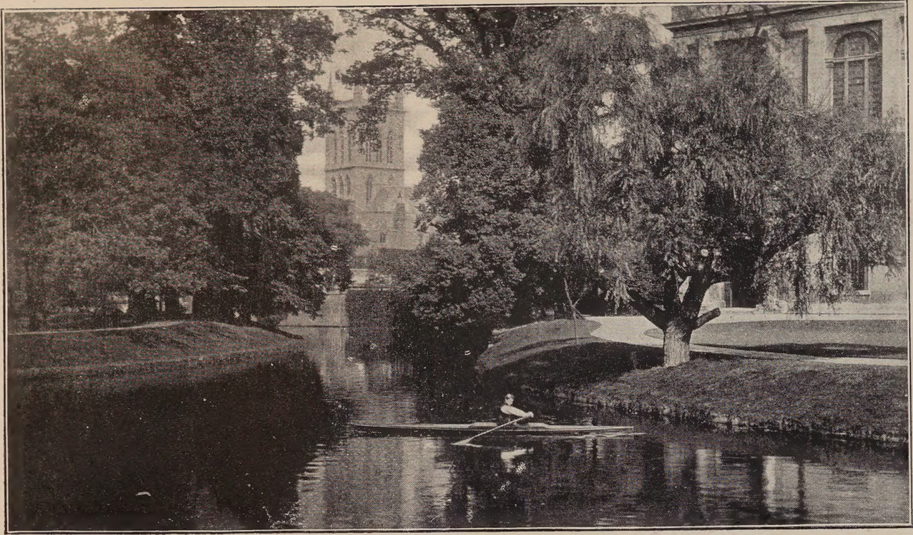
Devonshire is shed now upon Cambridge, while at Oxford none lesser serves than the Prime Minister himself, the Marquis of Salisbury. Neither of these two officers is more than a "visitor," so far as active functions go. Of ecclesiastical livings, Cambridge controls nearly four hundred, and Oxford considerably more than that number. In annual revenue, Cambridge receives for its noble purposes something over one and one half millions of dollars, while Oxford has over two millions. Each university enrolls over three thousand undergraduates, Oxford being considerably in the lead. The two university presses share with each other and with the queen's printer the monopoly of printing Bibles in England. Cambridge is naturally liberal in politics, and readily submitted to the Protectorate in Cromwell's day, while conservative Oxford was a stanch adherent of King Charles. In theology, however, the latter has taken more advanced ground, as denoted by the far-reaching influence of the famous Oxford movement of sixty years ago for reform in matters ecclesiastical.

What roughly corresponds to entrance examinations is familiarly known at Oxford as "smalls," and at Cambridge as "little-go." Honor examinations are held in eight departments, known as "schools," at the former, and in ten, known as "triposes," at the latter. The high prize at Oxford is the winning of a "first" honor in classics and ancient history. At Cambridge the first-class honor man in mathematics at the "great-go" is dubbed the "senior wrangler." Perhaps this line of cleavage as to subjects for the most exalted rewards is a tolerable indication of their somewhat divergent aims, — as between science and the "humanities." Each professes a dignity in the physical appearance of its *personnel*, which, like English usage of the kind in some other walks of life, might well be returned to in America. Academic costume, the scholar's gown and "mortar-board" cap, is supposed to be always worn at lectures, dinner, and chapel, as well as after dark and on Sundays. Only about one half of the calendar year is consumed in term-time, which at Oxford is subdivided into four terms, and at Cambridge into three. The gala weeks at either are the "eights week" in the spring, when their own aquatic contests are held, and the final week in June, which is styled Commemoration week at Oxford, and Commencement week at Cambridge. The inter-collegiate boat-races are rowed on the Thames, just out of London, in March. It was a regret to us that we could see nothing of student life at the time of our visit in September.

With the exception of Magdalen, all the college buildings at Cambridge are situated on the right bank of the river, and for the most part in a continuous row, facing on Trumpington Street and the King's Parade, and having their backs to the water. The term "backs" is applied to the long series of exquisitely beautiful grounds behind each college on the opposite bank of the Cam, which is here frequently bridged. A continuous drive bounds the farther limits of the backs, and nothing can be more beautiful than the majestic trees and luxuriant shrubbery which make them a perfect Paradise. It was doubtless beautiful long ago, in the day of Erasmus, who used to frequent these precincts; and Oxford has nothing to equal and little to resemble them. Our drives on this side of the river took us past the buildings of Newnham College, somewhat removed, and built in the Queen Anne style, where the higher education of women is so masterfully done. Girton College, also for women, lies still farther out, and has even a higher standard. In them both the same examinations are given by the university as for men, and the results are published on parallel lists; but the successful women students are as yet neither enrolled, entitled, or privileged as members of the university proper. The newest college is Selwyn, named for the great missionary Bishop of New Zealand, afterwards of Lichfield.

The Fitzwilliam Museum is the most modern and splendid endowment in art which Cambridge boasts, and is lodged in a fine Grecian building not far from the station. To reach it from Downing College one passes Hobson's Conduit. To think of a specific site in connection with the time-worn phrase "Hobson's choice" seems like making Mother Goose a prosaic fact; but this very Hobson was a stable-keeper, lived in Cambridge before Milton's day, and left to his patrons no choice but his own, by observing a strict rotation in letting out his horses, so that it was "that or none." Peterhouse, next north of the Museum, is the senior college, having been founded by Bishop Balsham of Ely in 1284. It was the poet Gray's college till the modest soul left it for Pembroke, in disgust because his fellow-students practised too freely on his peculiarities. The iron bars at his window are still pointed out, where he had arranged to hang a rope ladder in case of fire, which he much dreaded. A false alarm was given, and poor Gray, after making a rapid and impromptu descent, found himself in a bucket of cold water, with plenty of witnesses at hand! But he was magnanimous enough not to mention the occurrence in his autobiography. Pembroke, which follows closely in line, has been called the Bishops' and Poets' College, for Spenser planted its mulberry-tree, and other alumni were Bishops Ridley and Andrewes, William Pitt and Crashaw. Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI., founded Queen's College; and one of its courts bears the name of Erasmus, and has a tower in which the great scholar lodged. On the books of Corpus Christi are the names of Marlowe, Fletcher, Samuel Wesley, and Archbishop Parker.

Very much of interest centres about King's, which was erected under the last three King Henrys. Built around a great ivy-covered quadrangle, as is almost universal, these buildings are not in themselves especially interesting, save that Bishop Pearson, Robert and Horace Walpole, Sir Richard Temple, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe have occupied them. The noblest college chapel which the world has to show is that of King's College, which Henry VI. founded, and which has borne the Tudor emblems of the rose and portcullis since Henry VII. finished it as the companion to his own chapel at Westminster. Its height makes it a marked object from every direction, and its great length in comparison to its narrowness is remarkable. The splendid fan-vault of its ceiling, and the carving of its stalls and organ-screen, are beyond praise. One may study other Gothic styles fully elsewhere, but for glorious Perpendicular work, which has come to be known, indeed, as collegiate Gothic, one naturally turns to the two great universities, as in the noble church before us. Three other buildings are close at hand: the University Library, containing the Codex Bezæ of the New Testament, and itself inferior in size only to the



BOATING ON THE LEAFY CAM.

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Bodleian and the British Museum; the Senate House, where degrees are conferred, and where the recipient of the highest mathematical honors receives his gigantic wooden spoon from his associates; and the Church of St. Mary's the Great, where the select university preachers from America as well as England are heard.

On market days the scenes hereabouts are still quaint and curious; and the term "sizar," applied to certain poorer undergraduates, arose from the custom here of rolling butter into sticks of a yard's length and cutting them into equal sizes for distribution. Nearer the river are the substantial buildings of Clare College, second in age only to Peterhouse. It is on the river behind Clare and King's that the tumultuous procession of boats occurs after the college races. The breadth of the stream below the town does not admit of racing abreast, and so the contests are arranged not to attain a fixed goal, but to "bump" each other's sterns as they lead off one behind another, — a method which gives great play to the coxswain's skill. In the evening the scene here is most vivid and beautiful when the crews align the boats across the river like a pontoon bridge, with broadsides held together by outriggers, and all the accompaniments of brilliant lights, the smiles of fair ladies, and tumultuous cheering. Caius College once had three gates, designated as Humility, Virtue, and Honor. The second remains, the work of Doctor Caius, Queen Mary's physician, whose name in pronunciation becomes "Keys." Four great names besides are on the roll of Caius, — Harvey, Jeremy Taylor, Chancellor Thurlow, and Judge Jeffreys; and the college is a favorite with budding doctors. Trinity Hall is mainly frequented by law students, and Holinshed, Bishop Gardiner, Chesterfield, Lord Lytton, John Sterling, and Chief-Justice Cockburn are among its alumni.

This hall must not be confounded with Trinity College, which is near by, consolidated by Henry VIII. from earlier foundations, and the largest college in Great Britain. In the great achievements of its graduates, and the vast extent of its influence, it yields the palm to none. No roll of its members may be here attempted; but among those of the very first rank are Newton, Bacon, Dryden, Herbert, Tennyson, Macaulay, Byron, and Thackeray! What reality does it not give when the rooms occupied by the first and the last three are pointed out! Though the King's Gateway is, at least in part, much older than his time, the burly form of Henry VIII. surmounts it outside, and James I., Charles I., and Queen Anne within. The Great Court to which it admits is indeed vast, being larger than even the famous "Tom Quad" at Oxford. In its Tudor Chapel are many memorials, finest of which is Roubiliac's bust of Newton. The great hall has portraits of its illustrious alumni; and in the library, among many busts of these and other personages, is Thorwaldsen's very beautiful statue of Lord Byron, and the manuscripts of many of Milton's poems. Still to the north is St. John's, second in size here, founded by Lady Beaufort, mother of Henry VII., though having a still earlier predecessor. Its famous roll numbers Roger Ascham, Burleigh, Ben Jonson, Herrick, Kirke White, Henry Martyn, Rowland Hill, Wordsworth, Wilberforce, and Palmerston; and White is also buried near by. At this point the lovely bridge that spans the river goes by the name of the Bridge of Sighs, from a fancied resemblance in general effect to its great namesake at Venice; but the similarity is by no means borne out in detail.

Across Bridge Street from St. John's stands St. Sepulchre's Church, almost the duplicate of the Temple Church in London, and a trifle earlier in date, — the oldest of the four round Early Norman churches left in Great Britain, and supposed to be modelled in its shape from the church of the same name at Jerusalem. Pepys gave his library to Magdalen College (pronounced Maudlin), and with it the cipher manuscript of his famous Diary. Three archbishops — Cranmer, Grindal, and Ussher — were fellow-members here with the gossipy chronicler. Jesus College, once a nunnery, lies by itself to the south, amid extensive and handsome grounds near the boating stretch of the river. Coleridge graduated here; and there is exquisite glass in its chapel by Morris and Burne-Jones. Cromwell and Thomas Fuller were students at Sidney Sussex College, nearer the city; and so at Christ's College on Sidney Street were Sir Philip Sidney, Latimer, Paley, and Darwin. Milton followed Spenser's example at Pembroke by planting a mulberry-tree here, which still remains. And so we come round again in the noble circuit to Emmanuel, whence we started, among whose undergraduates were Bishop Hall of Norwich, Sir William

Temple, and John Harvard, founder of the daughter university at Massachusetts Bay. Some of the Pilgrim Fathers studied here, as the college was intended for the inculcation of Puritanic ideas.

Cambridge is but threescore miles from London; but our course now lay straight across England to Oxford at the west. In the fresh of the morning we had left Cambridge's great station, and were looking out of our car-windows for glimpses of Bedford, and Bunyan's statue, which stands in its market-place. The old county jail, where the inspired tinker languished for twelve years, is no longer standing, nor is the town jail on the bridge where "The Pilgrim's Progress" was written. The bronze doors of the chapel contain reliefs from the immortal allegory, and there are also, I believe, versions of it here in some seventy languages. It is ten miles to Olney, where Cowper lived, and wrote the Olney hymns and many of his poems. At Bletchley, we crossed our northward route, and ere noon were leaving Woodstock behind us at our right, where Henry II. concealed Fair Rosamond in her labyrinthine bower, and where the Black Prince was born. Pope wrote his translation of the Iliad at

Stanton Harcourt which lies near here. A stalwart and intelligent agriculturist, a good type of the country squire, sat opposite us as we drew near Oxford. Blenheim Park was his destination, and he bore in his hand a coroneted invitation from the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough to a garden *fête* that day. We (E. especially) rather envied him, for it was our nearest approach to seeing the magnificent manor and enormous palace which the nation bestowed on the hero of Queen Anne's day. And we thought of the rather cruel lines upon its architect Vanbrugh, —

> "Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee."

But the domes and spires of Oxford are in sight at the left, and soon we are passing the old castle, which is now a prison, traversing the town's centre at Carfax, and alighting in the famous High Street, at the door of the Mitre.

VIII

OXFORD

WE have exchanged the low, moist lands of the east of England for the undulating country of Oxfordshire, in which, surrounded by gently swelling hills, the ancient university town sits smiling where the Cherwell joins the Thames. The latter is called by the classic name of Isis before it joins the Thame (the two names being afterwards blended into Thames) in that part of its upper course on which undergraduates are wont to disport themselves, and flows hence southwesterly toward London through very beautiful scenes. If Oxford were not otherwise Cambridge's superior, it would outrank her in being a cathedral city as well as the seat of a great university. But its superiority is unquestioned on most accounts, except perhaps by its great collegiate rival, and it was well to have visited Cambridge first. Hawthorne says, "The world surely has not another place like Oxford; it is a despair to see such a place and ever to leave it, for it would take a lifetime to enjoy it satisfactorily." We had considerably less than a lifetime to spend within its semi-mediæval precincts, but our satisfaction was keen. The Anglo-Saxon chronicle first gives the name Oxford in 912 A. D.; but the priory of St. Frideswide was perhaps two centuries earlier, which formed the nucleus of the cathedral. By the thirteenth century the university had no superior in Europe. Its numbers fell away during the Reformation; but it was again a most stanch adherent of the Royalists, and indeed their headquarters, during the Civil War, melting down its ancient plate unstintedly for the king's service.

And yet Oxford has often been styled (as truly as strangely) the home of "impossible causes." From the day of Wycliffe himself, who here proclaimed religious as well as intellectual liberty, it has given eager welcome to the leaders of new thought. Wesley began here his revival of a truly spiritual religion in the Church of England, of which he was himself a priest, when it was well-nigh dead to good works, stifled by the worldliness of the Georgian era. And great shame must that Church take to herself that his pure spirit was ever mistakenly permitted to carry its burning earnestness outside her borders to create a vast schismatic following. After the later uprising called Evangelical, Keble and Newman and Pusey all labored here in the first half of this century in that great Tractarian movement to which Oxford has given its name, striving at first under great obloquy, and at last successfully (though after the sad defection of more than one very great name to Rome), to redeem the same Church from the shackles of her unholy alliance with secular standards, and to restore the ancient landmarks of faith and worship. And in that sort of intellectual agitation which, when spiritually exercised, has from the apostles' day been characterized as "turning the world upside down," Oxford is to-day well to the fore.

The city cannot be seen so easily, nor described in so orderly a manner, as Cambridge. Instead of being ranged in a long series, the colleges are grouped in and about a still compactly built centre, which was originally quite small in area, densely peopled, and surrounded by city walls, fragments of which remain. Everywhere one is impressed with the dignity, authority, and reverence which surround the venerable piles of this ancient home of learning, to an extent which her rival does not quite so readily inspire. I suppose there may be as many orders of route observed here as there are sight-seers, and that none can be called truly consecutive. To us it soon became evident that, with two exceptions and these comparatively modern, no college has been built west of the line of St. Aldate's Street (pronounced St. Old's) and the Cornmarket; that nine-tenths of them are massed within the limits of the former walls, which here had their western bound; and that the district beyond that line stands as distinctly, though not as intensely, for Town against Gown as ever. If there still be friction or ill-feeling between them, at least the mediæval Town and Gown riots, which once were so periodically and often fiercely occurrent, have passed away. During their campaigns the combatants had their respective headquarters on either side of this line, at St. Martin's Church, Carfax, and at St. Mary's in the High Street. Carfax is a quaint term, probably a corruption of *quatre faces*, denoting a centre, which would be known in rural America as "four corners."

Let us from here give a backward glance at Pembroke, the college of Beaumont, Pym, Whitefield, Blackstone, and Sir Thomas Browne, but still more conspicuously of Doctor Johnson, whose slender means forbade his taking a degree. This college and Worcester to the northwest are those just noted as lying to the west of this point, the latter having nurtured Lovelace, De Quincey, and F. W. Newman. In this western quarter lie the University Galleries, which contain the Arundel Marbles and the Drawing-school endowed by Ruskin. It was hereabouts that Henry II.'s royal palace of Beaumont stood, wherein Cœur de Lion was born. Here also are the rooms of the Union Society, so famous for its training in debate of many of England's great parliamentary speakers; and here is the University (or Clarendon) Press, one of the largest and finest in the world, whence the Revised Versions of the Scriptures issued. This part of the town especially enshrines the memory of John Wesley, the saintly and gifted founder of the Methodist movement, whose memorial chapel stands on the site of his early preaching. And, strangely enough, within almost a stone's throw is Pusey House, the memorial to the great doctor of dogmatic theology, whose name is synonymous with the Tractarian movement of our time. Two spiritual giants they were, and of equally holy aims, which, though greatly diverse, had yet the same supreme end in view. It is fitting that at this point we exchange exact order for association, and reach out northward to the noble and extended modern brick buildings of Keble College, in their ample enclosure opposite the splendid University Park, where cricket matches are played on one of the most delightful grounds in England.

As at Selwyn College, Cambridge, here poorer lads may win a university career, who could not become members of older colleges, and at the same time may do honor to the memory of the saintly poet of the "Christian Year." The superb chapel is elaborately and most artistically decorated throughout to illustrate, after the manner of the "Christian Year," the revelation in Old Testament and New of God to His Church through type and antitype and Archetype. How beautiful it all was that glorious afternoon, as we left behind us in its library Holman Hunt's most satisfying conception, "The Light of the World," to drive still farther out to Lady Margaret, St. Hugh's, and Somerville Halls for women, in Norham Gardens and Woodstock Road! In these halls both tuition and discipline are closely akin to those in the training of the other sex, and are carried to as high a point, but without the conferring of a university degree. Even to mention all the colleges and public buildings in Oxford by name, much less to attempt a description of them, would be still more impracticable than we found it at Cambridge; and we must be content with brief notes of the more important. Our return from the outskirts brings us into St. Giles's Street, a broad thoroughfare into which the two highways from the north converge. In the triangle between them is the old Church of St. Giles, the patron saint of churches beyond the gates of towns.

Where this street, which is almost a boulevard, narrows at its extreme southern point and crosses Broad Street is a church equally old, — St. Michael's, whose quoins in long and short work proclaim its Saxon origin. It stands where once was the city's north gate called the Bocardo, and over it the famous prison from which Cranmer was led forth to suffer martyrdom. We are on historic ground, indeed, and before us, just beyond St. Mary Magdalen's Church, rises the lofty and beautiful Gothic monument of Sir Gilbert Scott, erected on the model of the Eleanor crosses, for the Martyrs' Memorial to Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, whose bodies were here given to the flames. It has three faces, and on each of them in its second division stands a statue: Ridley firmly steadfast; Cranmer holding a copy of the Bible which bears his name; and Latimer, bending under the burden of his fourscore years. If ever one thoroughly realizes that "the blood of her martyrs is the seed of the Church," it is on this spot, where the fruit of a truly progressive conservatism has been so potently manifest through the ages. The massive buildings of Balliol College face westward and southward at this impressive corner, and it was before its south front that the martyrs actually suffered, as a tablet in the pavement records. Though these buildings do not indicate it, Balliol has precedence of all others as a collegiate foundation in Oxford, having been established by John Balliol, the father of the Scottish king, in 1263. Its membership is large, its standard extraordinarily high, and its antecedents naturally attract numbers of Scottish students. Many Archbishops of Canterbury have once been its students, and so have Sir William Hamilton, Evelyn, Southey, Lockhart, Swinburne, Adam Smith, and such widely different characters as Cardinal Manning, Dean Stanley, Matthew Arnold, and Robert Browning. To be the Master of Balliol is very nearly the acme of intellectual eminence. John Wycliffe bore the office when making the first English translation of the Bible. Its last great incumbent was Benjamin Jowett, also Vice-Chancellor, who (at least in respect to his influence) went far to deserve the rhyming jingle of its undergraduates —

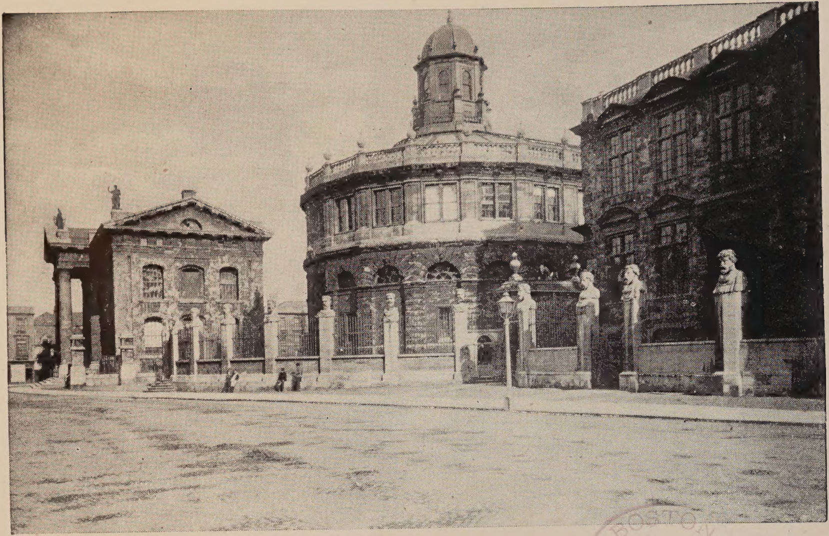
> "I am the Master of Balliol College,
> And what I know not is not knowledge."

Just north of Balliol lies St. John's, once a house of Cistercian monks, now hoary with age, its quadrangles, with their many Renaissance details, opening out into lovely gardens, and having fine oriel windows towards them. Archbishop Laud was once its President, and after his execution was buried beneath the altar in its chapel. Charles I. and Henrietta Maria have been entertained by him in its library. *Fêtes* are held in these splendid grounds in Commemoration Week, and they are the cynosure of visitors. Archbishop Juxon and Dean Mansel were worthies of St. John's; but its distinguished men seem to be relatively fewer in number than they should be. Trinity's splendid iron gates, spacious lawns, and noble lime-walk, yews, and gardens fill out the north side of Broad Street, and adjoin the two colleges last-mentioned. Some of her great names are Selden, Chillingworth, the elder Pitt, Lord Selborne, Cardinal Newman, and Freeman the historian. Jesus College and Exeter lie across the street from here, and somewhat back from it. The former has furnished many Welsh bishops, and was the first college founded after the Reformation (by Queen Elizabeth). Exeter is much older, and has a most beautiful chapel, to whose charm Burne-Jones and Morris, its fellows, have contributed in tapestry work. Lyell, Dyce, Maurice, Froude, and Lord Coleridge were students here. Lincoln and Brasenose Colleges confront each other at short range behind the two last-named; and behind Lincoln, fronting on the High Street and adjacent to our hotel, is All Saints Church, much more venerable-looking than its actual years warrant.

Brasenose is a fine and famous old college, occupying the site of four ancient halls. It has a noble old brazen nose in effigy over the entrance gate under the handsome tower at the east, though it is held by some, on insufficient evidence, that the site, once that of a brewery (*brasenhus*), gives it the name. Burton of the "Anatomy," Bishop Heber, Dean Milman, Barham of the "Ingoldsby Legends," and F. W. Robertson were undergraduates here, and so was Ashmole, the founder of the neighboring Ashmolean, which is the oldest museum in England. But none can pass its gates without affectionate thoughts of Mr. Verdant Green, and his delicious adventures when a member of "Brazenface," whom the genius of Edward Bradley has immortalized.

The splendid old rotunda of the Radcliffe Library, now used as part of the Bodleian, stands in the centre of Radcliffe Square, which we have now reached, and which is picturesqueness itself in its noble environment of academic buildings. The Bodleian bounds it on the north, a fair rival of the British Museum, and in its venerable seclusion far more attractive. Its most ancient portion was the work of Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester, son of

Henry IV.; and Sir Thomas Bodley's additions were made early in the seventeenth century. There are few nobler old roofs than this, with its rafters of Spanish cedar and its beautifully illuminated glass; and few prospects on which the eye can more delightedly rest as they rise from the printed page than the gardens hereabouts. Its titles number more than half a million; and to the library is added a most interesting gallery of historical portraits, models, and sculpture. The range of its treasures is very great, from an uncial manuscript of the Gospels to Shelley's manuscript of his own poems, and the watch which was found on his drowned body. To left and right of the Bodleian lie respectively Convocation House, where the sessions of that body are held, and the handsome front of the Clarendon Building, now containing the offices of the University. Between them rises the fine tower of the Old Examination Schools, with its five tiers of Roman architecture in the different orders, and the Divinity School, with its noble groined roof carved in heraldic devices in a style of great dignity. The latter's approaches were degraded to a pig-market under Henry VIII., and it was itself used to store corn



THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE.

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BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

during the Commonwealth. But one forgets these things in looking at its present beauty, and reflecting that the martyrs were tried here, and that its roof sheltered the House of Commons during the Great Plague in London.

On high occasions entrance is made directly from here into the Sheldonian Theatre; but the ordinary admission for visitors to the latter is from Broad Street, where the circular structure is enclosed by an iron fence whose stone posts are seventeen pedestals for as many charmingly grotesque and gigantic busts of intellectual heroes of the past, all stained and defaced by time and weather. The building which these impressive effigies guard was designed by Wren, and built by Archbishop Sheldon. Its two Renaissance stories, arched below and windowed above, are all one vast apartment within, though once sheltering the University Press in its upper portion; and from its cupola in the centre we feasted our eyes until they fairly ached on the glorious panorama of towers, roofs, spires, domes, and waving foliage, which in every direction, as far as vision can reach, make this view of Oxford unrivalled there or elsewhere. The courteous custodian whom we found in charge gave us besides a delightful hour in explanation of the scenes enacted here, in which he is himself a responsible figure. It is surprising that so compact a space can and does accommodate from three to four thousand persons. Built on the plan of the Theatre of Marcellus at Rome, its flat circular ceiling imitates a canvas covering over gilt cords, and is adorned with allegorical paintings by Charles II.'s court painter, while portraits of monarchs are on the walls. There are two tiers of galleries nearly around the open floor space in the centre, a fine organ being over the southern entrance; and directly opposite it and lower is the tribunal where the chancellor sits surrounded by high dignitaries. The lower galleries are for dons and ladies, and the upper ones for promiscuous undergraduates by hundreds. Here the annual Commemoration, or *Encænia*, is held, when the founders are commemorated, prize essays, poems, and the Creweian oration recited from rostra at the sides, and honorary degrees conferred upon distinguished guests.

When this occasion arrives, which would seem to demand the very climax of dignity, immemorial license sanctions the breaking forth of Bedlam. The flat area below is densely packed with graduates and strangers, through whose ranks the candidates for lofty honors from both sides of the Atlantic painfully make their way from the Divinity School to the chair of the chancellor opposite. The dignified ceremonies proceed amid a hush that falls upon the great assemblage, when, just at critical moments, the tempest is likely to burst in stentorian comments of excessive frankness and of an exceedingly personal character, bestowed upon the hapless victims by the occupants of the galleries. These feel not the fear of mortal man even here, since their predecessors, who now sit as grave and reverend seniors below, once freed their minds in the same festive and irresponsible fashion, and the twinkles in their eyes betray their present enjoyment of it. Is there a moment's pause? The Honorable Chancellor is audibly besought to "sing us a song," and reminded that the organist is waiting for that purpose. Is it the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table who steps forward for his Oxford degree? A sonorous voice vociferates the query whether he crossed the Atlantic in the "One Hoss Shay." Does the Laureate himself, in all the pride of innate dignity, stand gravely expectant of the roll which is to make him a Doctor of Laws at the hands of the Chancellor-Premier? A roar of inextinguishable laughter bursts on even his devoted head, as an inquiry, full of anxious solicitude, penetrates to the deafest ear, "Did they wake and call you early, Alfred?" Such is one phase of time-honored Oxford student-life, and who would have it otherwise, — nay, who would not delight to share it?

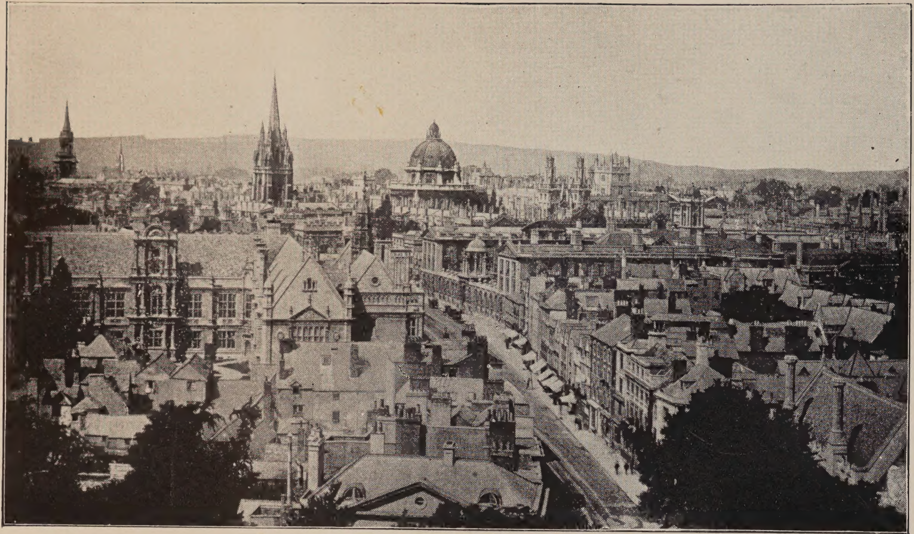
But we must make our way again toward the High Street, turning our backs on the buildings of Hertford, and of Wadham, beloved of English Positivists; but first rendering our tribute to New College, as old as William of Wykeham and of Winchester, whose fortified wall once marked the city's northeastern angle. Five hundred years have passed over these stately and secluded quadrangles, and left them much the same. How vain the attempt to reproduce this atmosphere, — the lowly and unpretentious entrance opening on a vista of halls, gardens, and cloisters, and glorious chapel, buttressed, mullioned, and pinnacled, and garlanded with the deep-green gloss of ivy! The chapel is the oldest all Perpendicular building in England. Its west window is the design of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the jewelled pastoral staff of its founder is gorgeous enough for the Pope himself. The saintly Bishop Ken and Sydney Smith, the incomparable wit, were members here. And so we come down Catherine Street to St. Mary's University Church, Early Decorated above in a fine pyramidal group of spire and turrets, crowning a simpler and earlier structure, against whose face was built by Archbishop Laud a most picturesque Italian porch, with twisted columns and a statue of the Virgin. We passed in beneath the gorgeous crimson festoons of Virginia creeper which cover the south porch, and stood by the pillar against which Cranmer leaned when he firmly said, "Forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart . . . it shall be the first to be burnt," — a pledge speedily redeemed. From this pulpit the University Sermons and Bampton Lectures are preached to congregations the world over, as well as to those in the galleries and nave. A simple slab in the chancel records the burial of Amy Robsart in the choir.

Pausing before the portal to wait for a passing carriage, we were incontinently fastened on by a leech in shape of a voluntary messenger, who raced the whole length of the High Street in chase of a vehicle, and would have perforce ridden with us inside as a self-elected guide, had not the firmest measures been put in operation to suppress him. It seemed the curse of service here in Oxford, — the everlasting fee; though it must not be supposed that there is any charge for the *entrée* to college quadrangles, which are as free as the naves of cathedrals. We passed on down the splendid street, along whose "stream-like windings" stands such an array of hoary, academic walls as the world has not to show on any other single thoroughfare. Just opposite is St. Mary's Hall (studentized to "Skimmery"), and alongside the church is All Souls College, — the souls being of those who fell in the Hundred Years War with France, "and especially the soul of Henry V., King of England and France." Though it has no undergraduates, All Souls has many fellows, among whom Jeremy Taylor, Blackstone, Herrick, and Wren have been numbered in former years. The chaplain of Queen Philippa built the next college, Queen's, in her honor; but the statue of another queen, the Caroline of

George II., adorns its unique cupola. It is the college of the Black Prince, of Henry V., and his uncle, Cardinal Beaufort, as well as of Addison, Wycherley, and Jeremy Bentham; and here the ancient ceremony is still preserved of ushering in the Boar's Head on Christmas Day by the singing of a carol. Across the street again, before reaching the modern front of the New Examination Schools, is the venerable-looking Gothic pile of University, the earliest endowed of Oxford's colleges, though Merton was incorporated sooner. A statue of Queen Anne surmounts the High Street entrance to the quadrangle, and one of the hated James II. stands within, — the only one in England, I believe, except at Whitehall. Shelley, Chancellor Eldon, and Faber, the hymn-writer, were undergraduates here. Only a glance across the street at the ancient Church of St. Peter's-in-the-East, and we pass the site of the old Long Wall, and come beneath the shadow of the majestic Perpendicular tower of Magdalen, built by Wolsey, and one of Oxford's chief glories.

Indeed, the point which we have nearly reached, and which, a little farther east, embraces in its scope Magdalen Bridge over the

Cherwell, seems more than any other to be chosen for a single representative view of the city, and emphasizes the exquisite beauties of this college as a whole in a most striking way. It would be hard to make their charm less from almost any direction; but this was the view first obtained of Oxford in days gone by when travellers came hither from London by coach. To the summit of this tower the early hours of May-day morning summon the vested choir of Magdalen, who there perpetuate the delightful custom of singing a Latin hymn to the Trinity at daybreak, — a scene which Holman Hunt has made the subject of a painting. The college is older than its tower, was founded by another Bishop of Winchester (Waynflete), and has such cloisters as are hardly to be excelled elsewhere in England. One of its quadrangles is called that of St. John Baptist, and has a most curious out-door stone pulpit, around which congregations used to assemble, seated on reeds and rushes after the manner of the preaching of the great Forerunner in the Wilderness. There are a hundred acres in St. Mary Magdalen's domain; and Addison's Walk, so well reputed, is scarcely more beautiful than the



THE SCENE FROM THE TOWER OF MAGDALEN.

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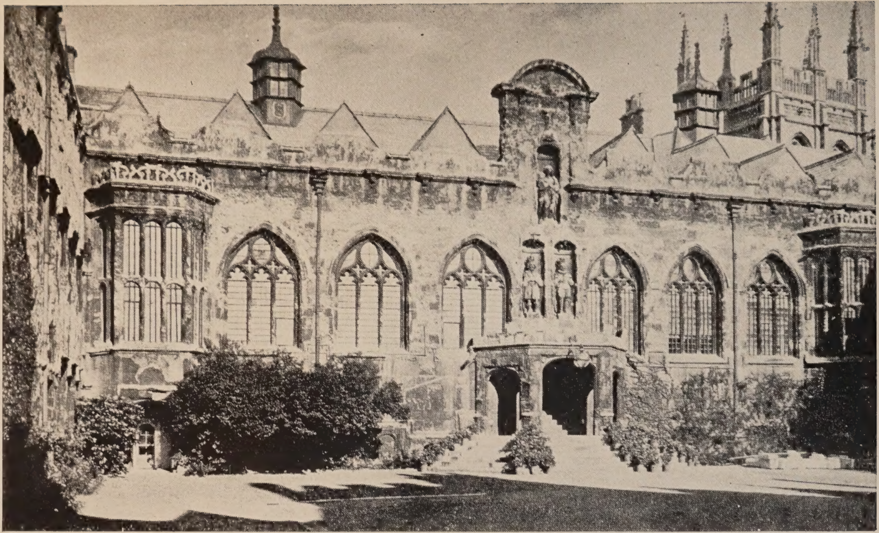
Water Walks by the Cherwell, or many other portions. The chapel music by its choir of men and boys is said to be one of the most exquisite in England; but, alas! it was the Long Vacation. Its reredos is modern and very beautiful, with canopied niches filled with statues; and the stained glass of its choir is the gift of Lord Selborne, who was a fellow here; as Wolsey, Hampden, Addison, Gibbon, Charles Reade, and Wilkie Collins were students in their day.

Let him who is weary of even such college walls as these vary his delights by driving, as we did, across Magdalen Bridge to the suburbs of Cowley St. John; and then on down the Thames to Iffley with its picturesque mill and fine old Norman church; and Littlemore, the hamlet which Newman, when chaplain there, made noted through the United Kingdom; and the lovely shades of Nuneham Courtenay, for which we have Hawthorne's testimony that they are "as perfect as anything earthly can be." We paused at Cowley to see the new Church of the Holy Spirit, being built by the Society of St. John the Evangelist to replace the one of iron which it long used; and so came in contact with the spot whence our own Anglo-American bishop was chosen from the Brotherhood here, — the sole instance of priestly orders taken in England (here at Christ Church Cathedral) and supplemented by the episcopate conferred in America. Then back again by Merton Street to Merton College and Corpus Christi and Oriel, which lie clustered together before Merton Fields at the south, embosomed in verdure. Balliol and Merton are nearly identical in age; and the Fellows of Merton, always noted for free speech, were called Lollards till within two centuries, Wycliffe in the past and Bishop Patteson in the present being of their number. Harvey was once Master, and Duns Scotus, Steele, and Bodley among its alumni, who have also furnished six to be Primates of all England. No view of Oxford is complete without Merton's massive square tower, and the splendid east window of its chapel; and its library is the most ancient in the kingdom. Bishop Fox of Winchester founded Corpus Christi; and here was made the earliest provision for the teaching of the classics. Cardinal Pole, Bishops Jewell and Hooker, and Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton"



ORIEL'S QUADRANGLE, AND MERTON'S TOWER.

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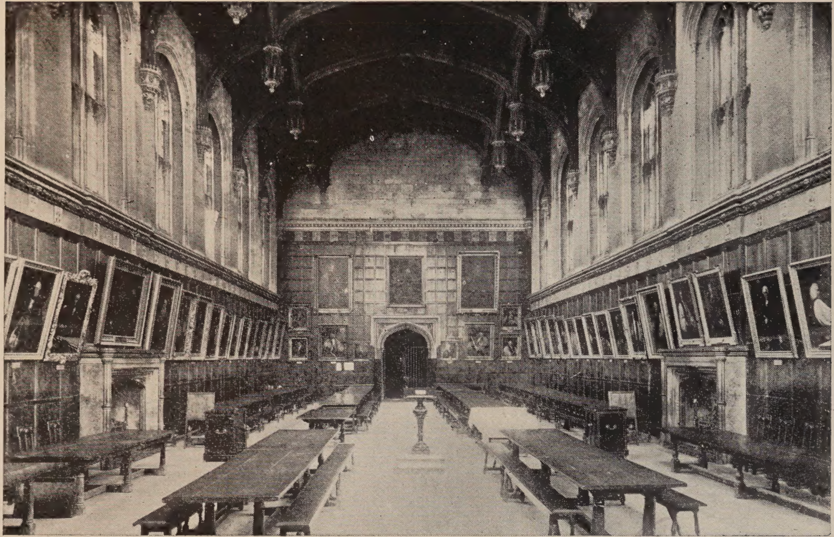
have been members of Corpus, which has always had a high repute for learning; and Keble took a "double-first" here, before becoming a fellow at Oriel. Besides Keble nearly all the great names intimately connected with the Tractarian Movement are associated with Oriel, — Newman, Pusey, Wilberforce, Whateley, Church, Thomas Arnold, and Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown," besides Bishop Butler and Sir Walter Raleigh.

We must go on to St. Aldate's Street, whence we first set out on this long circuit, to close it with the survey of Christ Church, the largest college of all, and perhaps the finest academic and religious foundation in Europe, whose west front faces on that street, surmounted by the great Tom Tower. Its title is *Ædes Christi* (Christ Church, not Christ Church College), and it passes among its members as the "House," which Wolsey founded but did not live to complete. He began Tom Gate, and his statue is over it; but Wren added the belfry for Great Tom more than a hundred years later. The quadrangle, Tom Quad, into which it admits, is the largest in Oxford; and every night, at five minutes past nine, the gates close on luckless undergraduates (student is the term applied to *fellows* here) who outstay the warning curfew of one hundred and one strokes of Tom's great clapper, — the number on the foundation. To the right as you enter are Pusey's rooms, and to the left Liddon's window is pointed out. In Peckwater Quadrangle is the library, with a statue of John Locke, perhaps the greatest of Christ Church worthies; and Canterbury Quad commemorates an earlier college, which Sir Thomas More attended.

We lost no time in seeking out the interior of the Hall, whose splendid fan-vaulted entrance lies before a broad stairway at the southeast of the great quadrangle. Of all the mediæval halls in Britain only Westminster surpasses this. Its lofty roof of Irish oak, carved with armorial bearings and quaint lantern bosses, has sheltered banquets to Henry VIII., and dramas before Elizabeth and her two immediate successors; and here the failing cause of Charles I. rallied around him the loyal members of his Parliament. Brilliant light falls across its dais from the fine southern oriel window, where Wolsey, Erasmus, and Sir Thomas More are grouped side by side; and



THE HALL OF CHRIST CHURCH.

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Holbein's portrait of burly King Hal has the place of honor at its centre. Noble old fireplaces make caverns in the walls, whose broad spaces are covered with a superb array of portraits of the great of Christ Church. Holbein, Lely, Hogarth, Gainsborough, Kneller, Reynolds, Van Dyke, Millais, Herkomer, and Richmond contend for the mastery, and in much of their work nature could scarce outdo the life. Certainly nothing could be finer than the impressive lineaments of Gladstone, Liddon, and Pusey, which the three painters last named have here depicted for the delight and encouragement of the youth of Britain who come to sit around the crowded tables of this glorious hall. On one of these tables John Locke's name is scribbled by himself. The names I have cited scarce need a supplement, but Ben Jonson, the Wesleys, Sir Philip Sidney, Wellington, Peel, and Ruskin may be added to them. We could not leave this venerable building of the great Cardinal without seeing its oldest part, — the great kitchen, little changed since his day, where provisions are daily prepared for hundreds of undergraduates in antique style, with Gargantuan ovens, and a most curious relic of the cookery of the past in shape of a monster gridiron turned about on wheels. Why could we not have timed our visit when all is bustle and confusion here, with savory joints and steaming loaves and foaming mugs on every hand, while scullion waits on cook, and cook on butler, till the appetite of the hungry and vivacious young gentlemen above is appeased and quiet reigns again!

Our last day in Oxford and our last Sunday in the Old World had come, and we were at no loss how to spend it, for the cathedral had not yet been seen. One might easily lose it among the collegiate buildings which so hem it in, for it is the smallest cathedral in England, if not in Europe, and a curious and quite unique combination of bishop's church and college chapel. Its main fabric was completed to furnish a fitting shrine for Saint Frideswide not very long after the Conquest; but it has been renewed and altered and enriched again and again. The priory which the saint founded was transferred by the king to Wolsey, and again resumed by him after Wolsey's attainder. Henry had just created at Osney Abbey near by the new see of Oxford, but soon removed it here; and, although there is of course a Bishop of Oxford (to-day a very learned one), the dean and canons are those of Christ Church. The latter are always in residence, but the bishop seldom, as he lives among the books of his great library at Cuddesden Palace, some eight miles away. The cathedral's style is Transitional, between Late Norman and Early English, which is peculiarly apparent in the low spire, said to be the oldest existing in England. Wolsey had time to tear down most of the nave (which is still small, though restored with double arches and heavy piers) to make room for his great college quadrangle; but he atoned for it by the fine groined vault of its choir, which he erected. The unfortunate lowering of the roof is apparent on the exterior against the spire.

The western entrance is beneath the cloisters and almost hidden. The beautiful colors and composition of Burne-Jones and Morris abound in its windows. Let us hope they may never fare like that in St. Lucy's Chapel in the south aisle, which once contained the verisimilitude of Saint Thomas of Canterbury's head that the too-swift sword of a Puritan soldier obliterated. The same aisle has a bust of Leopold, the Duke of Albany; perhaps because this is the college of his brother, the present Prince of

Wales. An inscribed slab in the pavement of the nave covers the grave of Doctor Pusey; and his great disciple Liddon reared the splendid carved and gilded reredos which rises between the two small Norman windows that, side by side, curiously form the only glass at the eastern end. Two other great names are commemorated here, — the great Bishop Wilberforce, by the profusely-carved episcopal throne, and Bishop Berkeley, the forecast of whose muse it was that "westward the course of empire takes its way," by his tomb in the nave. The lady-chapel and the Latin chapel (where college prayers in that language are daily read) adjoin on the north, and here is the reputed shrine of Saint Frideswide, with a tablet to Robert Burton near by, bearing an inscription by himself. The Early English chapter-house is at the south, and entered from the cloisters by a beautiful Norman doorway. Amid such surroundings the reverent service could scarce fail to be impressive, even to an indifferent soul. The presence in the congregation of a scholar's gown here and there gave hint of what it may resemble when term-time fills the no longer somewhat empty spaces.

And how those lovely spaces of greenery and rippling water outside would have echoed with student's talk and laughter, had our afternoon walk in Christ Church Meadow been later in the season! "Show Sunday" in Commemoration Week, which used to give over Broad Walk to a promiscuous promenade, is now abolished; but the nobly-arched elms of this and of New Walk draw one irresistibly forward to make the wide circuit that leads to the banks of the Isis, and along its fascinating stretch and that of the humbler Cherwell. The flat-bottomed "torpid" of Mr. Verdant Green may limit its essay to the latter; but, moored to the Oxfordshire shore of the larger stream, we found a half mile's length of splendid and splendidly furnished covered barges, owned by the rival rowing clubs of the various colleges, which speak of more difficult ventures. The silent presence here of these elegant floating club-houses strongly attests the constant interest of the great university in semi-aquatic life, even on so tiny a stream as this. As at Cambridge, the strife is for the "head of the river," to be won by the eight-oared crew that successfully "bumps" its fifty antagonists in turn. Beyond the old southern gate of the city once stood a tower used by Friar Bacon as an observatory. It was demolished long ago, and Folly Bridge, at the foot of St. Aldate's Street, now takes its place. Here the college races begin, sweeping past the University Boat-house on the right (or Berkshire) bank, and so down the river towards Iffley. The reward of prowess is an evening procession of boats with their crews in vivid uniforms, who here pass in order the winning eight, and salute by the difficult feat of tossing their oars in air.

We had sought in vain for Banbury cakes at our hotel, as well as at the restaurant of one Boffin, who here "drops into" cookery rather than poetry. It seemed odd not to find them here, since Banbury (cross and all) is only a score of miles away, near Sulgrave, the ancestral home of the family of George Washington. But cakes were not the only deficiency in our bill of fare. We had been sent to the Mitre, as the ancestral inn of Oxford, and so it proved. Its proprietors claim for it an age varying anywhere from four to six hundred years, apparently according to the taste and fancy of the moment. Either number will answer every purpose, and is tolerably well borne out by its rambling passages, where one meets inequalities in the floors, and odd steps up and down, that made us think we were aboard ship. Our rooms were like a bit out of Kate Greenaway. The ancient washbowl (there was indeed a pair of them) was more like a bath-tub; and we surnamed it the Oxford Vase, for it measured twenty-two inches across its top, and was nine inches deep! Flowers abounded, and glimpses of quaint corners revealed themselves at every turn. But one cannot exactly satisfy an American culinary taste with flowers, or the picturesque respectability of age, nor yet with constant bread and beef *et preterea nihil* (except at dinner); nor were matters improved when the long-extended bill appeared. Whether or not it was the constant divergence of English table standards from our own which at last, like a galling harness, became unbearable and awoke a protest, we utilized our first stopping-place beyond Oxford to relieve our feelings by composing doggerel, of which the following is a stanza that ought to put us to shame —

"We 've had baked potatoes and chops,
And bread and butter and tea;
They 've drowned us with English slops
Till we 're poor as poor can be.

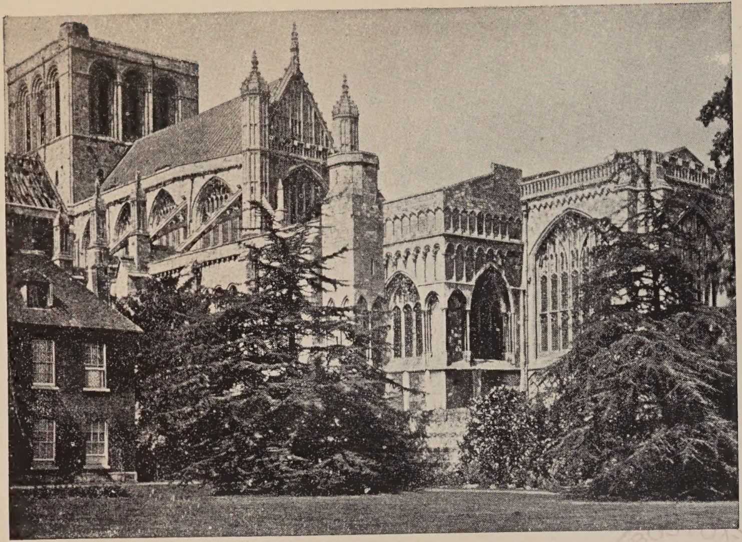
For we 've just come from the Mitre,
Where the managers are tighter
  Than the man that" — (but I refrain).

Sunday trains are rare in England, — more so than on the Continent. We achieved one, however, and sped away southward toward Southampton, for our quest was well nigh over, and our vessel waited for us. The ideal way to leave Oxford is by boat to Windsor, between which towns there are seventy miles, over thirty locks, and plenty of good lodgings, besides luxurious house-boats, which Hawthorne described as "life without the trouble of living." The great international July regatta is held at Henley, half way down, where the fashionable world for a time makes life a gorgeous water pageant. And near there is the Red Lion Inn, on whose window Shenstone scratched his famous line, asserting that "he still has found the warmest welcome at an inn." Just below Henley is Great Marlow, where the Duke of Westminster's famous seat of Clieveden is now the possession of our expatriated countryman, Waldorf Astor. Quite near him once lived the jolly Vicar of Bray, who in troublous times thrice changed his creed, and did not hesitate to avow it. And in the neighborhood is Beaconsfield, whose earldom Burke declined and Disraeli accepted, and where both are buried. We went on by rail to Reading, where the Great Western Hotel made us happy. Why should it not, when Huntley and Palmer make their famous biscuits there? The old Benedictine abbey, now in ruins, but once very wealthy, covers the grave of its founder, Henry I., and was the seat of several early Parliaments, which were then more peripatetic than even our own Congress was once wont to be. Not far from Basingstoke Junction lies Strathfieldsaye, Wellington's home, and Eversley, where Charles Kingsley spent more than half his life ministering to a rural congregation. The Bishop of Winchester lives at Farnham Castle, close by the great military camp at Aldershot, and only a mile or so from Moor Park, where Swift courted Stella, when he was secretary to Sir William Temple; and the stately episcopal residence has been the home of bishops since centuries before Domesday Book. But the see city itself, whither we were bound, lies twenty-five miles farther on; and the evening lights were twinkling in the valley as we reached time-honored Winchester.

IX

WINCHESTER—SALISBURY

WITH the escort of two bright boys who carried our hand-luggage, we made our way down the hill from the station to the Black Swan Hotel, and then, though it was near bed-time, strolled down the High Street to the cathedral. The entrance to the close is by a narrow passage, easy to be missed even by day, round a picturesque corner at which stands the rich City Cross, an erection of the fifteenth century. There was no light but the stars as we almost groped our way about the huge minster's bulk that loomed out of the darkness, a portentous reminder of an age-long history. The elm-lined walk, long only in name, approaches the west front diagonally, in much the same manner as at Holy Trinity, Stratford, and graves surround it here as there. One cannot pass around the eastern and southern sides, as the deanery and other cathedral buildings crowd upon



THE FANE OF BRITAIN'S EARLIEST CAPITAL.

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them. Some of the Norman arches of the former chapter-house still remain, but the house itself and the cloisters at the south have been gone since the Reformation. Green turf and noble trees take their place and embower, so far as they can, the great gray walls of the nave, which stretch back in a long, low, heavily-buttressed pile, with a double tier of windows, but without a western tower. The gabled façade is scarcely more emphasized than a transept end, having only pinnacles surmounting its corner buttresses; but it has a spacious portal, as well it should have to befit its wonderful history. Winchester is the one ancient cathedral of England that has neither spire nor tower; nothing but a short, square, unfinished lantern, — a surprising fact when we recall the race of builders who here ambitiously spent their substance for centuries. In its own construction, and still more in its effect upon the landscape, what greater contrast could there be than between this and Lincoln: there, a towering thrice-piled mass set on a noble hill, and seen for a score of miles; here, long, low roofs scarce relieved from monotony, in a grassy valley surrounded by hills that soon shut them from view.

Yet here and not there was England's first capital, — the capital, too, of Saxon and Danish kings as well as of the Norman Conqueror and many of his successors. Royal Winchester! Royal long before the supremacy of London itself was recognized, its beginnings hidden in the misty legends of King Arthur himself! Celts founded it and called it Caer Gwent (white castle) long before the Romans invaded their country. Saxons corrupted the name to Winte-ceaster, and it became the centre of their kingdom of Wessex. Oswald came down from Northumbria, and united with Birinus, who was sent from Rome, in the conversion of these fierce tribes to Christianity. Then Egbert was crowned and had his seat here, who had wider vision than even of the Saxon Heptarchy, and gave to England its very name, ordering that its inhabitants should henceforth be called Englishmen. Then came good Alfred the Great, the noblest of them all; and here he took the crown and lived and died, and is buried in Hyde Abbey in Jewry Street, once a range of buildings called the "new minster," where now the cathedral churchyard stands. And the first year of the twentieth century will witness the commemoration here of his millenial anniversary. The see of a bishop was removed here in the reign of the famous King Ina of Glastonbury, not far distant. To Winchester too came the great Norseman, Canute the Dane. Crowned in St. Paul's, London, he set up his kingdom here, and here he lay in state. In disgust at the fulsome adulation of his courtiers at Southampton, who set his throne upon the sea sands in impotent defiance of the advancing tide, he hung up his own golden crown for many a long day over the figure of Christ upon the rood-screen, confessing Him the true and only Potentate. Queen Emma reigned with him; and afterward her son by a later marriage, Edward the Confessor, came here to be crowned as well. Would that he had not coupled his name at Winchester with the infamy of forcing his innocent mother to walk over hot ploughshares in this nave, to disprove a foul and baseless charge against her honor! And on a hill beyond the town perished Waltheof, the last English earl, slain by William of Normandy.

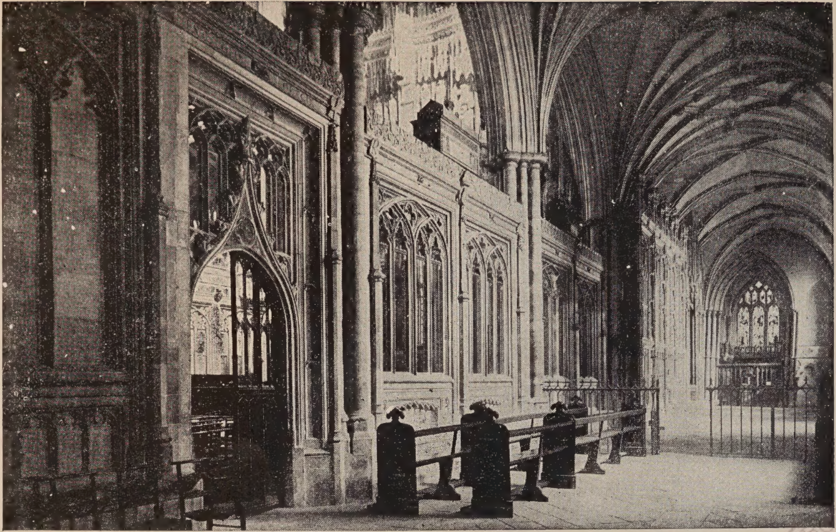
Had Winchester's history stopped here, still what a record to swell the just pride of one little English city! Enough has already been said to establish for this spot as early and high a pre-eminence, politically considered, as is that of Canterbury ecclesiastically. And its prestige was much longer to continue. The Conqueror came, and received the crown of England at Winchester as well as Westminster; and his favorite English home was at the castle, now in ruins. Here Domesday Book was brought to him when completed, called afterwards the Book of Winton, from this fact. The curfew rings to-night in Winchester, and has rung, I suppose, every night for eight hundred years, being first rung here by William's command. The Saxon king-maker, Earl Godwin, sickened and died and was buried here, as well as the imprisoned Stigand, who was Bishop of Winchester as well as Primate. In a rude country cart in these streets lay the bloody corpse of the Conqueror's hated son Rufus, shot by an arrow in the New Forest, and brought here for dishonored burial without religious rites. Henry I. married Matilda, and was crowned in this cathedral, and so were Stephen and Richard the Lion-heart. King John came here to make his peace with the Church through Stephen Langton, the great archbishop. And here lived Henry of Blois, the Pope's legate and consecrator of Thomas à Becket, who built the Hospital of St. Cross, which we are soon to see. Is this lengthening roll needed to establish Winchester's proud claim? We are coming to the period of her decadence, it is true, but there are names enough to follow to make good her right to be still borne ecclesiastically next after Canterbury and London on the roll of the greater province. Henry III. continued to make Winchester, to some extent, a royal home; and the great Edward I. came here at times, when he could refrain long enough from fighting the Scots. Bishop William of Wykeham united Henry IV. before its altar to Joan of Navarre; and to this same city Henry VIII. welcomed his great rival Charles V. of Germany. Not now to go beyond the Reformation for historical memoranda, it is indisputable that at Winchester have been more great meetings than elsewhere in England outside of London; and no English church, save Westminster and St. Paul's, numbers so many great dead within its vaults.

But when the Confessor's bones were laid in his own abbey, the sceptre had begun to depart from this royal city; and when those of Henry III. were laid beside them, it had gone. Still rivalling London in commercial importance for a time (how impossible it is to realize it now!), kings came less frequently and remained for shorter periods as the future capital took on larger proportions, and as the Black Death made such ravages in this valley. Cœur de Lion's coronation was the last at Winchester; and soon the Palace of Westminster and the great Abbey there furnished dwelling and sepulture for England's kings. Once there were near a hundred churches in Winchester, — to-day perhaps a tenth as many. But the glorious Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul is there yet, and apparently will so remain for all time.

A Saxon church preceded it by centuries; but here, as so generally elsewhere, the church-building Norman reared a greater one, called the work of Bishop Walkelin, whose choir, transepts, and central tower were finished in 1093 A. D. It was beneath this tower that William Rufus was buried, but not to remain long in peace. Too daring builders had provoked the same fate here which befell also at Lincoln and Ely, and which threatened at Peterborough; and ere long the tower came crashing down by its own weight and buried the Red King deeper than ever. His tomb is still in the same spot, — a plain, low, unlettered structure before the lectern in the choir, without emblem or effigy, — too good a place for him, I fear. King John, another infamous wretch, lies (the only other instance) in a similar position in Worcester Cathedral; but his recumbent effigy surmounts his tomb, — the earliest instance in the case of royalty, I think. What was built by Walkelyn was, of course, Norman work; and the mighty arcaded and pillared transepts, unlike the Norman nave, remain. In the southern one is (rather incongruously) placed Scott's fine canopied Gothic tomb to Bishop Wilberforce. A part of this transept serves for a chapter-house, and the northern one contains the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre.

That the cathedral was once monastic is shown by the ritual choir, which projects, as at Westminster and Canterbury, completely under the lantern and across the transepts, and, indeed, with its western approaches, occupies yet two bays farther of the nave. We have come down to the time of a great master-builder, — a builder, too, of intellectual and spiritual, as well as of material foundations, — the illustrious ecclesiastic and statesman, William of Wykeham. Early English details abound in the eastern part of the choir; but the major part of the splendidly proportioned nave, as indeed of other divisions, is Perpendicular, which style Wykeham introduced in its rebuilding, as he did so profusely in his college buildings at Oxford. There is but a small amount of Decorated work to be seen except in the choir. The piers which now support the central tower are phenomenally huge, and one cannot conceive of another catastrophe here. The vast nave is not so bare as at Canterbury, and, with its splendid groining, is architecturally more perfect. But one must not forget the wealth of color which once made them both radiant, now, alas! gone forever. A quaint Cantoria, or singing gallery, is erected at the northwest corner; and in a bay midway of the nave's length is the wonderful old twelfth-century font of sculptured black marble, recounting the miracles of Saint Nicholas. How odd it seems to come at this point upon a brass mural tablet to good Jane Austen, the modern novelist, a native of Hampshire, who also has a window to her memory in the lady-chapel. Her name and Izaak Walton's are worthy ones wherewith to sustain the non-political fame of Winchester. Izaak left a fragrant and imperishable memory, not only in this spot, but wherever literature is read or nature loved. He fished the river Itchen, which waters this valley, to some purpose, and still has a well-recognized local successor. In the fulness of great age he was peacefully buried in Prior Silkstede's Chapel off the south transept, where a flat slab in the pavement, from which a rug was carefully removed to show it to us, quaintly recounts his many virtues. He should have been buried out of doors, like Saint Swithin.

The tomb of William of Wykeham is the fine chantry which the good bishop himself erected, between two bays of the nave where he was wont to pray; but though his alabaster effigy has been happily spared, yet, as with Wren at St. Paul's, his monument lies rather all around him. The low, oaken choir-screen is modern and admits to a choir and higher presbytery beyond of great dignity and intense interest. The heavily-carved oaken stalls, black with age, with their odd miserere-stools, are Early Decorated and of great beauty, — the oldest in England except at Exeter. The eye is at once attracted by six great gabled wooden coffers, richly colored, three on each side. They are ranged on the summit of Bishop Fox's lofty stone screen in Perpendicular work, with its cinque-cento, or Renaissance, frieze, that encloses the presbytery at the sides and extends east to the reredos. These are mortuary, or reliquary, chests, containing the bones of Saxon kings and bishops. Time and fate have dealt hardly with their contents. The names of Egbert, Alfred, Canute and his wife Emma and son Hardicanute, and of William Rufus have been found upon them, and doubtless authentically; but how the fragments that remain within are to be assorted and assigned, and what are missing, are questions that must be left unanswered until the Judgment Day. There were plenty of political fluctuations here before the spoliations of Edward VI.'s day and of the great Rebellion. But after a Cromwellian populace had stormed the cathedral, and amused itself after its fashion by breaking open these caskets, and pelting the stained glass windows with the bones, identification became a lost art!



A PEEP AT REREDOS AND RELIQUARIES, FROM THE SOUTH AISLE.

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Magnificently lofty and rich, reaching to the clerestory itself, is the Perpendicular stone reredos, filled with tabernacle work, completely restored, and having for an altar-piece beneath the great white cross (if it be not now removed, as contemplated) Benjamin West's painting of "The Raising of Lazarus." The mediocre American painter's work is hardly equal to its mighty surroundings. The "Holy Hole," as it is called, is scarcely a dignified term for the former depository of relics in a space behind the altar, at the ends of which rise two more of the oratory tombs for which Winchester is justly famous. One is Bishop Fox's, the godfather of Henry VIII., and author of the "Book of Martyrs," whose illustrations have exercised so potent a fascination over many a child. The other is Gardiner's, who solemnized the ill-omened marriage of Bloody Mary to swarthy Philip of Spain in the lady-chapel beyond. Ere the work was completed here, the Renaissance had dawned, and its architectural details began to debase the Gothic with which they mingle. Next these chantries lie ghastly carven figures of mortality, skeleton emblems of corruption so morbidly common at the close of the Middle Ages. The main structure eastward is Early English; and in it stand the chantries of the evil Cardinal Beaufort, and of Bishop Waynflete, who built Magdalen College at Oxford, as Wykeham built New College, and Fox built Corpus Christi. Flaxman's work, and Chantrey's, are considerably in evidence in the cathedral, the latter having a kneeling figure of Bishop North in the lady-chapel.

Great bishops have adorned the see of Winchester, greatest of whom perhaps was Lancelot Andrewes, the blameless prelate of the Stuarts, and president of the translators of King James's Bible. His special memorial is at St. Saviour's, Southwark; for, until long after his day, his great diocese extended to the south bank of the Thames in London itself. The Stuart kings were fond of Winchester, and visited it often. Charles II. had a palace here, and brought Nell Gwynne to it; but good old Bishop Ken, then the king's chaplain, refused her admission beneath his roof, thereby, strange to say, winning greater favor with the Merry Monarch, who afterward appointed him on that very account Bishop of Bath and Wells. One of the first of modern bishops, Wilberforce, "renewer of the episcopate," as he has been called, filled the see for four years after leaving Oxford, and until his death. The present bishop, Randall Davidson, has but lately been enthroned, and is said to be a prime favorite with Her Majesty. I have only alluded to Winchester's patron-saint, Saint Swithin (a corruption of Suetonius), the tutor of King Alfred, whose shrine lies between the Beaufort and Waynflete chapels. He ought to be identified with the clerk of the weather; and his contumacy in producing forty days of rain, rather than have his body brought under cover from the greensward outside, is quite the most remarkable instance on record of "not going in when it rains"! As one stands at the end of the south aisle, and looks down the unobstructed and richly varied vista to the far western door, the longest cathedral stretch in Britain, it seems as interminable as the record of Winchester's tumultuous history. From here our agreeable guide took us to the western crypt, lately excavated, and there, amid the Early Norman foundations, we looked down into the depths, in which water still stands, of a little stone-lined well which Romans dug before the great cathedral had a being!

Passing out of the green close, through

ivied arches of stone at the south, we soon came, by delightfully devious windings, to St. Mary's College, better known as Winchester School. "Manners makyth man" may well be inscribed over its escutcheon, for Wykeham founded here, in connection then as now with New College, Oxford, one of England's greatest public schools. New buildings are growing among the old; but the latter remain most picturesquely venerable, — chapel, dining-hall, kitchen, and cloisters, as they have always been; the latter with Bishop Ken's autograph, "T. Ken," scratched in the stone, with the other boys. There are few better school-boy conceits than that which has for centuries named the quarters for washing and shoe-cleansing, respectively, Moab and Edom, from the apposite allusions to these heathen nations in the sixtieth Psalm!

We should never have forgiven ourselves if we had not gone out, a mile away from here, to the antique Hospital of St. Cross, passing on the way the walled ruins of the ancient episcopal palace of Wolvesey. Here, since the time of its founder, Henry of Blois, — King Stephen's brother, — nearly eight hundred years ago, thirteen poor and worthy men have been maintained when they could no longer support themselves. Partial aid is given to others also who once knew better days; and the plain and homelike range of buildings that lines its quadrangle testifies to a long and blessed charity. Cardinal Beaufort's benefactions have added to its title, "The Almshouse of Noble Poverty." One of the brethren, with his silver cross worn over his black gown, proudly escorted us about, — to the noble Transition church where the development of Early English from Norman arches is so apparent, surrounded by the partially-restored polychrome, which throws such light on mediæval architecture, and where is a very curious (possibly unique) triple external arch at a corner, quite unexplained; to the stone kitchen, with its antique domestic implements and enormous turnspit set in a fireplace wherein an ox might still be roasted whole; to the Hundred Menne's Hall, where minstrels used to sing and harpists play at meal-time; and to the lodge at the arched gateway, where a rather forlorn-looking portress gave us each a cup of somewhat feeble ale and a small square of bread, — the survival (and perhaps the only one) of the "wayfarer's dole," one of the fine old customs incident to the hospitality of days of yore.

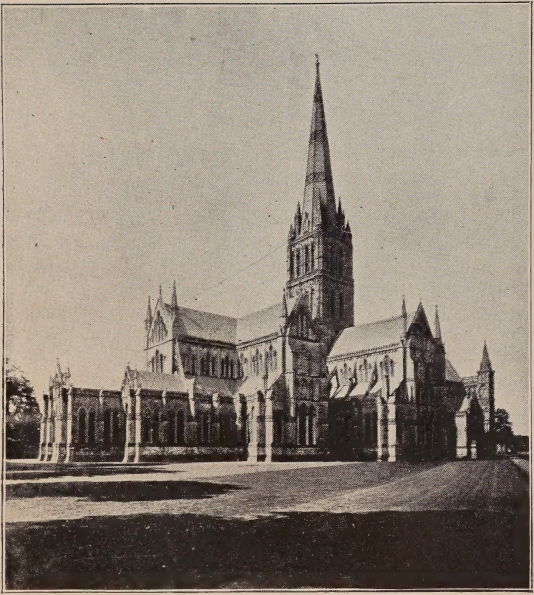
We had to forego a drive to Hursley, the home of Keble, who rebuilt the parish church with the profits of the "Christian Year." It is a lovely spot, and is hallowed by the poet's grave. Many of the Cromwell family are buried here, as it was also Richard Cromwell's home. The ride to Salisbury is short, and there is little of historic interest to be seen from the car-windows except the Norman abbey at Romsey, near Broadlands, once the country-house of Lord Palmerston. The approach to Salisbury is most effectively made from the north. At three miles in this direction one is near the site of Fonthill Abbey, and the regal mansion built by Beckford — the almost forgotten author of "Vathek" — in which to live in absolute retirement, but which no longer stands as he left it. A few miles farther on is the mysterious Giant's Circle of Stonehenge, or the hanging stones, whose enormous weight has been superimposed, the one on the other, from times that seem prehistoric, but perhaps are not as ancient as they seem. The problem of their erection is as unsolved as their purpose, which is generally conceived of as a sanctuary for the religion of the Druids. At Amesbury in the neighborhood, Gay wrote the "Beggar's Opera." Glastonbury Abbey is not so far away that, even in its ruin, the influences that immemorially radiated from the hoary shrine of Joseph of Arimathea are not felt hereabouts. Southward from here stretches the wide, open plateau on which many a shepherd of Salisbury Plain besides him of whom Hannah More wrote has tended his flock.

A mile or so before reaching Salisbury, we left the carriage, in which we had been driving over some of the still perfect Roman roads, which radiate in every direction, to ascend a vast mound of earthwork rising strangely like a truncated pyramid out of the level country. There was a powerful stirring of the emotions, similar yet not quite like to those awakened in the amphitheatre at Verona. There, in the sunny south, in the midst of a city's bustle, stands the huge, empty stone enclosure, abandoned for centuries on centuries, though once crowded with the excitement and passion of the throng. Here, at the north, was once an entire English city complete in itself, — houses, people, castle, even cathedral, surrounded and fortified by great concentric entrenchments, which earlier formed the fortifications of a camp of the Roman invader, the strongest and largest in the Kingdom of Britain, visited by Vespasian, and even by Julius Cæsar himself, and which earlier still the same Druids may have inhabited who built Stonehenge yonder. We read in Holy Writ of such destruction that "there shall not remain one stone upon another." Here is a literal verification of such an occurrence, as startlingly true as it was of Jerusalem itself. We are standing where once Old Sarum (the Roman Sorbiodunum) stood, and I know not another civilized spot like it. It is not the less startling, rather the more so, that the evacuation and demolition were peaceful in character. A Norman castle had succeeded to the Roman stronghold and the Saxon fortress; and this was a royal residence of the Conqueror when he came hither, surrounded by all the estates of the realm, to meet the Witenagemot, or Saxon Parliament. The cathedral stood for the better part of two centuries; but it would be hard to-day to find enough of its stones above ground to build an altar. So long as defence was needed, the old city, set on a hill, remained; but municipal dissensions broke out, room and water were scarce, the hill was windy, and the valley below attractive. Little by little the remove was made, — first, the cathedral and its adjuncts, and then the domestic buildings, one after another. The experience is all but unique in the world's history.

In the reign of Henry III., during the thirteenth century, Old Sarum was abandoned and became a spoil. To-day the earth has covered it as completely as if it had never been. Part is a ploughed field, but green grass covers most of it, and there is absolutely nothing in the landscape to distinguish it as having once been inhabited, save the mounded character which its former earthworks still give to the conical hill. Yet, strange to say, representatives were sent to Parliament from this uninhabited and so-called "rotten" borough of Old Sarum as lately as within seventy years. The river Avon (another than the one we know) flows past it; and, singularly enough, on it is built another and a smaller Stratford, which the elder Pitt represented, and where he lived a century and a half ago. Who could wonder at the change of the city to the present site, and who fail to admire the vision of it? Amid gentle undulations the fields all about "stand dressed in living green," and out of the newer city's clustered buildings rises the fair grace of its cathedral, with its matchless spire, that ascends nearer the heavens than any other in the British Isles. We had, indeed, seen spires on only two cathedrals, Oxford and Edinburgh; but what are they to this soaring wonder that, like an Alpine peak, seems to rise higher against the quiet horizon of Wiltshire as we recede? And what is true of its spire, is true of the Cathedral of St. Mary as a whole. Well might the great architect Pugin say of it, that in all England he had seen nothing like this. Well was it to name it in honor of a woman; for the tender simplicity of its feminine grace is its crowning attribute; and it has well been called "the very type and picture of the Church of the Prince of Peace." Yet at no sacrifice of strenuousness or suspicion of weakness, for the severity of its chaste and pure reserve are as apparent as its perfection of form.

Salisbury has led a quiet and comparatively uneventful career, through all the years since this cathedral grew. And it grew almost in a night, though not with a mushroom's growth. Its neighbor, Winchester, has buffeted with storm and stress; and, like Canterbury, bears the evident marks of disaster and change, of development and adaptation, of early architectural forms finding their fruitage in later ones, even to decadence. Salisbury is the one cathedral, perhaps in all the world, that presents a perfect type of a single concrete idea, — built by Englishmen for Englishmen, in the purest and most perfect of English styles, almost without suggestion of a foreign influence, and so swiftly as to preserve its harmony intact. Less than forty years saw its completion "from turret to foundation stone," save the spire above its first stage; and this was soon added to the Lancet-pointed structure below, in a Decorated manner as English as itself, and in as complete accord. Apart from the witchery of varied association, and the contrariety of fortune which add such charm to other fanes, it is, as a building, the perfect model in its race of giant brothers and sisters, and well deserves the appellation which has been bestowed upon it of the "Gothic Parthenon."

By division and subdivision of the great diocese of Winchester, that of Salisbury (or rather Sarum) was formed a good while before the Conquest. Before the ancient hill was forsaken, Bishop Osmund, the founder of the see, set forth the "Ordinal of Offices for the Use of Sarum," which soon became the standard of ritual and liturgical use for the greater part of England, and which centuries after was taken as the basis of the Book of Common Prayer. The religious history of Salisbury has been almost as peaceful as elsewhere it has been uneven, and its ecclesiastical roll of worthies is as unmarked by names of the first order as Winchester's, for instance, is studded with them. The city is small, and has not much in itself to attract. There is a statue of Henry Fawcett in the market-place; and Addison, Fielding, and Massinger were, if not natives like him, at least residents here. And one could hardly choose a more appropriate spot in which to publish "The Vicar of Wakefield" than here, whence it first issued from the press. We spent our last day and night in England at the Angel Inn, and the cathedral bells were ringing for service as we drew near the close. It is bounded by a low wall, or rather a high coping, and the stones which compose the wall often bear Norman markings upon them



THE QUEEN OF MINSTERS.

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ON
BLIC

which betray that they were brought from the pile of ruins on the northern hill, most of which has, at one time or another, found its way hither. The close itself is matchless both in extent and beauty. Lofty and magnificent trees and a greensward like tapestry, spread widely and unimpeded on every hand, bounded by the low, vine-clad Elizabethan houses of the canons, and approached through ancient arches which seclude it in its own confines; and in the centre, freely viewed from every side, sits the lovely minster, like a queen upon her throne. A scaffolding about the base of the spire (it is common enough to find such erections about a cathedral's spaces) reminded us of the deflection of some feet from the perpendicular long noted here, which, however, has not increased for scores of years. It is inappreciable to the ordinary view, and is probably chargeable to the character of the soil, which here is low; the spire springing from the junction, and not having formed a part of the original design.

The form of the cathedral is not only cruciform, but, like Lincoln and Canterbury, is that of an archiepiscopal cross with two sets of arms, the upper or eastern ones being shorter than the others. Lichens have stained and subdued it uniformly to nature's pearl-gray color, and color and form are here truly wedded. The regularity of its steep-pitched, narrow, and pinnacled spaces is relieved by a multiplicity of windows, — as many, it is said, as there are days in the year. Of exterior decoration, except at the west, there is no attempt; but none is needed, for here the composition of part with part, the relation of buttress to recess, of light to shade, is so perfect as to leave nothing to be desired in securing richness of effect, though without undue emphasis. Consecration crosses are found upon the walls without and within, — a relic of quaint ceremonies when the church was gone about in solemn procession. Though Salisbury was never monastic, the most exquisitely-beautiful cloisters at the south, whose mullion-spaces were once filled with glass, enclose a garth in which grow great cedar-trees in fine preservation, the whole so lovely as once to have been called Paradise. The west façade (the portion latest built) is a screen and has a screen's defects. It does not fit the church behind it as it should, and its simulated windows had better have been arcaded spaces as at Lincoln. Once filled with sculpture in its profusion of niches, the iconoclast has been here and destroyed them, as he did much of the glass elsewhere, and their modern restoration has not always been happy. The color which once invested it with beauty, and which has left the name of the Blue Door here, shows many traces still, in spite of the arch-despoiler Wyatt, who did what he could to ruin it. The fact probably is that, like Canterbury, it was seldom used as the true entrance; and this is confirmed by the magnitude and beauty of the great projecting north porch, where with others we entered in. Once this northern side was graced by a campanile, destroyed in the last century.

The choir stops at the transepts; and the worshipping congregation were all seated in the nave, before the lovely, open, metal, cross-surmounted rood-screen. It is usual to speak of this nave as somewhat cold and thin. The religious light is not here dim, I confess — and if so, thank Wyatt for it on the one hand, and Puritans on the other. But so noble are the proportions, so beautiful the lofty, shaft-surrounded marble columns, and so superb the long vista, that we scarcely felt it. It was not always so either, for when Salisbury was built the King's daughter was all glorious with color within, — polychrome everywhere, even tinted alabaster — so little do we to-day realize what was mediæval worship in stone! And the color is returning under modern treatment, though the arabesques are not perhaps as brilliant in vermilion as when first they were put on. All along the sides, and in the central longitudinal bays, joining the columns, runs a low plinth which may once have been used for seats. On this are ranged many tombs, some of them nearly-forgotten Bishops of Old Sarum, and among them the first Earl of Salisbury, William Longespée, whom Fair Rosamond bore to Henry II., and who founded this cathedral; and his son and successor of the same name, who died, as the crossed legs of his mail-clad effigy show, in fighting for the Holy Sepulchre. Near the north porch is the tomb which, for want of more knowledge, has been poetically called that of a Boy Bishop, it being small enough to be so construed. The custom which once prevailed, that a choir-boy, elected by his mates on St. Nicholas's Day, should preside over them for three weeks till Holy Innocents' Day, has given rise to the tradition that this is the grave of one who died while thus in office. It can hardly be proved, and it seems more rational that it is rather the lost shrine of Saint Osmund himself, canonized with high ceremonies in 1457, — Salisbury's virtual patron-saint, of whose last resting-place there is no other trace. I believe a better adaptation of the legend still obtains in the bishop's choice of a chorister, called the Bishop's Boy, who rings a warning-bell in the transept as the diocesan approaches for a service. It is said that a hundred and fifty bishops and nobles are buried in the cathedral, — among the former being Harold Browne, the learned and recently-deceased Bishop of Winchester.

Chantries of bishops are at either side of the lovely choir, and the choir-aisles lead to eastern transepts, before the northern of which is a very beautiful screen. The carving in the choir represents angels with instruments, in the act of rendering the perfect harmony of worship. In every part of the cathedral the construction is undeviatingly square, even to the less lofty lady-chapel which lies behind the choir. Exquisite glimpses are had over the reredos of its almost Spanish arches (so light and graceful is the multifarious interlacing column-tracery), behind which the sharp Lancet forms of the eastern end are peculiarly emphasized. Doubtless the altar was originally canopied and surrounded by all the rich accessories which the Use of Sarum demanded. Peculiarly beautiful and appropriate are the symbolic modern windows in the retro-choir at the south, which commemorate the members of a noble family who have been great benefactors of the cathedral, — the Nevilles, if my memory serves me. In the lady-chapel is the tomb of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, the poet-sister of Sir Philip Sidney, to whom he wrote the "Arcadia" when in retirement at Wilton close by. On it are carved the words of Ben Jonson's famous epitaph: —

. . . .

"Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

The octagonal chapter-house is entered from the cloisters, and is of like character with them, save that grotesquery has richly displayed itself in the biblical history that is carved in a broad band below the windows. One is glad to find, as might have been expected, that here the bishop lives next to his cathedral, and that his battlemented palace stands in the close. It is among gardens at the southeast, and is entirely worthy, which is saying much, of its surroundings. Here we paused to take our final complete *coup d'œil* of Salisbury's fane, our last cathedral, as, in perfect symmetry and faultless elegance, it seems fairly to spring out of the green earth on which it rests.

Our farewell drive was to quiet Bemerton, the home and burial-place of quaint George Herbert. I say his burial-place, but they were excavating in vain, when we were there, to find some trace of his sepulture. His little, low church stands at an angle of the road in the western suburbs of Salisbury; and it is but a step from its simple ivy-mantled tower to the parsonage across the street. Over the outer door of the latter we read the lines carved there which Herbert inscribed in " The Temple " to his successor:

> "If thou chance for to find
>   A new House to thy mind
> And built without thy Cost:
>   Be good to the Poor,
>   As God gives thee store,
> And then my Labour 's not lost."

A ring at the door brought a maiden, who let us into the chapel (for it is nothing more), — the tiniest of parish churches. But there was naught to see, for every inch of the nave was freshly dug and boarded over. So soon are we forgot, unless, indeed, something less material and perishable than our mortal part keeps memory green! Yet though, after a venerated life, the peaceful changes of time, in a spot little disturbed by wars and their rumors, have thus mingled his undistinguished dust, dear old George Herbert, the Church's best-loved poet, has left that behind him which will never die.

Our last English dinner had been previously ordered, and we came back to it tired and hungry; but it proved a failure. The English evidently neither like, approve of, nor encourage the relishes and kickshaws on which Americans rely. This we had already learned; but it did seem strange to find that such trifles as griddle-cakes were quite "too good for human nature's daily food;" or that, if one really does desire to gratify a taste for ice-cream, he must go to a confectioner, wait for it to be made, and consume it on the premises! Whether for this reason or not, it is true that Atlantic steamers running to English ports carry with them from New York a double supply of this delectable article, for use on the return as well as on the outward trip. The homeward voyage had now become the burning (or shall I say, the watery) question with us; and on the morrow we saw Salisbury's spire disappear behind us as, somewhat retracing our steps, we sped toward the steamer. We skirted the New Forest (strange survival, like many others, of this adjective which was apposite when William the Norman bestowed it eight centuries ago), one of England's most extended wooded tracts, and largely a crown domain, and in less than two hours were in Southampton.

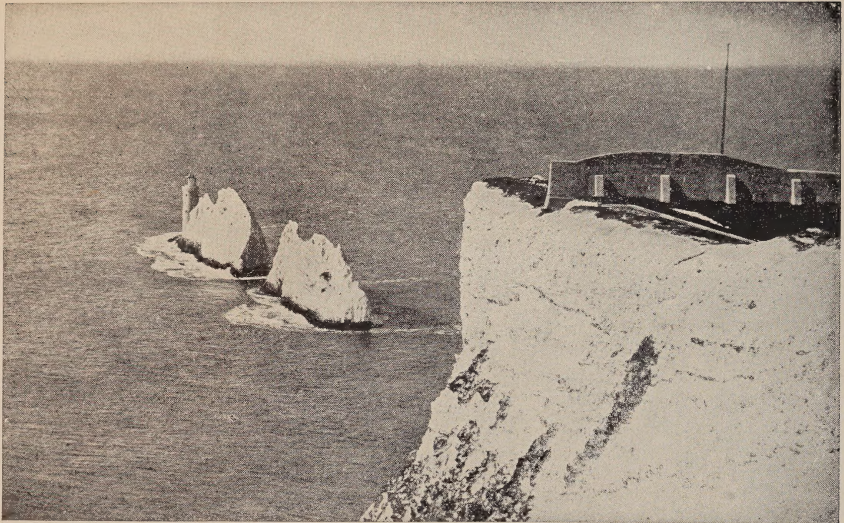
It had not seemed that we should associate history in great degree with this busy seaport, so rapidly acquiring favor as the point of more direct and speedy connection with America, between which and Waterloo Station, London, rapid and special trains convey the traveller in a couple of hours. But the location of the steamship office is in Canute Road, — the name a constant memorial of the Danish king and his obsequious courtiers on the shores of Southampton Water. And the city has seen strange comings and goings, — traders to and from Venice, Cœur-de-Lion's departure for the Holy Land, the invasions of France by Edward III. and Henry V., the landing of Philip of Spain, the coming of the "Speedwell" with the Pilgrims from Delfthaven and their departure for Plymouth. Here, too, Cambridge, Scrope, and Grey are buried, who forfeited their lives to Henry V.'s righteous wrath for base conspiracy against his own; and here was the birthplace of pious Isaac Watts, whose statue is in the park. But all this by the way, for at the Empress Dock floats the great steamer which is to bear us across the waste of waters that lies between us and home; and aboard of her are our belongings, that have long preceded us from London. Her great hull looms up before us as we thankfully climb the steep gangway in the last hour of bustle and excitement; and as our eyes look aloft they proudly discern the starry banner of our country that once more floats above our heads.

X

HOMEWARD BOUND

OCEAN passenger steamships leave their piers with a promptness which railway trains may well emulate. The motion of the enormous mass is for some time scarcely perceptible, but at the precise moment advertised it begins to move. To the onlooker, and how much more to the traveller, the final moments are full of exciting interest: the rapid arrival of luggage, hoisted in long chutes by pulleys; the motley crowd in the steerage forward; the decks and passageways densely thronged with friends to say good-bye; the constant passing and repassing of deck-hands and stewards; the passengers themselves, some feeling all the thrill of a first voyage, others philosophical old-stagers bent only on securing prospective comforts for the trip; the mingled displays of affection, solicitude, conventionalism, selfishness; the final letters at the steward's office; the choice of seats at table; the hurried search for mislaid baggage; the rapid inspection of staterooms; the impressive respect for orderly authority everywhere present, from the dignified captain on the bridge to the grimy stokers far beneath the water line; the casting-off of hawsers and hauling in of lines; the last warning signals to go ashore; the withdrawal of the gang-plank; the waving handkerchiefs and cheery or sobbing farewells on the pier, and the answering adieus from the vessel; the parting floral tokens, and the last wistful glances; as the unseen engineer touches the lever, and the resistless machinery sets the screws in motion, and the monster that bears such precious freight separates so quietly from terra firma and glides out into the stream, — all these are everyday sights and sounds somewhere, but how unfailing their interest and how deep their import!

Dinner comes promptly in to restore a practical balance; and, even if we were not seated in the dining-saloon of the "New York," Netley Abbey, which we are passing, is too far away to be readily seen from the deck, and so is Portsmouth's great naval station, where the "Royal George" went down in Spithead Harbor with brave Kempenfeldt in command and



THE TRACKLESS WESTWARD WAY, FROM THE NEEDLES.

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"twice four hundred men," where Nelson's old flag-ship "Victory" lies quietly moored in its glory, and where Dickens was born. As the vessel's bow turned westward, ho! into the Solent, the Isle of Wight lay south of us; and we had not left the table before we were abreast of Freshwater Bay, and near Farringford, once the lovely home of Tennyson, where rises a noble Iona cross, seen far and wide, a great sea-beacon in memory of the laureate who now has crossed the bar. And then as we left behind us the white rocks of the Needles, — the English limit of the voyage proper, as its western terminus is Sandy Hook, — the vessel began to make its record, and took on her ocean gait; past Bournemouth and St. Albans Head on the mainland, and so westward along the southern coast till the Eddystone winked hard at us in the twilight, and the Lizard flashed out its light across the water from the Cornish rocks ere we went to bed — our latest glimpse of the Old World.

We had come to feel like a party of tramps; and it was time to be going home. "Foreign parts" had taken on a new and not-before-dreamed-of significance; and we were ready for a time to cease to roam, and sit down to think it over. We had plucked out the heart of the Rhine's mystery, and drunk wonderful beer with the slow-going, art-loving denizens of Bavaria. We had heard the Tyrolese yodel resound in its native hills, and swung low over the magic Adriatic in a curtained gondola. We had felt the tremendous impact of Italian civilization within the fairy walls of Milan's fane, and listened to the distant roar of the avalanche down the precipices of the Jungfrau. We had mingled with gay Parisian crowds in their own Elysian Fields, and shared their home hospitality; and the banks and braes of bonnie Scotland were no strangers to our feet. We had trodden the haunts of generations and cycles of our Anglo-Saxon progenitors; and, though the way had sometimes been weary, it had never been other than a delight, and in future years its memory will be a solace and resource. So far as dwellers in inns may do so, and though perhaps with too abridged a share in home association, which in England above all is life's crowning grace, we had tasted the flavor of existence in many lands. Best of all the treasures of the past, we had appropriated by worship as well as study some part and lot in nearly all of the greater cathedrals, built in an age of faith, and abiding as the priceless heritage of the English-speaking race, and the peerless centres of organic and aggressive spiritual power.

One has no such opportunity or stimulus for social interchange of thought on these subjects when on a swift ocean greyhound, returning packed with passengers, as on our slower, less-crowded, and altogether more idyllic passage eastward. Reflection and digestion demand more time and less company. E. found time to arrange her mementos of our wandering life, which, in monograms, crests, note-heads, and illustrations, soon found their way into a pictorial screen. And we all found time to be seasick, with every aggravation of abject misery which that term in its latest evolution may be understood to imply. Heavy head winds and a choppy sea gave us plenty of company in this amusement; and for two days and nights an announcement that the ship was on fire would scarcely have roused us from our torpor, or at any rate perceptibly awakened our interest. It was the most unpleasant trip of the season, the captain said; and we all agreed with him. They that go down to the sea in ships must accept it as part of a stored-up experience, if their soul melteth away because of the trouble, when the stormy wind ariseth, and they are alternately carried up to the heaven and down again to the deep.

When it came to an end, as all things must, it did not leave us sick of the sea, as we ploughed our pathless way homeward through seemingly impenetrable fog banks, into a warmer atmosphere than on the upper courses of the North Atlantic, where one is apparently bounded only by the North and the South Poles, the precession of the equinoxes, and Sheol! There were altogether too many people on board, — strangers from Rome, Jews, and, I dare say, proselytes, if not Cretes and Arabians! We could not but notice the superiority of the second-cabin accommodations in light, ventilation, and size to those of the first cabin a few years ago, and almost wondered why we had not tried them. Our corner in the dining-room was cosey, but too little occupied; and of other privacy there was little save of the enforced sort, when one "seeks the seclusion which a cabin grants." The universal feeling was the desire to get across rapidly, — a feeling not conducive to confidences and the formation of friendships.

The attendants seemed taken up with the same idea of having it speedily over and done with, and even the encouragement of a fee hardly availed to procure efficient service. I suppose it will be so till the passages home in the busiest season become more frequent, or till electricity is evolved directly from coal, and we cross in three days, with perhaps even seasickness eliminated by some twentieth-century invention, — the latter a consummation devoutly to be wished.

We were glad to be in a United States ship, if for no other reason than that we could carry with us the flag which we hardly met on the ocean in either direction, so nearly absolute has been the absence of American shipping. During each night the ship's clock was set back fifty minutes (less, of course, in a slower vessel) to conform to astronomical demands, so that the hour-hand traverses ten hours less space than on the corresponding voyage in the opposite direction. From the fact that we were sailing contrary to or against the earth's diurnal motion in space, the westward passage has been oddly called the "up-hill route." On Sunday morning the Prayer Book service was read by the captain, and with great reverence and dignity. That day two stowaways were discovered and imprisoned; and that night our faithful deck steward, with a wife and children in Southampton, for some unexplained reason threw himself overboard, leaving a brief note and a little money with the purser, and so adding one more to the mysteries of the hungry sea. The evening following was the regulation time for a so-called concert by volunteer performers, which occasions at least serve to pass the time away, even if a French music-hall "artist" be the chief attraction! But this time it had the added good result of putting five hundred dollars into the slender purse of the poor widow and orphans, alike bereaved and benefited without knowing it. Steamer-trunks were packed before we slept; and ere midnight Fire Island light showed off the starboard bow, and not long after the anchor chains rattled through the hawse-hole. When we awoke, the quiet of the country was about us, and the trees and fields and sails about Quarantine station, and the magnificent harbor within looked like a vision of another world. It was the world of America and home on which we looked, and soon landed, in a dense and sultry air, with whose percentage of humidity the north of Europe is an unsuccessful competitor. The *mauvais quart d'heure* before the custom-house officials had no terrors for us, save those of needless and apparently interminable delay; and then we were once more swallowed up in the whirl of Gotham. But not for long, for on the morrow came the happy reunion among the Green Hills with the dear boy who had remained behind, and who was to learn our long story in fireside travels; and with gratitude we were all ready to say that day that the best of our journeying was the safe return to home.

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[Names of Persons given or referred to are in italics.]

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